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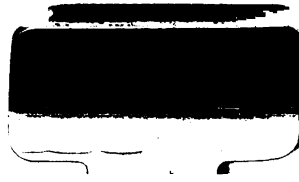

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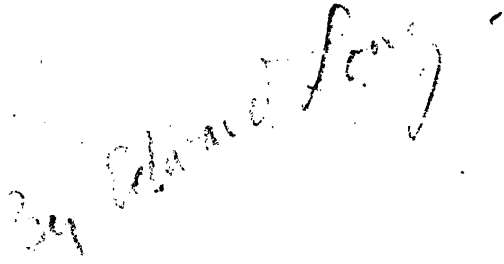

THE

PRATER.

By NICHOLAS BABBLE, Esq.

Utile Dulci.

The SECOND EDITION,
Corrected and improved by the AUTHOR.

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Printed for T. LOWNDS, at his Circulating Library, in *Fleet-Street*,
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THE

THE PRATER.

NUMB. I. *Saturday, March* 13, 1756.

Let them cenſure; what care I,
The Herd of Critics I defy.

PRIOR.

From my own apartment in *Henrietta-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.*

I AM an oldiſh man, ſixty odd; but have all my ſenſes perfect, and enjoy a large ſhare of health; for which invaluable bleſſings, I pour out my ſincereſt thanks to the all-good beſtower of them, every night when I repoſe upon my pillow, and every morning as ſoon as my eye-lids are uncloſed: I was always of an

inquisitive, communicative disposition, and have been so long celebrated by my club companions, for my facetiousness, that I begin to think myself qualified to prate to a larger circle. My friends have flatter'd me into a belief that I have as much right to attract the attention of the town as the daily, weekly, and monthly chatterers of the age; and where is the Man who can lay his hand upon his heart, and say, "Flattery, thou hast no influence over me."

I have read many books, I have conversed with a great number of my fellow-creatures of both sexes, and I have made a great many observations on the former and on the latter, which are treasured up in a huge folio, not much smaller than a volume of *Johnson*'s Dictionary.

From this huge folio, (which I always pore over with the highest satisfaction, and the most cordial delight, because it is filled with the productions of my own brain) I intend to select, from time to time, such observations, as I think will be most likely to make the name of BABBLE mention'd in all polite companies with approbation, and echoed with applause. I shall also, in order to keep up the character I assume with propriety

priety and increaſe my conſequence as an Author, deem it neceſſary to take particular notice of every intereſting anecdote, every humorous adventure I meet with, in my walks through this Metropolis, that my courteous readers may be induced to think the PRATER *a mighty agreeable ſort of a Man, and prodigiouſly entertaining.*

A blunt but very honeſt neighbour of mine, (whom I conſult on important occaſions, becauſe I have always found his ſagacity equal to his ſincerity) told me ſome days ago, he thought I might manage a *Paper* once a week with ſpirit, and pleaſe the Public in the character of an Author, provided I took care not to deal too much in *tittle tattle.* He adviſed me at the ſame time to write in ſuch a manner as to give offence to no party whatever. "Be particularly careful, "Friend *Nicholas*, ſaid he, to avoid all *perſonal* "reflections. You had far better be dull than "abuſive; and be called a ſtupid fellow, than a "ſcurrilous one. If you diſcover a diſpoſition to "give pleaſure, and to gain every body's good "will, you will be received with candor; but a "ſnarler, take my word for it, can be agreeable "to no body. Thoſe who are charmed with the

"lively ſtrokes and pointed turns in a witty ſatire, "are not always charmed with the Satiriſt; for "the *Writer* is frequently admired, when the "*Man* is deteſted." Theſe ſalutary admonitions I ſhall follow with the utmoſt punctuality, for a loaded die cannot be more prized by a ſharping gameſter, nor a ſwiftfooted ſteed by a timorous highwayman, than theſe admonitions are by ME.

Authors of all capacities, whether Verſe-men or Proſe-men, are, in my humble opinion, a public ſpirited ſet of people, and ought not to be irreverently treated. Nay I think the Government ſhould diſtinguiſh them in an uncommon manner: for whether they commit harmonious numbers or wretched rhymes; tuneful periods or heavy paragraphs, ſenſe or nonſenſe, to the preſs; they contribute to the conſumption of that valuable commodity Paper, and are, therefore, encouragers of one of the moſt flouriſhing manufactures in the three kingdoms: a manufacture, which, for its extenſive utility, cannot be too highly commended, too vigorouſly ſupported, nor too powerfully patronized. I have myſelf a great deal of this public ſpiritedneſs in me, and ſhall therefore ſcribble away *totis viribus*, with all my might, for the

good

good of my Country: and earnestly wish that some of my prating acquaintance in a certain assembly, had the interest of the nation as much at heart as I have; for if they had, they would not spend so much of their time in babbling merely for their own private advantage.

When this first paper makes it appearance in the coffee-houses, which may not improperly be called *Courts of Criticism*; all the word-catchers who live on syllables, will, I suppose be nibbling at it, grumbling over it, and endeavouring to shew the depth of their understanding, and the elegance of their taste, by shaking their heads at the *Triteness of the Sentiments* and turning up their noses at the *Meanness of the Diction*: in short, by detecting some glaring blemish, some shocking absurdity in every paragraph. These cavillers deserve the severest epithets, because they use all their efforts to extinguish the least spark of merit in a performance; and fasten on all the imperfections in it, with a malicious joy. Critics of this stamp put me in mind of Captain *Bobadil* in the play, for *they* examine a poem or an essay, just as *he* examines *Master Stephen's Toledo*, only to find a flaw in it. No indigent fortune-hunter can take more pains to win the affections of a

well-portion'd maiden, or a well jointured widow, than these *malevoli* take to undermine an author's reputation. — But I will not ruffle my temper about them, for fear, I should render myself unable to follow my plain dealing friend's wholesome advice.

To conclude this introductory discourse to a larger work, I *stoop* to the *Clemency* of the public, and hope I shall be heard pa—tient—ly. I will not presume to assure my readers (for vanity is my aversion) that I shall always *shine*, but I promise them I will always try with unwearied diligence, to make myself *agreeable*. I am not extremely anxious about popular applause, yet I should be horribly disconcerted to see my lucubrations condemned to line trunks, band-boxes, and patty-pans.

The greatest geniusses have their drowsy, as well as their sprightly intervals; their hours of dejection, as well as their hours of gaiety: and if NICHOLAS BABBLE should sometimes *take a Nap*, (for old folks are apt to be sleepy) let the good natur'd reader remember, that *Isaac Bickerstaff* and *Nestor Ironside*, my ever-honoured predecessors, *nodded* before me.

Thou, *Novelty*, art *my* Goddess.

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3. An eſſay on the force of *Sound*. By Signior *Eunuchio Vocebella*; who reſided here ſome

years ago in a *public character*; translated (not meerly *done into Engliſh*) from the *Italian*.

NUMB. II. *Saturday, March* 20, 1756.

If Folly grows romantic, I muſt paint it.

POPE.

MY neighbour Mr. *Kimmell*, has a very agreeable daughter about eighteen. She is tall, ſprightly, well-made, ſenſible, and good humoured, but too fond of dreſſing faſhionably, keeping faſhionable hours, and purſuing faſhionable diverſions: in ſhort, of being thought a very fine lady in every reſpect. Her father doats on her becauſe ſhe is the picture of an amiable wife whom he buried ſome years ago, and though not quite blind to her foibles, is loth to tell her what he thinks of them, for fear he ſhould, by ſo doing, leſſen her affection for him, and render her obliging behaviour to him rather the effect of duty than of inclination. As there has ſubſiſted an intimacy between us, ever ſince our boyiſh days, he

he leaves her almost entirely to my management, and humorously calls me her *Guardian*.

I call'd on my friend last Thursday morning, and found him unusually thoughtful. I ask'd him the cause of his thoughtfulness? this was his reply: "I cannot help being anxious about *Harriot*; she is, I am sure, a well meaning girl, but I am not satisfied with all her female companions; she is too intimate with some of them; but I love her so much that I know not how to forbid her to keep up an acquaintance with them, and therefore with *you*, my good friend, would observe her conduct. She is going to the play to night with two or three *women of spirit*, as she calls them, who will no doubt, make her as fantastical as themselves. — But hush — I hear her voice — Here the arrival of the lively *Harriot* prevented her father from going on. She enter'd the room with a graceful air, and thus accosted me. "Your very humble servant Mr. BABBLE; I congratulate you on being in print, though I really think it preposterous for a man at your time of life to turn Author. 'Tis like an old maid's marrying a young fellow, or a wrinkled matron's wearing pink ribbons. But you old batchelors have the oddest ways. However, raillery apart,

I hope you will meet with ſucceſs in your new undertaking.—How did your firſt *number* go off? 'Tis impoſſible, ſaid I, for an Author to know whether he ſhall meet with encouragement from the Town, by the ſale of his firſt Paper. But I'll tell you more of the matter by and by, for I propoſe to ſpend the evening with your Papa. O dear Mr. BABBLE, ſaid ſhe, I am glad you will come and chat with my Papa, becauſe I am engaged: for Miſs *Giddy* is to introduce me to Lady *Charlotte Whirligig*, who is to take me to ſee *Romeo*—Pſhaw, cried I with an affected peeviſhneſs, what ſignifies your engagement with that *mad-cap*? O! there's more depends upon it, ſaid ſhe, than you imagine, Sir: for Lady *Charlotte*'s acquaintance will be of infinite ſervice to me. But be that as it will, the party's made, and I *muſt* go.—With theſe words ſhe quitted the room. As I found that my friend's thoughtfulneſs was increaſed by his daughter's lively ſpeech, I ſpoke to him thus: "Don't make yourſelf uneaſy about her; I am going alſo to *Covent-Garden*, and will place myſelf commodiouſly enough to ſee how my Ward behaves when ſhe imagines ſhe is out of the reach of our prying eyes." He approved of my ſcheme. "I have no doubts, ſaid he, of *Harriet*'s diſcretion

in

in points of conſequence, but in trifles, I think, ſhe may be deceived, eſpecially when under the tuition of Lady *Charlotte*, whoſe manners ought not to be copied by *my* girl: for though her ladyſhip cannot be called a *vicious* woman, ſhe makes herſelf hourly ridiculous by acting like a *very ſilly one.*

As I chuſe to be ſeated conveniently at the Play-houſe, and to look about me before the curtain is drawn up, I went thither at half an hour after five. I turned my eye frequently towards the box in which I ſaw Lady *Charlotte*'s livery, and when it was fix by my watch, expected with impatience to ſee the dear creatures make their *public entry.* But I expected in vain. Another half hour ſlipt away, but no *Harriot*: at laſt, juſt at ſeven o'Clock, when Miſs *Bellamy* was in the midſt of a very intereſting ſcene, in bounced lady *Charlotte*, Miſs *Giddy*, and Miſs *Aimwell.* The two firſt Ladies *fidgetted up and down* near a quarter of an hour, before they could place themſelves to advantage, that is, make themſelves conſpicuous; but I had the ſatisfaction to obſerve that *Harriot* entered the box with a becoming dignity, and ſeated herſelf in a ſhort time, without aſſuming any coquettiſh airs. I alſo took notice with great

pleaſure, that *her* neck was *ornamented* with a handkerchief, (if the ladies will permit me to uſe the expreſſion) while thoſe of her companions were quite bare. There was indeed a beautiful ſimplicity in *Harriot*'s dreſs throughout, but lady *Charlotte*, and Miſs *Giddy*, were gaudily adorned with jewels and ribbons, toys and trinkets, from head to foot. When they had throughly engroſſed the attention of the houſe, I was in hopes they would have condeſcended to liſten to the play: but I ſoon found they made not their appearance there with ſo vulgar, ſo unfaſhionable a deſign. Lady *Charlotte* laying her two elbows on the edge of the box, began to chatter away ſo fluently and ſo loudly, and accompanied her words with ſo many convulſive motions in her head, neck and eyes, and ſo many burſts of laughter, that two thirds of the audience roſe up, and hiſs'd their diſlike to ſuch ill-timed merriment, ſuch unſeaſonable levity. *Harriot* behaved very decently for ſome time, and only ſmiled now and then, juſt enough to diſplay a few pretty dimples and a fine ſet of teeth, but at length talked as faſt, and laughed as loudly, as her *ladyſhip* and Miſs *Giddy*.

I have

I have already told the public that I am of an inquisitive disposition, my readers therefore will not be surprized to hear me say I quitted my seat, went round the house and placed myself in their box, just behind them, in order to discover the occasion of such immoderate mirth, when one of the most affecting scenes, that was ever penned by a dramatic poet, was representing in the most pathetic manner. The subject of their conversation was, to my great surprize, decency. *Harriet*, I found, had been ashamed of her behaviour, and had blamed lady *Charlotte* and Miss *Giddy* for being the cause of it; for the latter said, Do you hear her, lady *Charlotte*, she is correcting me for laughing—Why you see, said *Harriet*, that you have drawn the eyes of the house upon us. And what do you think we come here for, child, said Miss *Giddy*, but to be looked at? I swear you are a downright Prude.—What, do you imagine Miss *Airwell*, said Lady *Charlotte*, that I ever come to *mind a Play*? No, no, my dear, women of fashion have other things in their heads, I assure you.—But you'll know better by and by; you'll be *one of us* in time, I warrant. Well, I protest, there's lord *Rattle*, and *Billy Simper* just come into the stage-box. My lord

is

is dreſt moſt enchantingly to-night, and *Billy* looks very *degagée*. Do they ſee us, ſaid Miſs *Giddy*? I fancy not, replied her Ladyſhip, but I'll make them preſently.—Why you wont ſcream out to them ſure, ſaid ſhe? No, ſaid my Lady, why not pray?—but I can do better than that. Let *us* change places: that will make a *charming fuſs*, put out the actors, and diſturb the audience: and when they ſee every body look this way, they'll follow the crowd.—Here *Giddy*, continued ſhe, the houſe is ſo warm to-night—do, ſtand up, and let me come before you. When Lady *Charlotte* had uttered theſe words, up ſhe ſtarted with great agility, and endeavoured to paſs by Miſs *Giddy*, who, in riſing, contrived to ſhew her perſon to the greateſt advantage, and would have prevailed on her ladyſhip to go behind her: but an oppoſition being made from the ſame motive, a violent ſtruggle enſued, which re-alarm'd the audience, diſcompoſed the actors, and extorted ſuch diſcordant ſounds from all parts, that they were obliged to give up the conteſt. They *flump'd down* on their ſeats again, ſhook their hoops over the heads in the pit, and ſeemed to be violently ſtirr.ed by ſeveral diſquieting paſſions. *Harriot*, to my great comfort, was not a buſy-body on this occaſion, ſhe had only her handkerchief

rumpled

rumpled by Miſs *Giddy*'s petticoat, and a patch, which in ſpite of all my rhetoric ſhe *will* ſtick near her left eye, rubbed off by one wing of lady *Charlotte*'s immenſe hoop. This ſcuffle fretted me ſo much, that I retired in a peeviſh humour to my lodgings, and did not ſay, *good night ſweetheart*, to my landlady's maid, as uſual when I take my candle from her and go to my bed-chamber.

I viſited *Harriet* the next morning, rallied her very ſeverely before her father, for behaving ſo indiſcreetly; and ſet forth the unſeaſonable levity of her companions in the ſtrongeſt colours. She ſeemed to be throughly convinced that ſhe had acted abſurdly, and promiſed to conduct herſelf in a more becoming manner.—But I begin to fear I ſhall have a great deal of trouble with her.

[illegible]

NUMB. III. *Saturday, March 27, 1750.*

If both sexes wou'd but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find folicity in the nuptial state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

ANON.

SIX weeks ago, I received an invitation to the *Wedding* of a friend of mine, but was surpriz'd, I own, that he made use of so antique a word, because he is a young man of sense and politeness: for old as I am, I keep good company; that is, I go now and then to routs and ridottos, auctions and masquerades. Sometimes I have the honour to breakfast with a Lady of Quality before she is up, and to be taken notice of by a Great Man before he goes to Court. I sometimes make my appearance at *Billy Diddle*'s toilet, and once spent an evening with *Jack Sulphur*, who is the sprightliest Buck about town, and a blood to the back-bone. Yet in spite of all my efforts to catch the polish'd manners of the age, I am frequently told, by the *best bred*

bred people in the world, that I am too formal, particular, and full of compliments; and that ceremony is quite out of date. 'Tis true, I can't get rid of some awkwardnesses, which I unfortunately acquired in the juvenile part of my life; I make a profusion of bows, especially to the ladies, and never presume to be cover'd in their presence; nay I often run to hand them out of coaches, and assist them in stepping over kennels. By this officious behaviour, I am sensible I expose myself to the laughter and contempt of the *beau monde*, and discover myself to be, what I would not always be thought, both an old fellow, and an old fashion'd fellow. However notwithstanding this propensity to be over complaisant, I was not a little shocked to see the word *Wedding* written on my friend's card, because the word *Marriage* is so much more in vogue, and expresses the present manner of cohabitation among people of condition so much the better, that as I have a mortal aversion to old fashions, I shall only give my readers a sketch of a couple bedded, and a couple married, and leave them to make what animadversions they please on the foolish pair on the letter.

I accepted

I accepted of Mr. *Fairlove*'s invitation, and ſet out with ſeveral of his relations to a ſeat belonging to the bride's father, at which we arrived on a *Saturday* night, and from which we ſallied forth the next morning, and attended the young couple to the pariſh church, where the nuptial ceremony was performed in the face of a ſtaring congregation. The bridegroom gloried in ſhewing, in the moſt public manner, that he had choſen a woman with a fortune equal to his own, who was not aſhamed to avow openly her Affection and Eſteem for him, and who was remarkable for nothing but an agreeable Perſon, ſolid Underſtanding, ſweet diſpoſition, and an amiable Heart. The day was ſpent in harmleſs feſtivity, and the next week according to the old ballad, *all the whole country came in.* When they had received the congratulations of their neighbours, he brought his Lady to *London*, a place which ſhe never had ſeen during the days of her maidenhood. I waited on them laſt *Monday* about the hour of Tea-drinking, but as I found the bride *full dreſt*, I offer'd to take leave of them till a more convenient opportunity — but they both preſſed me to ſtay with ſo much heartineſs, that I could not reſiſt their intreaties — "Tho'

"my

" my dearest *Nancy*, said Mr. *Fairlove*, was " going abroad, I am sure she will be glad to be " prevented by Mr. BABBLE. Undoubtedly, " said she, the company of Mr. *Fairlove's* " friends will be at all times extremely agreeable " to me." After this obliging speech she sat down to the Tea-table with the utmost good humour. I open'd the conversation by asking her how she liked the town, and whether she had visited the public diversions?—" Mr. *Fairlove*, " Sir, said she, has been so kind as to carry me to " the Opera, Ridotto and Play, but I am very " much afraid that I shall never be inclin'd to " go to public places often enough to qualify " myself for the polite conversation of a visiting-" room, which, I find, is only kept up with spirit " by those who frequent them."—I was going to make a reply; when my uxorious friend prevented me, by saying, with a smile of fondness, " Indeed, my dear, you must not be so closely " attached to Home, and your Husband: People " of Fashion will say I have married a mere " Rustic, and hoot at me for having so poor a " taste. My Wife continued he, turning to " me, is a very unfashionable creature, for she " will not accept of above half the sum I pro-" posed to lay out in jewels, and I can't per-

" suade

"suade her to let me intirely new furnish my "house. She tells me that the fire in this stove, "which I have had a twelvemonth, will afford "us as much warmth, as if it had been made "in one of the last pattern; and that she can be "as happy in these chairs, which have been in "the house twice as long, as in a modern set "finish'd in the most elegant manner by Mr. "*Hallet*." I felicitated him on being blest with a partner for life of so uncommon a disposition, and soon afterwards withdrew.

Each by each admir'd,
In mutual honor, mutual fondness join'd,
Like two fair Stars with intermingled Light
In friendly union they together shine
Aiding each other's brightness.

LYTTLETON.

Yesterday I paid a morning visit to a pair of a very different turn. Sir *Harry Squander* lately made his addresses to Miss *Pale*, a rich worn-out toast, (in order to discharge some honourable debts,) who encouraged them, for the sake of his title, and gave up her person and fortune to his disposal after a week's courtship. They were yoaked together one night at ten o'clock in her

dressing

dressing room, by the help of a special license, because her delicacy would not permit her to make herself a public show. After I had been *announced* by half a dozen strapping fellows (with their hair *en papillotes*) who would have made a better figure in the first troop of Horse Guards, I was conducted to my lady's apartment, in which I found her Ladyship rising from her toilet, with her face just finished, and Sir *Harry* lolling carelessly in an elbow-chair with his hat on, and a message-card in his hand!—I approached respectfully, and saluted her ladyship, but though I scarcely touched her, I unluckily carried away half her cheek. This accident very much disconcerted me, for I hate to do mischief. Sir *Harry* smiled to see that I had stole some of his lady's bloom, and intreated me to sit. I complied with his request, but not without a little confusion, and, for want of something else to say, expressed my satisfaction on meeting them at home together.—But here I made another *faux-pas*; for my Lady said, ay, indeed Sir *Harry*, it is quite against the rule I have prescribed to you, to sit down in my apartment.—I hope Mr. BABBLE, you don't imagine we sit together; but he has just received a card from some of his fusty cousins, *whom no body knows*, strange awk-

ward

ward folks, who will come to see us, as they call it, whether we will or no.—Lard, how troublesome people are that know nothing of the world—one has so much fatigue with them.—Well, well, said she, you know you *may* have them, therefore fix the day.—Lard, Sir *Harry*, cried she, do you imagine I will fix a day—it will certainly be murdering a day to all intents and purposes you know—'Tis a monstrous thing, I swear, that one can't marry a man without marrying a whole tribe of his relations—I perceiv'd a discomposure in Sir *Harry*'s countenance, at the close of this sarcastical speech, tho' he strove to conceal the emotions which he felt, and replied with an air of unconcern, "Well, Madam, have them or not, just "as you please, I care not a pinch of snuff about "the matter—I shall dine abroad to-day—come "BARBER, you shall go along with me."—O! if you are going to the Chair-maker's, said she with sparkling eyes, "order the wretch to "new line my chair—I don't like Crimson; I "would have the nicest white sattin, and tassels "as large as lady *Followmode's*."—To this speech Sir *Harry* only whistled an answer, and was going out of the room, when she recalled him with these words: "I shall send my bracelets "to be new set with large brilliant roses like the "Dutchess of *Glitter*'s, and order some more stars

"for

" for my head.—And do you hear, Sir *Harry*—I " have engagements for every night this week, " which I would not put off for the univerſe, and " therefore can't poſſibly think of ſeeing thoſe " horrid Couſins of yours if they ſhould " come." Sir *Harry* and I then left her Lady-ſhip to her own cogitations. Juſt at the door of her apartment, a ſervant told him that a gentleman waited for him in the parlour. He ran down ſtairs as nimbly as he could, while I lagged behind, in order to over-hear the important ſubject of the dialogue between lady *Squander* and her woman. But I got nothing by my curioſity, for the old proverb was verified to a tittle. — " Here, *Fidget*, ſaid ſhe, bring the " *Rouge* this inſtant; that abominable beaſt " BABBLE has undone me. What an indelicate " monſter! He has made ſuch a filthy ſmear juſt " on the round of my cheek, that I don't believe " you can repair it in an hour.—Fogh—that " ſuch an old fellow as he ſhould think of " kiſſing!—but he is ſo like all Sir *Harry*'s " people.—I was ſo much chagrined by theſe uncourteous expreſſions, which were utter'd with a great deal of vehemence, that I retired to my lodgings without taking leave of my friend, whom I pity as much as I deſpiſe his lady.

What

What an unsuitable Couple! insolent Woman! poor Sir *Harry!* yet why do I pity him!—He married her merely for her money, and knew she had nothing but *that* to recommend her.

By Titles dazzled, and by Wealth misled,
Minds ill-agreeing shame the nuptial Bed.

NUMB. IV. *Saturday, April* 3, 1756.

The Maid who modestly conceals
Her Beauties while she hides, reveals,
Gives but a Glimpse, and Fancy draws
What's in the Grecian Venus was.

MOORE.

THE following Letter, which came to my hands yesterday, has puzzled me not a little; and I don't know whether I ought to publish it. I will be so ingenuous as to own that I am very ignorant of the customs among those ingenious Gentlemen to which it alludes, and am therefore at a loss to find out my Correspondent's meaning: but as she is the first I have had since I commenced *Author*, my vanity will not

not let me ſuppreſs it, though I am almoſt inclined to believe that ſome wicked wits have drawn it up, in order to *hum* the old gentleman, and bring him into a *choice ſcrape*. If I was ſure this was the caſe, adad! old NICHOLAS would give them daſh for daſh, and ſhew them that he is a man of fire, even at *ſixty odd*.

" Dear Mr. BABBLE,

" I want ſadly to aſk you two or three queſtions " prodigiouſly; becauſe, as you ſay you are an " old man, I can better tell you, you know, " about my affairs, than a young one. Well, " but I proteſt and vow I don't know how to " begin, for though I am ſure you can't ſee me, " yet my face burns all over juſt like a red hot " fire coal: but it muſt out, ſo you ſhall hear: " but I think I'll begin with my *Pa* and *Ma*: " You muſt know Sir, that *Pa* is a picture- " frame maker, and *Ma* has brought us up in " a vaſt handſome manner, for there's *Betſy* and " *Polly* and I, but they are not ſo old as me, " for I am juſt turn'd eighteen—now you muſt " know, Mr. BABBLE,—law what a pretty " name you have—that I am reckon'd very

" handſome by all our neighbours, and we *live* " in *St Martin's Lane:* and *Ma* lets all the gen- " tlemen come and ſee us that will, becauſe ſhe " ſays, may be ſome of them may take a fancy " to us: now there comes among the reſt, but " he comes a great deal oftner than they, one " Mr. *Contour*, who *Ma* thinks likes me: now " to be ſure he is a very fine man, and to be " ſure tells me that I am a delicate limb'd girl, " with a great many pretty things that I can't " remember, and ſays he wiſhes he had my " picture: now you know there is no hurt in " that—is there Mr. BARBLE? and *Ma* ſays " ſhe verily believes he has half a mind to marry " me, but *Pa* ſays, 'tis no ſuch thing, becauſe he " overheard him one day aſk me to come to his " lodgings and ſtand without any cloaths for " him to draw me: now to be ſure if he really " don't intend to marry me, why I had better " not go, though 'tis a pity that there ſhould be " any harm in it, becauſe I ſwear I don't be- " lieve Mr. *Contour* means any harm, for he is " one of the beſt natured men you ever ſaw in " the whole courſe of your life, and to be ſure " is quite a fine gentleman: ſo *Pa* has a mind " to forbid him the houſe, but *Ma* knows better " things, and ſhe ſays if he drives him away

" from

" from the houſe he will never marry me; and " ſo they are at daggers drawn about it: but *Pa* " ſwears I ſhan't go to his lodgings except he " will marry me firſt, and then *Pa* ſays, he " may paint me from morning to night: now " dear, ſweet Mr. BABBLE, tell me what I had " beſt do, for I have no ſoul to adviſe with but " *Ma*, and ſhe changes her mind as often as a " weathercock, ſo that I can't tell what to make " of her, no more than I do of Mr. *Contour*, " who I ſhould be vaſtly ſorry to affront, you " know; ſo pray, Mr. BABBLE, ſay ſome- " thing to me about it, for *Pa* ſays you are a " very good ſort of a man, and if it is true, I " am ſure you will anſwer the ſcrawl of,

" Your humble ſervant to command,

" ROSE PLUMP."

P. S. " I had like to forget to tell you, " that there's a place in our lane, where women " *ſtands* before a dozen men at once, but I " would not go there for all the world."

In anſwer to Miſs *Plump*'s letter, I can only ſay, that if ſhe has given me a true account of

her caſe, I would not have her on any conſideration think of going to Mr. *Contour*'s lodgings, (becauſe I dare venture to aſſure her that he is not the harmleſs man ſhe takes him to be) but follow her *Pa*'s advice, keep out of his company, and perſuade her *Ma* to let him be *forbidden the houſe* — ſhe need not be afraid of affronting him, for I am throughly ſatisfied he has not the leaſt intention to make her his wife.—But there is a myſtery in my correſpondent's poſtſcript, which I have not penetration enough to unravel. I own I ſhould be extremely ſorry to ſee the ſtripping-faſhion revived with new ſpirit, after it has been ſo ſucceſsfully rallied by my brother-eſſay-writers, Meſſieurs TOWN and FITZ-ADAM—'Tis true, I am an old man, and muſt not be peeping, but I have not of late ſeen higher than a lady's garter, or lower than the pit of her ſtomach, in any public place; how many other charms may be exhibited in a private room before only a dozen men at a time, I will not indeed preſume to ſay: as I never have been preſent at any ſuch rout, or to uſe a more expreſſive word, *riot*;—for I was always reckon'd even by my enemies, a *modeſt man*; but I intend to aſk *Jack Sulphur*, if he ever ſaw whole groupes of females in their paradiſaical ſtate, and if he

tells

tells me *theſe things are ſo*, I will inſiſt on his carrying me with him to one of thoſe ſuperlatively- polite aſſemblies: for if I don't frequent the moſt faſhionable circles, I ſhall be thought a meer *Ignoramus*, and no body will read my papers.—In the mean time, let me earneſtly perſuade my fair countrywomen, to remember that the majority of thoſe who make an elegant appearance when they are cover'd with a becoming drapery, would be downright ſcarecrows without it.—I will allow that there are a great many *Venus's* about Town, but I cannot allow that a *Venus* of *Medicis* is to be met with every day.

Soon after I received the abovementioned letter, a ſtiff, tall, upright figure, whom my landlady introduced to me, preſented the following one with looks of importance, bowed very profoundly, and then left the room without uttering a ſyllable, as much like a ſtake as he enter'd it.

SIR,

I am a grown gentleman, and have juſt finiſhed my ſtudies under the tuition of the renowned Mr. *N——H——t*, whoſe induſtry is equal to his abilities, and whoſe excellent aca-

demy in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, wants not to be flouriſhingly recommended for its utility by *my* pen, becauſe it has already been ſufficiently celebrated by *his own*. But to the point — I have compoſed a work, for the benefit of my countrymen and countrywomen, which will be allowed, I flatter myſelf, by all perſons of taſte and diſcernment, to be far the compleateſt thing of the kind, that ever came from the preſs.—It is entitled the *Analyſis* of *Politeneſs*, and will, though no bigger than a *Goldſmith's Almanack*, contain the whole duty of man and of woman too. I intend, for ſome private reaſons, to print it by ſubſcription, though I doubt not but that its own intrinſic merit would render it famous, not only in this little iſland, but in all civilized nations under the ſun; nay, the moſt barbarous ones, I am ſanguine enough to believe, will be poliſhed by the peruſal of *my* book, which is calculated for all capacities. The ſubſcription-price will be ten guineas, and *Conditions* will be publiſh'd at large, as ſoon as I find a diſpoſition in the town to encourage ſo uſeful a work. — As for the Price, I hope your readers will not ſtart at it, and think my demands are too extravagant, for I can venture to aſſure them, that if they ſubſcribe to *this* work, they never need ſubſcribe to any other.

And

And who would not chuſe to have a compleat library in ſo narrow a compaſs, at ſo ſmall an expence? By communicating this ſcheme to the public, and warmly intereſting yourſelf in its behalf, you will *more than oblige*,

Your very obſequous ſervant,

H. N.

N. B. If you can get off a dozen books for me, you ſhall have the thirteenth *gratis*.

NUMB V. *Saturday, April* 10, 1756.

——Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.

MART.

Men and their manners to deſcribe, we try.

I HAD a little buſineſs to tranſact t'other day in *'Change Alley*, where I accidentally met with *Sam Olive*, an old acquaintance, who graſp'd my hand with a great deal of friendlineſs, and inſiſted on my going home to dine with him. *Sam* is *an honeſt Cock*, plain, hearty, and worth money, which he has acquired by ſticking cloſe to his ſhop, and taking care of the *main Chance*,

and not leaving his buſineſs to be look'd after by journeymen, and apprentices.

I was conducted up ſtairs into his dining-room, in which I found the cloth laid, and Mrs. *Olive* and Miſs ready to receive him.—"So, ſo "wife, ſaid he, what is the veal roaſted enough? "I have brought my old friend Mr. BABBLE "to ſoul a plate with us." "Lard, cried ſhe, I "am extremely glad to ſee Mr. BABBLE, but I "declare I am in ſuch a pickle—but indeed I "did not expect ſuch good company—I have "been ſo buſy all this morning in getting my "plate weigh'd."—"Well well, ſaid he, you "might have ſpared yourſelf that trouble, for I "told you before I ſhould part with all that was "unneceſſary, and keep only a few ſpoons, and "the tankard, which you know, continued he "turning to me, one cannot well do without." "I don't know what *you* call neceſſary Mr. "*Olive*, ſaid ſhe warmly, but for my part, I "don't ſee any individual thing we can ſpare.— "No, ſaid he, why then I'll tell you, my dear, "what you can ſpare: there's the great ſalver, "the large ſilver cup and cover, the two mugs, "the coffee pot, the—O law. Papa, (ſaid Miſs, "a young lady about fifteen) "ſure you won't "think

" think of selling the coffee pot — " No no,"
" child, nor any thing else, said the mother,"
" why the cup you know was left for *Tommy* by
" his grandmama, when we are dead and gone."
" And I design to change the old fashioned salver
" for a handsome tea-waiter.—Aye, aye, *you* may
" design what you will, said my friend *Sam*, but
" *I* design no such thing — what shall I keep a
" parcel of useless plate only to pay five shillings
" a year for it? very pretty indeed — no no, it
" shall all go, as I'm a living man, if there
" were ten times as much. I pay taxes enough
" already I think — faith 'tis very lucky we have
" no more — You must know, continued he,
addressing himself to me, " my wife there has
" been teazing me above this half year for a silver
" tea-kettle and lamp; and I was just going to be-
" speak them when this bill was first brought into
" the house."—Well, and why should you not be-
" speak them now, said she, indeed I can't bear
" to think of selling my plate: I am ashamed
" to hear you talk so; but you love to make
" yourself look little and mean." — Little and
" mean, cried he; aye aye, I shall look both
" little and mean enough, when I shut up shop,
" which must be the case, if taxes increase thus
" upon us. I wonder what a plague the go-

" vernment means by throwing every thing upon
" the trader, who finds it difficult enough to
" live and thrive as times go; let them tax their
" own nonſenſical diverſions, as they call them;
" their horſes, hounds, maſquerades, operas,
" and all their ridiculous fooleries. I don't ſee
" they have occaſion for them, not I; if the
" nation's in ſuch want of money, e'en let them
" ſave it themſelves, and not run about and
" ſquander it in nonſenſe and ſtuff: I cant ſee
" any occaſion we have for ſtage-plays, not I;
" let them tax *them* if they muſt tax. O law,
" Papa, ſaid Miſs *Olive*, how you talk: what,
" have no plays — there would be ſad doings
" indeed! No plays! no to be ſure girl, ſaid
" he, what ſhould *you* want plays for? *I* never
" go to a play? *I* would not give a pipe of to-
" bacco to ſee one; they cou'd never beat theſe
" things into my head.—Well, well, Mr. *Olive*,
" ſaid his lady, you may chuſe whether you
" will go or not, but you may let your wife
" and children go and divert themſelves, tho'
" *you* happen to have no *Taſte*. — *Taſte*, cried
" he, *Taſte*: — aye, aye, 'tis that nonſenſical
" notion of *Taſte*, which turns the heads of ſo
" many women. I wonder, wife, where you
" learn'd that ſilly word; one would think you

" had

" had been keeping company with the rantum-
" scantum folks at t'other end of the town. I
" hope I shall always know how to behave my-
" self, Mr. *Olive*, said she, (not a little flus-
" ter'd,) " let me keep who I will company.
" Thank my Stars I am not to be taught at these
" years: and if we were all to know more of
" the *boumonde*, and act and talk like people
" of fashion, I can't see what mighty harm
" it wou'd do us, I must needs say. *People*
" *of Fashion*; umph! cried *Sam*, winking at
" me, another fine *Phrase*; don't you call it
" *Phrase*, child? I shall learn how to behave
" myself by and by, when I have seen more of
" the *boumonde*, and have had more talk with
" people of *Fashion* —— But harkee, my *Duck*,
" a word in your ear — you may be as refined
" as you please in your language; only let me
" advise you not to catch the manners as well
" as the lingue of these same people of *Fashion*
" — take care of that, my dear, and remember
" that it won't become an *Oilman*'s wife in
" *Thames Street* to mimick the flirting airs of a
" *t'other-end-of-the-Town-Madam*. Zounds, con-
" tinued he, turning to me, I suppose we shall
" have a *French* fellow in the kitchen to poison
" us, by and by, and another to grease my

" daughter's

" daughter's hair: and mayhap all theſe ſtools " here, work'd by my great-grand mother, may " be turn'd into ſo many card tables."—As I never love to interfere between man and wife during their moments of altercation, becauſe 'tis both dangerous and diſagreeable, I only ſmiled an anſwer to the latter part of my friend's ſpeech; but his lady was not in ſo pleaſant, ſo pacific a humour.—" Indeed, Mr. *Olive*, ſaid " ſhe, you talk very ſtrangely to-day: but 'tis " no matter, I ſhan't give my conſent to have " all the plate ſold, I can aſſure you. I know " very well what you *can* afford, and what you " *can't*. I know you can afford to pay five ſhil- " lings a year, or elſe 'tis very hard indeed; and " I am ſure if you can, you ought: for if every " body was of your ſneaking diſpoſition, the " parliament had no occaſion to paſs the bill, " for they wou'd not gain a ſix-penny piece by " it: and indeed, Mr. *Olive*, you ought to have " more public ſpirit in you. Aye, indeed Papa, " cried Miſs, Mama is quite in the right; for I " am ſure nobody but very mean people will " think of ſelling their plate at this time of day. " Mr. *Prune*, the grocer, though I dare ſay he " isn't half ſo rich as you Papa, won't ſell one " bit, I am ſure Miſs told me ſo laſt dancing " day."

" day."——D'ye mind, ſaid my friend, how " the young cock crows after the old one."— " Aye *Polly*, ſaid Mrs. *Olive*, you ſay true " Child: ſure Mrs. *Prune* doesn't pretend to " think herſelf on a footing with me: I am ſure- " where they pay five ſhillings a year, we can " very well pay five-and-twenty; and if you " are abſolutely determin'd to ſell your plate, " you may ſet at the head of your table your- " ſelf, Sir. I aſſure you I ſhan't chuſe to make " my appearance there, except I can make as " good a figure as the reſt of my neighbours." " —Hoity toity, Hoity toity cried *Sam*, what, *is* " *the Monkey atop of the Houſe?* — why, what a " jargon is here of *I ſhall* and *I ſhan't*, and *I* " *will* and *I won't*, and *you can afford this, and* " *that and t'other*. Pray Mrs. *Public-ſpirit*, how " can *you* tell what I *can* afford and what *I can't*. " Things are come to a fine paſs indeed if I am " to be govern'd by my wife; why the women " pretend to be ſo plaguy knowing now a-days, " they think they are fit to manage the nation I " warrant. But odſbobs, madam, I ſhall teach " you another ſtory— pray mind your own buſi- " neſs; look to your ruffles, and ribbons, and your " *Niggledegees*. Odſbobs I don't believe they will " wear ſoon any covering at all upon their backs;

" even

"even smocks will go out of fashion, quite out: "and they will have nothing but gimps and "gauze, and such like trumpery to cover their "nakedness: and as for you *Poll*, do you hear "me; don't think to echo your mother at every "word, and spread it all over the parish that I "can afford to gratify all your fantastical whims, "and magotty inclinations; for you are con-"foundedly mistaken, do you mind me, I say, "confoundedly mistaken, and if things go on "much longer at this extravagant rate, I shan't "be worth a brass farthing—rich indeed: how "the devil should I be rich, when I am loaded "with so many taxes?"

Just as my friend had uttered the last word with a particular emphasis, a large loin of veal made its appearance, accompanied by a plumb-pudding; at sight of which *Sam*'s countenance lost all its ferocity, and was lighted up by a chuckling smile. He rubbed his hands, called out to his wife to help Mr. Babble. In short, we *fell to* without ceremony, and all conjugal disputes were at an end.

I left this extraordinary family soon after dinner, and while I gently paced homewards, could

could not help laughing in my sleeve at those monied Men, who are always telling you how poor they are, that you may gratify their vanity by contradicting them.

NUMB. VI. *Saturday, April* 17, 1756.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.
PLIN. apud LILLIUM.

Men generally swallow news with a voracious appetite.

AS the public is generally very inquisitive about an author and his family, I shall in this paper collect together all the genealogical anecdotes I can at present remember concerning the BABBLES, in order to convince my readers, that I am a man of consequence.

Though we don't pretend to be *pre-adamites*, nor even to carry back our pedigree to the *father of mankind*, there is a tradition in our family, that the founder of it existed when the celebrated *tower of Babel* was in all its glory, and that he took his name from it.

Your

Your wags and half-wits will, I ſuppoſe, crack a few jokes on our name and deſcent, and attempt to ſhow, that there is in the labours of my brain a great deal of the confuſion which reigned in the days of our founder; but, as I highly revere my own abilities, and think I have very clear notions of things, I ſhall only receive all jokes, witticiſms, and waggeries of that kind, with a ſelf-ſufficient ſhrug, and a contemptuous ſmile.

We have ſpread ourſelves all over the known World. The great and magnificent city of *Babylon* was founded by one of our anceſtors; and the iſland of *Babelmandel* in the *Red Sea* was diſcovered and named by another. The branch which ſettled in *Turkey* dwindled away indeed ſurprizingly, and is now almoſt extinct; but thoſe who peopled *France* increaſed amazingly, and the deſcendants from them retain to this day the original name *Babillard*. Some of this branch travelling into *Italy*, were called *Babaleo*; and a noble *Raguſan* of that name paid a viſit to *England*, in the reign of queen *Elizabeth*, and died in this metropolis.

The BABBLES are not only remarkable for their antiquity, but for their alliances with the greateſt

greateſt families in all kingdoms; nay we can boaſt of being nearly related to crowned heads. A certain *Britiſh* monarch, noted for the prolixity of his ſpeeches from the throne, was undoubtedly deſcended from a female branch of our family.

Theſe important alliances have perhaps given riſe to the ſupercilious air which ſometimes appears in our behaviour, when our words are not liſten'd to with the attention we expect. This ſuperciliouſneſs, with a mixture of vanity, and a propenſity to be talkative, are reckoned our moſt glaring, and indeed our only foibles, by thoſe who are not thoroughly acquainted with us: the laſt propenſity has occaſioned a great many diverting ſcenes and humorous dialogues among our relations at their hoſpitable meetings, with ſome of which I may, one day perhaps, entertain my readers.

This fondneſs for loquacity has been more or leſs prevalent among us, according to our natural tempers and conſtitutions. My grandfather, Sir GREGORY BABBLE, was ſo delighted with the muſic of his own voice, and ſo obſtinately prepoſſeſs'd in favour of his oratorical talents, that he

he would ſcarce permit his auditors to utter a ſyllable. This gentleman happening to marry a lady who was not ſo well inclin'd to be a *hearer*, as he was to be a *ſpeaker*, led ſo uncomfortable a life with her, that he adviſed my father, (who was alſo very much addicted to loquacity) with great earneſtneſs, either to live ſingle, or to look out for a woman of a meek and pliable diſpoſition; my father followed his advice, and thought himſelf uncommonly fortunate in being united to a *Grizzel*, who ſuffer'd him to indulge his *ruling paſſion* without moleſtation. As for myſelf, I ſoon imbibed an averſion to *Extremes*, and by carefully avoiding the two rocks on which my parents ſplit, have been ever ſince liſten'd to with attention and with pleaſure.

The females of our family have been not a little troubleſome to thoſe who took them *for better and for worſe*. A ſiſter of mine is now alive, and in her grand climacteric, (*Rebecca* is her name,) who has by a conſtant rotation of tongue preſerv'd her virginity; for every man who made his addreſſes to her, was very ſoon *tall'd* out of his paſſion;

Doubly

Doubly like echo *found* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.

YOUNG.

I don't ſee this venerable ſiſter of mine often, for tho' I can check the volubility of my own tongue, I am not always diſpoſed to hear all ſhe has to ſay. She prates ſometimes, I own, ſenſibly enough, but generally pours out her words with ſo much impetuoſity, that the rattling of them ſounds in my ears more like the clack of a mill than a human voice. She is alſo apt to give advice with an air of ſuperiority, which I am never inclined to hear with patience, becauſe I am never convinc'd that I want to be tutor'd. A failing to which thouſands of both ſexes will find themſelves extremely liable, if they will condeſcend to examine their hearts thoroughly and impartially.

This talent of my ſiſter's raiſed her ſo high in the eſteem of an old rich maiden aunt of ours, that ſhe left the bulk of her fortune to her, and nothing but a paltry legacy to me. My aunt had a great many very odd notions; ſhe thought that perſons by talking fluently, and making a

prodigious

prodigious noiſe, gave ſtrong proofs of the depth of their underſtandings; that the rapid delivery of a diſcourſe was of more conſequence than the matter of it, and that thoſe who cou'd not ſhine by *Elocution*, would not only make a bad figure in the world, but be *run down*, and brow-beaten by every body. In ſhort, her whole delight was to force the attention of the people to whom ſhe was chattering, and *to carry all before her by the torrent of her Eloquence*, (theſe were her favourite expreſſions). She look'd on *me* with an eye of compaſſion, becauſe ſhe imagin'd I would be a diſcredit to the BABBLE *Family*.

I received this morning a letter from one of our diſtant relations, which I ſhall communicate to my readers juſt as it came to my hands: not doubting but that my couſin's vivacity will make them deſirous of being better acquainted with her.

Dear Couſin,

I hear you are the author of the new paper called *The* PRATER.—O Lud! how exceſſively delightful it is, to talk in print to the whole world in what manner, and on what ſubject, aye, and as long as one pleaſes.—Well 'tis vaſtly

charming

charming I proteſt—you muſt ſurely have a monſtrous deal of pleaſure—I wiſh I cou'd do as you do—heigh ho!—if I, poor ſoul, offer to open my mouth in the ſmall circle of my own relations, I am ſo ſnubbed and documented by them all, that I am quite a miſerable creature.—Only think how ſad a thing it is to have a longing to talk, and to have nobody about you willing to hear you. *Papa* often flies into a paſſion, and cries, this girl chatters ſo faſt, I don't know what I am about—*Mama* ſays, indeed *Patty*, you are too flippant with your tongue, no body can bear it—young folks ſhou'd be hearers and not ſpeakers:—you make one deaf, child.—With ſuch unkind expreſſions as theſe, my poor ears are ſtun'd from morning to night.—'Tis very hard I may not talk now, for I was ſixteen laſt *Chriſtmas*, and I am ſure I can talk as well as my Papa and Mama tho' I am not ſo old.—What ſignifies age?—People who have lived a great while in the world are not always the wiſeſt you know, couſin: for ſome people make more obſervations at ſixteen, than others at ſixty.—O how I envy the clergy, who may talk the beſt part of an hour without interruption, either to ſome purpoſe or to no purpoſe, juſt as they pleaſe.

Well,

Well, I ſay once more, it muſt be exceſſively delightful to talk in print, ſo dear couſin, do let me talk ſometimes in your papers, for I have a vaſt deal to ſay, and you will in a very particular manner oblige.

Your moſt affectionate couſin,

MARTHA CHATTER.

NUMB. VII. *Saturday, April* 24, 1756.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui ——

VIRG. *Æn.* VI. 266.

What I have heard permit me to relate.

YESTERDAY in the afternoon I drank tea at Mrs. *Aimwell's*. *Harriot* was ſurrounded by a brilliant groupe of her own ſex. After the faſhionable compliments were exchanged, the converſation turn'd inſenſibly on the preſent poſture of our national affairs. I had the ſatisfaction to hear all the fair ones inveigh, with a noble *antigallican* ſpirit, againſt the deſigns

signs of our restless, ambitious, and enterprizing neighbours, and warmly declare they would freely part with all their ornaments and nick-nacks, toys and trinkets, to raise an army for the defence of *Old England*: one of them said she wou'd chearfully resign her *Indian* porcelain, or be contented to pay a yearly tax in proportion to its value, which wou'd encourage our own manufacture, and check the importation of a commodity, by which we lose so much of our silver. Another protested she would not only give up her bracelets and diamond-coach-and-six, but even part with *Pompey*'s silver collar, for her country's good. A *Third* said, she had that morning discarded *Frisseur*, her hair-cutter, and ordered *Clip* to take care of her head for the future, in order to shew her thorough aversion *to every thing French*. And a *Fourth* vowed with a great deal of vehemence, that she would put on Regimentals, if the *French* landed, and fight to the last drop of her blood for *King GEORGE* and the *Protestant Cause*. *Harriot* smiled at this lady's martial declamation, which she uttered with the spirit of an amazon, and made this reply to it: —I admire your zeal, madam, against the *French*, excessively: it is at this critical juncture particularly laudable: but I am of opinion, nevertheless, that women, by equipping themselves

in

in a warlike manner, uſurp the province of the men, of whom there is undoubtedly a ſufficient number to defend us. 'Tis our buſineſs rather to inſpire them with courage, by liſtening to the addreſſes of thoſe only who have diſcovered a proper regard for our religion and liberties, either by arming, or exciting others to arm, againſt the profeſs'd enemies to both,

I was juſt going to commend my ward for her ſenſible obſervations, when a lively little *Thing*, who had caſt ſeveral glances at me, in order, I ſuppoſe, to make a conqueſt of me, notwithſtanding my age, and the gravity of my deportment, thus prevented me.—"All arts, "ſaid ſhe, to induce men to fight for their coun- "try, ſhould I think be allowed; and I think "moreover, that all leers, nods, ogles, winks, "and taps, ſhould be tolerated and encouraged "for the welfare of the ſtate, and not deem'd "coquettiſh, immodeſt and unbecoming."— "And to what purpoſe, I beſeech you, Madam, "replied a young lady, will be all theſe incite- "ments to love, if the grand point, matrimony, "which I imagine we all have in view, is not "gained by them? The men, to do them ju- "ſtice, are ready enough to flatter us and toy "with us, but to ſettle for life, and ſet down in "a family

"a family way—*There's the Rub.* And for my "part, I think, to have the land over-run "with ſingle men, is ten times worſe than an "invaſion.—This ſpeech occaſioned a loud laugh, which was followed by ſuch bitter invectives againſt unmarried men, that I was a little diſconcerted (for I could not help thinking their raillery very ill-timed, but young folks will be young folks) and retired to my lodgings ſooner than I intended.—The things I had heard made ſo great an impreſſion on my mind, that on going to reſt, I fell into a kind of dream.

Several alterations were, methought, made in the *Engliſh* government. A new branch of it was veſted in the hands of a hundred females of different ages, who were empowered by a charter to take cognizance of all national grievances which ſhould ariſe from the ill conduct of the male ſex, and to inflict on the offending parties the puniſhments which they thought, upon mature deliberation, adequate to their crimes and miſdemeanors. I was placed in the gallery of their ſenate-houſe, when they were engaged in a warm debate about a tax on batchelors, in order to puniſh them for their averſion to matrimony. As I was myſelf deeply intereſted in this debate, I liſten'd to it with an eager attention.

Several virgins who had paſſed their grand climacteric, full of vexation that the matrimonial queſtion had never been put to them, aſſerted with no ſmall earneſtneſs, that batchelors deſerved no mercy, becauſe they ſinned with their eyes open, and moved that they ſhould undergo the operation ſo much in vogue in *Italy*, by which means, the managers of the opera houſe would be able to entertain the town without throwing away immenſe ſums on *Ricciarelli*'s and *Pazagli*'s. Some ladies were of opinion, that the ſingle men ſhould be baniſhed to the highlands of *Scotland*; and others propoſed that they ſhould be taxed to the amount of half their annual incomes, ariſing either from landed eſtates or the publick funds, which ſhould ſupport a body of light horſe, to prevent ſmuggling and wreck-making in time of peace, and invaſions in time of war. A knot of young females, briſk and *debonnair*, inſiſted, that no fines could ſufficiently puniſh the fribbles and bucks of their acquaintance, and therefore made a motion, that if they ſhould preſume to remain in a ſingle ſtate after two months notice had been given them (not at churches, but at all other public places, particularly the theatres in *Drury-Lane*, *Covent-Garden* and the

Hey-

Hay-market, and the *Play-House* in *St. James's Street*) should be forthwith enlisted without distinction. The nobility should be general officers, the gentry subalterns, and the tradesmen and mechanics, common soldiers. They agreed, however, that merit should be particularly rewarded, and that a misbehaving General should lose his rank, and be succeeded by the worthiest and ablest man in the corps. This last regimental scheme was received with loud marks of approbation by the whole assembly, who order'd it to be published and executed with all possible expedition.

After this tax was unanimously agreed to, a lady started up with a great deal of vivacity, and thus addressed her companions.—A word or two ladies, if you please, before the house is adjourned. I have a scheme to communicate, which is of as much consequence to *our Sex*, as the longitude is to a sailor, or the philosopher's stone to a miser.—I move, ladies, that courtship may be henceforward *our* province; for I can make it clearly appear, that we have more leisure and inclination to practise the art of wooing, and are able to conduct an Intrigue with more address than the men, who are all ready to allow that we have the advantage over them in the management

of the tongue, the volubility of which, let me tell you ladies, has a very conſiderable weight on ſo intereſting an occaſion. This ſpeech was ſo well received by the gay and youthful part of the aſſembly, that they rattled their fans, clapped their hands, and ſhewed their hearty approbation of it by a great variety of exulting ſigns, and declared, that the lady who propoſed ſo excellent a ſcheme deſerved the thanks of the houſe. But their burſts of merriment were ſoon interrupted by a venerable matron, who roſe from her ſeat with the dignity of a *Juno*, and thus deliver'd her ſentiments with the *elocution* of a *Minerva*; —"I am ſorry I am obliged to differ from the lady who ſpoke laſt: but cannot think it becoming to follow the ſcheme which ſhe has propoſed. By making our addreſſes to the men, we ſhall defeat our own deſigns entirely, for *their indifference* always riſes in proportion to *our forwardneſs*. Modeſty is allowed by them to be our moſt ſhining virtue, and delicacy and ſoftneſs our moſt alluring charms. The two ſexes will always appear unamiable to each other, by aſſuming an unatural behaviour.—Maſculine women and effeminate men are in my opinion equally diſagreeable. Let us then make uſe only of the charms I have mention'd, for they will gain an admirer,

admirer, and fix a friend, much ſooner than bold looks, pert language and affected airs, by which too many heedleſs females think to attract the eyes and ſecure the affections of thoſe who gaze upon them. I wiſh ſuch females would attend ſeriouſly to the following lines:

The roving eye, the boſom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air
May catch the fop; for gudgeons ſtrike
At the bare hook and bait alike:
While ſalmon play regardleſs by
Till art like nature forms the fly.

MOORE.

When the venerable matron had pronounced theſe lines with a particular emphaſis, ſhe ſat down with as much dignity as ſhe roſe, and had the ſatisfaction to hear ſhouts of applauſe from all parts of the ſenate houſe. Struck with wonder I awoke.

NUMB. VIII. *Saturday, May* 1, 1756.

——— *Qui non moderabitur iræ*
Infectum volet esse, quod dolor fuaserit ac mens.

Ira furor brevis est. Animum rege: qui nisi paret,
Imperat: hunc frænis, hunc tu compesce catena.
HOR.

The man unable to controul his ire
Shall wish undone what hate and wrath inspire.

Anger's a shorter frenzy; then subdue
Your passion, or your passion conquers you;
Let lordly reason hold the guiding reins,
And bind the tyrant with coercive chains.
FRANCIS.

WHILE I was sitting at my Desk some days ago, and composing a PAPER for the amusement of the public, I was interrupted by several discordant sounds over my head, which issued, I thought, from the mouths of two choleric disputants of my own sex: yet in spite of my propensity to inquisitiveness, I kept my seat, till

till my spectacles tumbled from my nose, by the violent concussion of my room: for the disputants, not satisfied with the brisk movement of their tongues, agitated their feet in such a manner, that I was afraid they would have paid me a visit through the cieling. I then grew eager to know the cause of so much clamour, picked up my spectacles, (which luckily had received no damage,) and after having carefully deposited them in their case, went up stairs softly, and soon found, by applying my ear to the key-hole of my fellow-lodger's door, that he was engaged in a hot dispute with his bookseller. "Lookee, Mr. *Blot*, "said the latter, it signifies nothing your pre- "tending to bluster at *me*: you know you "are under articles to furnish me this season "with a novel big enough to make three duode- "cimo volumes, a collection of essays, and a tra- "gedy: and I swear I'll have them all." "Why "what the devil do you mean, if you come to "that Mr. *Pinch*, said he, have you not got the "novel in your own hands? The essays are ready "for the press, and the tragedy is almost finished; "but if other people will steal *my* similes, how "can I help it? What would you have me do? I "am sure it is as much a robbery, as if it had been "committed with a pistol on *Hounslow-Heath*,

" and ought to be punished with as much severi-
" ty. Nay more, for certainly to rob a man of his
" brains, is far worse than meerly to deprive him
" of his money: and if things are suffered to go
" on in this manner, I declare I will lay down
" my Pen."—" Not till you have performed
" your agreement, cried *Pinch*, with great alert-
" ness, I must have the tragedy finished soon,
" otherwise the season will be over: every body
" will be gone out of town, and it will lie in
" my shop like waste-paper.—S'death, cried
" *Blot*, I tell you it is waste-paper *now*—without
" the Simile it is worth nothing." Rot your Si-
" mile, replied *Pinch*, if that is gone, make
" another. Do you think I will lose the sale of
" a play for *one* Simile, which perhaps is not
" worth a button.—But how came it to be *stole*?
" —S'death, said *Blot*, have I not told you over
" and over, but your passions run away with
" you and make you forget every thing you hear.
" —When I had finished the last act, I thought
" it run off with such spirit, that I shew'd it to
" a friend of mine, who has a taste for dramatic
" performances, and he was so charmed with it,
" that he desired me to leave it with him a day or
" two.—I, suspecting no harm, agreed to his
" request: but how great was my surprize about

" ten

" ten days afterwards in the upper gallery at——,
" when my Simile, my darling Simile, which I
" deem'd a maſter-piece of the kind, was utter'd
" by one of the characters in——.—I was helliſh
" mad at being tricked out of my Simile, but not
" a little delighted at the ſame time to hear it
" well pronounced and well received—But I did
" not conſider till yeſterday that I could not print
" my play either with it or without it."—Pox
" take your vanity, cried *Pinch*, what occaſion had
" you to lend your piece to any body? *I* only
" ought to have ſeen it—was it not written for
" *me?* But though *you* have acted like a fool, *I*
" can't ſuffer for it—You may write another as
" good, or finiſh the piece without." I tell you
" I can't make ſuch another Simile, ſaid *Blot*,
" and there was only *that* in the whole play;
" and who ever wrote a tragedy without a Simile?
" —Beſides, if I offer'd it to you in that unfaſhi-
" onable condition, I know you would not bear
" it—you would turn it on my hands again, and
" tell me no body bought it.—Don't you re-
" member how you ſerved me about the novel,
" which you ſaid was not half abuſive enough,
" and ſo tame and decent, that no body would
" read it through? I am ſure I drew the *Duke*
" of ****, the *Earl* of ****, *Doctor* ****,

"*Lady* ****, and *Miss* ****, in such lively "colours, that I expected to be taken up every "day: and then as for warm scenes—The "lovers on the old trunk in the lumber-garret, "and the two young ladies undressing for bed, "were described with such a——I don't know "what you would have—my amorous descrip- "tions are sufficient to excite the *belle Passion* in "the breast of an anchorite, and corrupt the "morals of a whole boarding school of misses in "white frocks—I cannot speak plainer, except I "write treason and bawdy at full length."—"Well, said *Pinch*, and those were the scenes "which made the book go off, and if there had "been more of the same kind, it would have "gone through half a dozen editions by this time. "—I am sure I paid you fairly five guineas for "the *Copy*, and I wish I may ever see my money "again."—"Nay, stop there Mr. *Pinch*, cried "*Blot*, I know you have already pocketed *five* "*clear*, and published a second edition,—come, "come, you have imposed upon me long enough. "I ought to have had ten for it: and I will have "*ten* for the next, or carry it to another book- "seller—I will not be imposed upon any longer."—"—"Imposed upon? cried *Pinch* boiling with "rage, imposed upon? I impose on such a fellow

"as

"as *your*? Aye Mr. *Pinch*, replied he, I say you "have scandalously imposed on me, and hang me, "if I will bear your ill usage.—Then hang me, "said *Pinch*, but you shall bear a great deal "more before I have done with you. What, shall "such a fellow as you pretend to talk to *me*? "You who are the offspring of a chimney-swee-"per and a cynder-wench, begot on a dunghill, "and littered in a hog-stye. Did I not take you "Sirrah, from a garret in *Hackly in the Hole*, na-"ked as you came into the world, where you "subsisted on sheep's liver, which you got for "writing ballads, bloody murders, and wretch-"ed conundrums, which you bawled out your-"self in the dusk of the evening at the corner of "every lane and alley? Did I not bring you in-"to genteel company, rascal, by recommending "you to write bell-men's verses, lamp-lighters "new-year gifts, terrible battles, sea fights and "dying speeches; by which means you picked "up cash enough to purchase a suit of cloaths in "*Monmouth-street*, and a perriwig in *Middle-row*; "to hire a room in *Black-Friars*, and to dine "with gentlemen in a cellar on the best for three-"pence a day? Did I not, to cultivate your geni-"us, lend you *Rochester's poems*, *Gibbon's Art of "Poetry*, *Haywood's Novels*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*;

"nay,

" nay, truſt you with a large collection of *old*
" *Plays*, by the help of which you were enabled
" to write *Songs* for *Sadler's-Wells*, *Drolls* for *Bar-*
" *tholomew-Fair*, and *Prologues* and *Epilogues* for
" *Charity-Benefits*? Theſe performances introdu-
" ced you into polite life; and now becauſe you
" have ſtrutted at the *Bedford*, ſcraped acquain-
" tance with two or three under actors, and got
" a ſecond floor in *Covent-Garden*, you fly in my
" face. But by Jove I will reduce you to your
" original ſtate, before I have done. I'll *work*
" you, you ungrateful raſcal, till you are as rag-
" ged as OTWAY's Hag, and obliged to lame and
" blind beggars for your dinner: or neceſſitated
" to ſubſiſt on ſauſages made with the fleſh of
" ſome of your gibbetted brethren, thrown away
" by the ſurgeon; and when your feeding is
" lower'd, you'll write better. You are pamper'd,
" lazy and luxurious *now*, but I warrant when
" you are half ſtarved you won't be at a loſs for
" a Simile. Your invention will then be as keen
" as your appetite. A ſharp-ſet author ſcribbles
" like a devil."—Here *Blot* could not help check-
" ing Mr. *Pinch* in the midſt of his career.—
" Why, why, ſaid he, do you treat me, ſir, in
" this abuſive manner? what have I done to ex-
" tort ſuch *Billingſgate* language from you? But I

" ſhall

" ſhall be even with you — I ſhall make ſome
" diſcoveries to the world, which will not be agree-
" able to you.— What do you think of thoſe let-
" ters, written by Dr. *Libel*, which you deſign-
" ed to print for original ones by the late lord— ;
" and that paltry collection of poems, which you
" intend to publiſh as ſoon as the earl of——— is
" dead, with a preface, to make the town believe
" they were compoſed by his lordſhip.— Not to
" mention the old novel which you reprinted with
" a *new* title, and *new* names, the poſthumous
" works of *Charles Sock*, Eſq; which were
" cook'd up for you by *Tom Stravelling* for half a
" crown; and the volume of maxims, which
" the ſame Gentleman ſtole from the writings of
" TEMPLE, DENNIS, GORDON, and ſeveral
" other eſſayiſts.—Come, come, Sir, I ſhall *blow*
" you, if you won't be quiet."——By this re-
ſolute ſpeech of Mr. *Blot*'s his paſſionate Antago-
niſt was greatly diſconcerted: it affected him in-
deed ſo much, that he immediately loſt all his
leonine ferocity, and made the following reply to
it with the ſerenity of a quaker: " Well, well,
" Mr. *Blot*, I own I have been to blame—I am
" apt to be haſty ſometimes—you muſt make al-
" lowances. If you will dine with me to-morrow,
" you ſhall have your copy-money—But ſay no
" more

"more about this affair, Mr. *Blot*, we muſt not "betray each other."—S'death, cried *Blot*, did "not *you* begin firſt? I am ſure I have had plague "enough:——but you are miſtaken, Mr. *Pinch*, "if you think I can make a Simile whenever I "pleaſe."—"Well, well, my good Friend, ſaid "*Pinch* then take your own time, and make one "when you can—but pray conſider, that if you "are not ſoon in a cue for Similies, the ſeaſon "will be over." At the cloſe of this Speech he advanced to the door, with ſo much rapidity, that I was under a neceſſity of making a precipitate retreat from my *peeping-place*.

NUMB. IX. *Saturday, May* 8, 1756.

Who, who would live——just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run
Day after day the ſtill-returning round
Of life's mean offices, and ſickly joys?
But in the ſervice of mankind to be
A guardian God below; ſtill to employ
The mind's brave ardor in heroic aims,
Such as may raiſe us o'er the groveling Herd,
And make us ſhine for ever, that is life.

THOMSON's Sophoniſba.

I HAVE often obſerved, that perſons of a ſtudious and thoughtful diſpoſition, who are addicted

addicted to meditation out of doors, as well as within, usually carry their profound contemplations with them from the closet to the street. There amidst the busy hum of men, the rattling of wheels, and the smacking of whips, these serene beings, abstracted from every occurrence around them, rivet their unmoving eyes upon the pavement, and seem to be rather poring after old iron, crooked pins, or the philosopher's stone, than reflecting on the business which summons them abroad. People of this cast are, I apprehend, sectaries of that class of geniusses, who were known to the ancients by the name of περιπατητικοι, or peripateticks. I have the honour to be one of this order, and have more than once, by a constant attention to the objects beneath my feet, discovered something of value, which by reason of its humble situation had escaped the notice of those who gaze aloft on high-raised signs and cloud-cap't steeples: though I must own, that studies of this sort are not to be pursued with safety in the streets of *London*; for it requires a very quick and penetrating eye to avoid the collision of passing and repassing bodies, and to remove expeditiously from the threaten'd shock of porters, chairs, and wheel-barrows. I have suffered much uneasiness from such occurrences;

I have

I have often been laid proſtrate on the earth, joſtled againſt a poſt, or driven into a kennel. But my never-to-be-gratified love of thinking, a failing almoſt inſeparable from old age, will not allow me to be more circumſpect, and prevent thoſe diſquietudes to which my ſpeculative humour perpetually ſubjects me.

As I paſſed the other day under the *Temple-Gate*, good fortune preſented to my view, a pocket-book curiouſly inveſted in a ſuit of gold and morocco. I raiſed it inſtantly from the ground, haſten'd with it to my lodgings, full of impatience to examine the contents, and open'd it in hopes of meeting with ſomething that might contribute to the entertainment of my readers. It appeared to be the property of an inhabitant of the *Temple*. The characters of mankind are never ſo juſt, ſo conſpicuous, and ſo impartial, as when they are drawn by their own pencils, in order to be reviewed by themſelves in their moments of privacy. Theſe pocket-companions may be called faithful confidents, to whom a man diſcloſes thoſe *Arcana* of his breaſt, which he would dread to communicate to the moſt intimate and beloved among his *living* friends. All the ſpecious gloſs which

at

at other times conceals the *real man*, is then intirely removed, and he ſtands before himſelf undiſguiſed by the maſk of hypocriſy.—I may venture, I believe, without expoſing the gentleman's name, to lay open to the view of the world ſome particulars, which though deſigned for private, may perhaps be of publick ſervice.

I ſhall begin with the remarkable, but not uncommon manner in which he ſpent his time. This muſt undoubtedly be worthy our particular notice, becauſe the right employment of time, merits our higheſt regard. As the journal of a week may ſerve as well for a ſpecimen of the templar's occupations as the journal of a year, and as there is a great ſimilitude between one week and another, I will fix upon the —— day of ——

Mond. Morn.— Roſe at twelve — went to *George's*. Mem. ſtrong coffee, a good anti-ſoporific.—Five o'clock aſtern.—dined at the *Bedford-Arms*. N. B. Drank only ten bumpers.—Even. at *King Lear*—diſcovered, by means of my glaſs, a charming creature in the front row of the

the one-shilling gallery.—Mem. To insert the following advertisment to-morrow: "Whereas "a young lady, divinely fair, dress't in a blue sat- "tin cardinal, a chip hat lined with pink, and "adorned with streamers of the same colour, "with a large black velvet patch near her left "eye, sat last night in the first row of the "one-shilling gallery at *Drury Lane*: this is to "inform her, that unless she condescends to "take pity on a young inamorato, who is des- "perately wounded by the volley of arrows she "shower'd upon him, while he presumed from "his humble station in the pit to lift up his eyes "to her celestial perfections, he must infallibly "tumble down the precipices of despair and "perdition. A letter from her all-gracious "hands, directed to *P. Q. R. S. T.* at *George's* "coffee-house *Temple Bar*, acquainting the un- "happy youth, when and where he may be "permitted to wait upon her, will, (next to "the enjoyment of her dear company) be "esteemed the highest favour."

Tuesday Morn.——Attempted to read, but in vain—immensely dull—not in a studying humour—threw down my book—interrupted by my

my taylor with a 90 *l.* bill—prevailed on the ſcoundrel, with ſome difficulty, to ſtay till next quar. day—order'd *John*, in a very peremptory manner, to keep my outer door ſhut againſt all ſuch impertinent fellows for the future.—Took a ſtroll into the park.—Lady **** looked at me with a leer of invitation, and ſmiled.—Qu. Are not theſe ſtrong ſigns of love—Mem. To wear my laced hat ſomewhat lower on my right eye—Blue, untrimmed velvet looks genteeleſt.—— Mem. To get a ſuit made with all poſſible expedition.

Wedn.——No anſwer to my ſprightly advertiſement—ſtrolled into the park—met with my advertiſed fair one—accompanied her to her lodgings five pair of ſtairs in *Black-Boy Alley, Cath. ſtreet*—dined with her at *Shakeſp.*—took a turn with her after dinner in the mall.—Loſt, I don't know how,—my gold watch, and embroidered purſe with all my caſh—ſurprized in a horrible ſhower of rain—no money for coach hire—beſt laced ſuit abſolutely ruined—caught a villainous cold.

Thurſd.—At home all day.—Curſedly muzzy—ſent *John* for a broker—pawned my ſilver hilted

hilted ſword, ſome uſeleſs law folio's, and other trifling moveables. — Fractured my *Cremona* about *John*'s head in a paſſion—lay down on the bed—dozed till next morning.

Frid. Dined at a general meeting of the *Buck-Society*. N. B. Reſolved *nem. con.* to damn the new tragedy which is to make its appearance next week.

Sat. Engaged to ſup this evening with the ſame party at *Shakeſpear's head*.

Sund. Paſt *four* o' clock afternoon—got up—immenſely ſick—at *Shakeſp.* till *five* this morning—4 doz. Claret and 8 bowls of punch. Burnt our hats and wigs by general conſent. Toſſed empty bottles out at window—demoliſhed 2 pier glaſſes—6 china bowls—23 wine glaſſes, 1 table and 7 chairs—Bruiſing match between *Tom Driver* and *Dick Knucklebone*—*Tom* ſconced with the firſt blow—recovers; cloſes up *Dick*'s eyes with a full tankard of hot negus—ſallied out in a body — ſet the watch-houſe on fire—carried to the round-houſe, and from thence to Juſtice *F.*—gave bail. N.B. *Ned. Bumper* has juſt

ſent

ſent me word, we ſhall certainly come off for a cool *fifty* a-piece.

Here is a true copy from the journal of this gentleman's employment for ſeven days, committed to paper by his own hand. Were we to ballance his accounts at the end of the year, we ſhould find, I believe, almoſt the whole blank of his time filled up with eating, drinking and ſleeping; in adorning his perſon, in gratifying his appetites, and grovelling in all the occupations of a brute, but ſcarce a ſingle hour ſpent rationally, uſefully and becomingly.

How much ſuperior to this animal, (for he deſerves no other name) is Mr. *Manley*. He is a young man bleſt with fine natural parts, which he cultivates with the greateſt aſſiduity. He ſees with ecſtaſy the earlieſt rays of the ſun, and practiſes, with an amazing ſteadineſs, the virtues of temperance and ſelf-denial. He is continually improving and benefitting himſelf and his friends. He ſcorns the thought of baſely injuring any man, and never makes a promiſe, which he does not fully intend to perform. No importunate creditor troubles his repoſe at an untimely hour. His acquaintance, like his books, are

are not numerous, but well chosen: between these, his studies, and other necessary avocations, he divides his time. An unvarying cheerfulness of temper gilds each happy moment of his life, not but that religion often demands his most serious attention, and in return bestows upon him that unutterable transport which the unpolluted heart alone can feel. He smiles with disdain at the loud laugh, the contumelious witticism, and the sneering reproof of those, who seem to despise him publickly, but revere or envy him in secret for his accomplishments, and the wide disparity between his conduct and their own. Amongst all the vicious examples which surround him, he is resolute, and not to be allured by any of them. No prospect of gain or pleasure, no flattery or solicitation can seduce him from the inflexible discharge of the duties which he owes his Creator, his parents, his friends and himself. — And to prove that he has not the ridiculous apathy of a stoic in his temper, he is at this time paying his most passionate addresses to a very worthy young lady, who is discerning enough to distinguish the man of sense from the coxcomb, and has consented, with the permission of her parents, to make him happy.

NUMB.

NUMB. X. *Saturday, May* 15, 1756.

Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd;
If you resent it who's to blame.
I neither know you, nor your name.

SWIFT.

To NICHOLAS BARBLE, *Esq;*

Dear NIC,

ARriving last *Saturday* from *Edinburgh*, I called at *Lownds*'s library, in order to hear what new publications there had been during my absence. *There*, to my no small astonishment, I was told, that you had enlisted under the banners of *Apollo*, and begun to attack the town pen in hand. The news shocked me so much, that I walked out of the shop, with the *World* in my pocket, greatly chagrined at thy indiscretion, and could not help crying out peevishly — Pshaw—what is the man bewitched? I thought he had more sense than to turn scribbler at *this* time of life—Egad, Nic, let me tell you as a friend, that you are a very bold fellow, to set up a *Paper* in this criticizing, cavilling, censorious age—Several authors as ingenious

genious as yourself have been kick'd, cuff'd, horse-whip'd, and pulled by the nose for prying into other people's affairs, and publishing home truths.—But I hope *you* will always have a regard for your person and reputation, and take care not to run a risque of being silenced for speaking too plain.

My post under the government, gives me an opportunity of knowing what passes in the most commercial part of this metropolis. At *Jonathan's* I am often diverted to see the stocks rise and fall, like the liquor in a thermometer, according to the ignorance or cunning of the buyer or seller. Sometimes I associate with the sons of *Galen* and *Hippocrates* at *Batson's*, and see a young spruce apothecary, who by dint of a forehead well covered with brass, and an autumnal periwig, has lately set up a chariot, and now orders his patients to purge, blister and bleed with the peremptoriness and self-sufficiency of a *R—k*. In short, Sir, as I have it in my power to communicate a great many useful hints, entertaining stories, and interesting anecdotes to you, if you will encourage a correspondence, by printing this letter, I will assume the character of a *Jackall*, and furnish you with food, which you

you may cook up and prepare for your guests in what manner you please.

If any hugely-waisted alderman surfeits himself at an hospital-feast; if any tradesman's wife is catch'd with her husband's journey-man, while the good man is industriously following his occupation; if any boarding-school miss flies from her gouvernante to the arms of her father's foot-man, and if any lady of quality carries on an intrigue with her hair-cutter, you shall receive the earliest intelligence.

You may also expect some curious accounts from the *Bedford Coffee-House*, for the master of it has promised to acquaint me with all the material occurrences which happen among the choice spirits. And in return, I do hereby declare, that if any young buck shall presume for the future to sneak out at the back-door, without leaving his two-pence at the bar, I will send you his name, which you may publish, without striking off the *vowels*.

Farewel, old boy; go on, and prosper; and believe me to be most sincerely,

Your friend,

JACK TATTLE.

To Squire BABBLE,

——in *Kent*.

SIR,

I am but a plain sort of a man as you may

ſee by my writing, but no matter for that, I lives hard by a pure ingenious gentleman, no leſs a perſon than the curate of our pariſh, who you muſt know is a ſort of a what d'y' call it, a poet I think, and ſo he has your papers ſent him every week; and as he knows that I loves a bit of reading now and then, he lets me look over them of an evening: but may I be hanged Squire, if I can tell what to make of them, except it be here and there a word.—You talk ſo much of women's nakedneſs in ſome of them, that my dame who loves to be knowing, and who ſpins whilſt I read, thought as how it was the faſhion in *London* to wear no cloaths, and ſaid i'ſackins huſband, it may ſave a mortal deal of money, but then methinks 'tis very undecent: but I told her you did but joke: though when ſhe ſaw the letter from *Roſe Plump*, ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſure that was no joke. But commend me to Mr. *Olive* the oilman: adſnigs he is a clever man, and knows how to manage madam.—A man that can ſtop his wife's clack is good for ſomething; for between you and I, Squire, that is a thing not always to be done; as you find in your own family, ſome of which have ſhowed themſelves to be wiſe men, by chuſing ſilent women. Why there is your couſin *Patty*, don't

don't be affronted, but hang me like a dog, if I would marry her, though I was ſure ſhe had ten thouſand pounds to her portion. Pray write a little againſt prating women, you can't ſay too much about that. My dame laughed till ſhe could ſcarce ſee, at ſome of your *London* ladies talking of putting on breeches and fighting againſt the *French*—to be ſure I am glad to find that there is ſuch a pure ſpirit againſt that plaguy people; for I always hated a *Frenchman* as I do a toad, and adſnigs, if ever they land here, tho' by the bye I believe they are more cunning than that comes to, I don't doubt but we ſhall demoliſh every mother's ſon of them. But as to women's wearing the breeches, hold a bit there dame, ſaid I, you are all ready enough to do that we know: however, dame thinks it is a burning ſhame for all the young men to live to be old batchelors. But that ſwearing paper about *Bot* and *Pinch*, I think you call them, who are they? a couple of fierce blades I warrant: adſnigs when I began to read it, dame looked quite ſcarified, and did not know what I was at, and thought at firſt as how I was in a terrible paſſion at her, and ſaid ſhe never heard me in ſuch a woundy taking ſince laſt hay-time; but methinks, Squire, if I may ſpeak my mind, it is a little too wic-

ked: only I ſuppoſe you really heard ſuch a diſcourſe—adſnigs how ſome folks will ſwear. God forgive them, but neither dame nor I can tell for the ſoul of us what it was all about. Pray Squire what may that ſame ſimile be; I aſked our curate, but he only fell a laughing: ſo to be ſure there is a good jeſt in it if I had but wit enough to find it out. I have thought on it, and thought on it again, but am never the nearer; but will conclude here, only begging pardon for my boldneſs, but indeed if you was to write a little plainer, Squire, we country-folks might underſtand you better, and learn more knowledge.—So wiſhing you will take my homely advice in good part,

I reſt your hearty well-wiſher,
ROGER SMOAKY.

NUMB. XI. *Saturday, May* 22, 1756.

——Virtû *to ſuch a height is grown,*
All artiſts are encouraged——but our own.
GARRICK.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

AS an *Engliſhman*, and a true lover of my native land, I cannot ſee the performances of

of foreign artiſts preferr'd to the labours of my own countrymen without indignation: and think people of diſtinction, and thoſe who are fond of apeing them, cenſurable for giving encouragement to the former, and treating the latter with indifference and neglect.

Curioſity led me ſome weeks ago to *Langford*'s room, where a collection of capital pictures was exhibited to view: I am a great admirer of the pictorial art, and will venture to ſay I have a little—you know what I mean, Mr. BABBLE,—though I am not a *Connoiſſeur*, I will confeſs honeſtly, Sir, that I beheld the genuine performances of ſeveral eminent foreign maſters, now no more, with delight; but I muſt alſo tell you freely, that there are ſeveral riſing geniuſſes in this kingdom, who, if properly patronized, wou'd produce pieces not inferior to the moſt celebrated *Antiques*; many of which, I will not ſcruple to affirm, are *elaborate copies*, and palmed upon people of fortune, by thoſe pretenders to taſte, thoſe ſworn foes to our *Engliſh* painters, the *Dealers*, for originals.—But to the point.

On ſurveying with admiration a fine *Claude*, I was accoſted by *Tom Canvaſs*, a very ingenious and induſtrious young fellow, for whom I

have a hearty regard: But I am afraid he will never make his way in the world by dint of merit: his dreſs was ſhabbily genteel, and he looked ſo much like the poor apothecary in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, that I did not immediately recognize him. After an interchange of compliments, he aſked me how I liked the collection. "Here "are ſeveral highly-finiſhed pieces, ſaid I, but "I want to ſee ſome paintings by *Engliſh* hands, "and particularly by your own."——"Why, "replied *Tom*, I have pieces enough at home, "which would make a pretty figure here, but "then they would be known to be mine, and "nobody would vouchſafe to look on the *paltry daubings*. Indeed if I had recourſe to the "dealer's arts, made uſe of the ſpaltham-pot, "and gave it out that they were executed by *Signor Canvaſſini*, all the *Connoiſſeurs* in town "would flock about them, examine them attentively with their glaſſes, and cry out with "rapture,—*What ſtriking attitudes!—what warm "colouring!—what maſſes of light and ſhade!—"what a rich fore-ground!—Did you ever ſee any "thing more riant!*—If you will be ſo kind, "continued he, as to go with me to my lodgings, I will ſhew you a fine piece which I "have lately finiſhed."—I readily accepted of his

his invitation, in hopes of being ſerviceable to him.

We then left the *Piazza*, and proceeded to a miſerable houſe near the *Seven Dials*, in which, on the ſecond floor, was Mr. *Canvaſs*'s apartment. As ſoon as the ſtreet-door was opened, *Tom* deſired he might go up firſt to ſhew me the way, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty I followed him; for the ſtairs were ſo dark, narrow, winding and full of chaſms, that I was in danger of breaking my legs every ſtep I took. When we arrived at the top, my guide opened a rotten door, which admitted the light through numberleſs crevices, and diſcovered a ſmall dirty room, decorated with pictures, which helped to conceal the cracks in the walls, that had once been white. But my attention was ſoon taken off from inanimate objects, and fixed on living ones—my friend's wife and children.

Mrs. *Canvaſs* is tall, and form'd with the utmoſt delicacy; her complexion is extreme fair; ſhe has two blue eyes, *bien fendus*, a very pretty mouth, and light gloſſy hair. She is indeed a perfect beauty, but appeared in ſo unbecoming a *diſhabillé*, that I was at the ſame time both charm'd and ſhock'd. She was without ſtays, in a ragged greaſy bed-gown tied looſely over a ra-

ged, greaſy, ſhort, red petticoat, which gave me an opportunity of ſeeing the fineſt legs and feet I ever beheld, though diſguiſed by green ſtockings full of holes, and black leather ſhoes down at heel.—An old muſlin handkerchief was all her head-dreſs.—She was ſitting in a low, tottering chair, when we entered the room, with a large fine girl at her breaſt, and a roſe-lip'd boy about five years old, ſtood innocently ſmiling with a cherubic countenance, at her knees, and playing with his ſiſter's little finger, covered only with a ſhort dirty ſhirt. Mrs. *Canvaſs* gave me her chair, the only one in the room, fetched a joint ſtool for her huſband, and intreated us to ſit with the politeneſs of a princeſs.—As *Tom* was expected to dinner, the cloth was laid. It was a ſhabby bit of coarſe ſheeting, and on it was placed half a cold ſhoulder of mutton in a black and yellow earthen diſh; accompanied by a couple of wooden trenchers, a ſmall quantity of coarſe ſalt in a play-bill, a pewter-pot of porter, and a quarter of a peck loaf. The eldeſt daughter, a very fine girl about eight years of age, in a pink jacket full of ſlits and ſpots, was boiling a few radiſh tops in a glazed pipkin over a handful of fire: and a boy a year younger, was grinding ſome ochre in one of his father's *Monmouth-*

ſtreet

ſtreet waiſtcoats, with a narrow gold edging, which ſerved him for a coat.

Mrs. *Canvaſs* and her children hung round the room in various ſhapes.—*Here* ſhe was drawn like a *ſleeping Venus*, with her two ſons, like *Cupids*; the one throwing an azure mantle over her; the other endeavouring to peep under it. *There* ſhe was crowned with a garland of flowers by her daughter who attended her, like a *Grace:* in a *third* piece ſhe was a *Diana* with her nymphs; in a *fourth* a *Madonna* with her holy infant; in a *fifth* a *Magdalen*, and in a *ſixth* a *Lucretia*.—All theſe pieces were executed in ſo maſterly a manner, that I could have gazed on them with the higheſt ſatisfaction, had not the wretchedneſs of my friend and his family engroſſed my attention. I was pained to ſee ſo much merit and induſtry in the huſband, ſo much beauty and modeſty in the wife, and ſo much innocence and chearfulneſs in the children, unadmired and unrewarded. I called the youngeſt boy to me; gave him a guinea, and bid him carry it to his mama, that ſhe might buy cloaths for him. The poor woman bluſhed her thanks, and by ſo doing added new luſtre to her charms; while *Tom*, whoſe heart overflowed with gratitude, deſired her to procure a

chicken and a bottle of wine for my dinner: I could ſcarce hinder her from flying to obey her huſband—"Hold, ſaid I, Mr. *Canvaſs*, I "am engaged to day; but as I have a leiſure "half hour, give me leave to aſk you a few "queſtions, not out of an idle curioſity, but "with a ſincere intention to ſerve you. Your "performances, I think, deſerve the higheſt en- "comium, and I commend your fondneſs for ſo "amiable a wife, and ſuch fine children.—But "why don't you vary your objects?—Alas! "Sir, ſaid *Tom*, I would willingly vary my ob- "jects, but no body will give me an opportu- "nity by ſitting: beſides, this room is not pro- "per for the reception of company.—I "ſhould not have invited *you* to it, I aſſure you, "Sir, had not my vanity got the better of my "pride: for I longed to ſhew my pictures to a "man of real judgment, not conſidering that "while I exhibited *them*, I ſhould expoſe *my-* "*ſelf*."——"Why don't you begin with land- "ſcapes, ſaid I, or hiſtory pieces? I know you "are capable of excelling in thoſe branches; "you might finiſh *them* by yourſelf, and preſent "them to the public afterwards."——"Your "advice, Sir, is very good, and I would follow "it with all my heart, but as I told you be-

"fore,

" fore, nothing that's *Engliſh*, though ever ſo " well executed, will be reliſhed by the *Beau-* " *monde*. Once, indeed, I painted a landſcape " for a *dealer*, who gave me two guineas for " it, and ſold it for *fifty*, by telling every body " 'twas a *Pouſſin*: I alſo finiſhed a few heads " for him, which he put off for the productions " of *Rembrandt*; but he gave me ſo paltry a " a ſum for them, that I could not afford to ſup- " ply him. I ſhould be glad to take a trip to " *Italy*, meerely for a *name*, but cannot think " of leaving my *Peggy* and her children, whom " I fondly love, and would work for with plea- " ſure night and day becauſe they are good " creatures, and can make themſelves happy " without the ſuperfluities of life." —This laſt ſpeech of *Tom*'s affected me very much: I agreed immediately to ſit for my own picture, and ordered two landſcapes for my library, which were ſoon painted and paid for: and with the money, *Tom* cloathed his family in a decent manner, and took a firſt floor in *Covent Garden*, to which I ſend all my acquaintance.

If you are deſirous of being thought a encourager of merit in your countrymen, Mr. BABBLE, you will warmly recommend them, and endeavour to convince men of fortune and faſhion, that

that *England* produces excellent painters as well as *France*, *Italy*, and *Flanders*.

By complying with this requeſt, you will be admired and eſteemed by a great many deſerving young fellows, and particularly oblige

Your very humble ſervant

J F.

I am ſo well pleaſed with my correſpondent's true *Engliſh* ſpirit, and his generous behaviour, that I ſhall chearfully comply with his requeſt, and recommend the artiſts of my own country, without dreading the appellation of a *taſteleſs* Prater. And I hereby give public notice, that I expect all my relations, friends, acquaintance and readers, who would be thought ſound patriots, and encouragers of merit and induſtry, to ſit immediately for their pictures to *Engliſh* painters *only*, and to order their houſes, horſes, dogs, parks and gardens, to be drawn by the *ſame hands*.

NICHOLAS BABBLE.

NUMB. XII. *Saturday*, *May* 29, 1756.

——— *dare jura maritis.* HOR.

To give laws to huſbands.

WHILE I was looking over the *Adverti-ſer* at a coffee-houſe near *St. James's*, I heard

heard a dialogue between ſome perſons of diſtinction, which entertained me very much, and made ſuch an impreſſion, that I committed it to paper as ſoon as I returned to my lodgings.

Sir *Charles Conſtant*, *Lord Lovejoy*.

Sir Ch. And ſo I can't prevail on you, my lord, to be one of our party this evening?

Lord L. No faith, *Charles*, you muſt excuſe me, for I have promiſed *Sukey Slammerkin* to ſup with her, and a man of honour you know can never think of breaking his word.

Sir Ch. Fie, my *Lord*, never boaſt of your honour, I beſeech you, if it is to be maintained in ſuch company.

Lord L. Nay, *Charles*, prythee don't be ſo ſevere upon the dear, little, delicious toad. — I have ſcarce ſeen her this week, and——

Sir Ch. If you made a reſolution never to pay her another viſit, my lord, it would be the beſt you ever made in your life.

Lord L. Why, Sir *Charles*, do you never go to a girl? Can a man of your ſpirit and vivacity feaſt every day on the features of a wife?

Sir Ch. I always find a rich banquet at home, my lord, and aſſure you, by all that's good, that I have not been to a girl ſince my wedding-day.—I have too high a notion of the mar-

marriage-ſtate, and too great a regard for my wife. But ſuppoſing that was not the caſe, I have too great a regard for my character and conſtitution.

Lord L. My character, Sir, is as unſullied as your's, let me tell you, and *my conſtitution*, as ſound.

Sir Ch. I am glad to hear you ſay ſo, my lord: then you have had better luck than you deſerve: excuſe my freedom: but I own I am ſorry to ſee you, who have ſo fine a lady, leave her for a creature compoſed of vice, folly, impudence, affectation and paint.

Lord L. Why my wife is ſeldom at home, and when ſhe is, I hear no complaints: we have ſeparate apartments, and are therefore never troubleſome to each other.

Sir Ch. I am very ready to believe indeed my lord, that her ladyſhip has but little reaſon to complain of any from your company. But what ſhe would do, if ſhe knew you neglected her for Miſs *Slammerkin*, or any other gentlewoman of that ſtamp, is another point.

Lord L. Why faith, I am apt to think ſhe wou'dn't make herſelf uneaſy about my intrigues.

Sir Ch. Then you muſt give me leave to ſay, my lord, that ſhe is ſtill more valuable, and I

am

am the more aſtoniſhed that you can ſlight and diſregard ſo much worth

Lord L. By Gad now, I don't ſee any thing ſo extraordinary in my wife, let me periſh if I do; ſhe is diſtractedly fond of auctions, operas, and plays, routs, riddottos and maſquerades; and while ſhe is diverting herſelf one way, ſure I am at liberty to amuſe myſelf another.

Sir Ch. You make no difference then between going to *Sukey*'s, and going to *Langford*'s?

Lord L. Not I faith.

Sir Ch. Why then, we will ſuppoſe, only by way of converſation, that my lady ſhould have as ſtrong an inclination for a pretty fellow as you have for a pretty girl, and receive him in her private cloſet, while you are toying with Miſs *Slammerkin*.

Lord L. What do you mean, Sir?—I don't underſtand you Sir, rat me if I do; — you talk, Sir——

Sir Ch. Doucement, doucement, my lord. —We are only to ſuppoſe, you know.

Lord L. S'death, hell and furies, Sir, but I won't ſuppoſe any ſuch thing.—If I had the leaſt ſuſpicion——

Sir Ch. Look'ee there now.—A palpable hit by *Jupiter*: then pray, my lord, permit me to aſk you

you one queſtion. Does your lordſhip really imagine that a married woman who keeps a gallant is more culpable than a married man who keeps a miſtreſs?

Lord L. Undoubtedly. Why there can be nothing more deviliſh than ſuch a diſpoſition in a wife.—And I tell you plainly, if I thought mine had the ſlighteſt tendency that way, I would—

Sir Ch. Hold, hold, my lord: you need not be apprehenſive of any ſuch treatment from her: but if conjugal infidelity would be ſuch a *crime* in *her*, it cannot, methinks, be a *virtue* in your lordſhip.—*Cuſtom* indeed authoriſes our ſex to take a great many liberties, which would be cenſured with the utmoſt ſeverity in the other; but *that*, I own, has ſo little weight with me, that if I kept or even viſited a wench, I ſhould expect my wife to put the *Lex Talionis* in execution, and entertain the firſt agreeable fellow ſhe met with.—If vice is unamiable in a woman, it cannot be amiable in a man.

Enter Colonel *Careleſs.*

Col. Your ſervant, Gentlemen, your ſervant. What news, what news?—what are you upon?

Lord L. Upon virtue, *Jack*, a thread-bare ſubject, and, to increaſe your ſurprize, virtue in a man.

Col.

Col. A very extraordinary topic, indeed, my lord, and the laſt I ſhould have thought of.

Lord L. Ay, you are a happy ſingle man; but Sir *Charles* has been preaching to us married wretches.—However, I'll be ſhot if you are not on my ſide of the argument.

Col. Don't be too ſanguine, my lord—let me hear it firſt.

Sir Ch. Why indeed I don't expect much from *Careleſs*, but I'll put the queſtion notwithſtanding. —— Won't you allow, Colonel, that the two ſexes ought to be upon a par after they are married, and that a woman has a right to be falſe to her huſband, if he is not true to *her*.

Col. Ay, faith, I think ſhe has, and therefore don't intend to marry, Sir *Charles*, becauſe I love variety; for I ſhould think it very tyrannical to make my wife dine every day on boiled chicken, whilſt I feaſted on ragouts and fricaſſies, ollios, turtles, and barbicued hogs.

Sir Ch. Why truly, my friend, I believe your diſhes are chiefly *compounds*, for which I who am a thorough admirer of ſimplicity, have no reliſh. — And this is your reaſon for not venturing upon a wife?

Col. Ay, Sir *Charles*, and a very good reaſon in my humble opinion. — What ſay you, my lord?

Lord

Lord L. I am not a proper perſon to catechize, colonel. You may as well aſk a man in the condemned hole, how he likes his irons.

Sir Ch. Nay, my lord, matrimony cannot ſurely be to you ſo miſerable a ſtate, for you have juſt confeſſed that my lady gives you no uneaſineſs, and given very broad hints that you ſhouldn't mind her if ſhe did.

Lord L. Not I, faith — But what the devil, *Charles*, makes you ſo warm an advocate for marriage, and ſetting down tamely with one woman for life, and all that ſilly ſtuff? By gad I remember you quite another ſort of a fellow.

Sir Ch. I was once, my lord, a giddy, unthinking creature, and ardently purſued what I then falſely called pleaſure. — But I am ſenſible of my errors. — Reflection has opened my eyes, and I am endeavouring to make thoſe who are engaged in the ſame purſuits ſee as clearly the ill conſequences of them as I do.

Lord L. But ſuppoſe they had rather be blind. And to deal freely with you, *Charles*, I ſhouldn't thank you for opening my eyes only to look at a hideous proſpect, which I knew nothing of before.

Sir Ch. No, my lord—But if I ſaw you on the

the brink of a precipice, I ſhould think it my duty, as a man, to make you ſenſible of your danger, and to lead you to a place of ſafety.

Lord L. Ah, *Charles!* I am afraid I ſee the precipice but have not power to avoid it.

Sir Ch. Nay then, my lord, you are much worſe than I imagined: for he who knows he acts wrong, and yet perſiſts in ſo doing, is ten times more blameable than the man who is only guilty through ignorance. — But come, come, my lord, you will make uſe of your reaſon by and by; you are not ſo incorrigible as you would make me believe. The kind attention which you lend to my ſermon (as you perhaps may call it) is a proof that you are capable of amendment. When a man can bear to hear reaſon againſt himſelf, I have always a good opinion of him.

Lord L. I don't know how it is, *Charles*, but you have a very winning manner.

Sir Ch. You pleaſe me, my lord, by telling me I have ſuch a manner, but will give me more pleaſure by taking my advice, becauſe you will thereby convince me that you ſpeak ſincerely. — Only try, my lord—I know it will hurt you a little at firſt—but who would not endure the pain of parting with a rotten tooth to get rid of it for ever.

Lord

Lord L. Egad, *Charles*, thou art ſo clever a reaſoner, that let me die if I know how to refuſe you any thing.

Sir Ch. Since that is the caſe then, my lord, give us your company to-night.

Lord L. Well, if it muſt be ſo, I agree.—Are we not a couple of ſtrange animals, colonel?

Col. Faith, my lord, you will think me ſtranger than either of you, when I tell you that *Charles* has almoſt made me a convert to matrimony, and that I ſhould be ready to enter into that ſtate, if I could but find a ſuitable companion *for ever and for aye.*

Lord L. Well ſaid, *Careleſs*—do, be one of us, and curſe me if I laugh at you.

Sir Ch. The Colonel is not afraid of being laughed at, I dare ſay, my lord; he only thinks he may not happen always to have an appetite for *boiled chicken.*

Lord L. Very good, *Charles*, very good; give me your hand—boiled chicken——Ha, ha, ha.

Col. No, s'death, 'tis not that neither; for I do verily believe, Sir *Charles*, that there are joys to be found in a domeſtic life ſuperior to any other; and if I can meet with a woman to my taſte, who has a propenſity to like *me*, (for that's the main point) I believe I ſhall give her my

my hand, heart and purſe —— but don't tell every body what I ſay.

Sir Ch. No, no, we will keep your ſecret moſt religiouſly—but come, my lord, it grows late — ſhall we be going? —— *Colonel* your humble——

Lord L. Adieu, *Careleſs.*

Col. Gentlemen, yours.

NUMB. XIII. *Saturday, June* 5, 1756.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
POPE.

PASSING by my friend *Aimwell*'s houſe yeſterday in the afternoon, I was taken notice of by his lively daughter, who ſat near the parlour-window, and beckoned me in ſo particular a manner, that I concluded ſhe had ſomething of importance to communicate, and therefore rapped at the door with the impatience of a letter-carrier.

On

On entering the room, I found *Harriot* performing the honours of the tea-table before a ſhowy circle of her own ſex, and a ſprightly young fellow, whom I have frequently ſeen with her of late.—As I am not found of a crowd, tho' a brilliant one, I told her I would wait on her when ſhe was leſs engaged; but ſhe intreated me with her accuſtomed vivacity not to withdraw; "I deſire you will take your tea here, "Mr. BABBLE, ſaid ſhe. You need not be "afraid of us, continued ſhe in a half whiſper, "we ſhall take care to behave more reſpectfully, "and be more ſparing of our invectives againſt "old batchelors. — You underſtand me." —This arch ſpeech of hers made me ſurvey her with a great deal of accuracy. I did not immediately diſcover the cauſe of ſo much *gaiete de cœur*, but when I cloſely examined the eyes of her female companions, I perceived they were enviouſly turned upon her, becauſe ſhe engroſſed the looks of her male viſiter, who ſeemed, indeed, to view her with the attention and ſenſibility of a lover. By this diſcovery I could eaſily account for her uncommon flow of ſpirits, and readineſs of expreſſion, and therefore determined

ned to ſit ſnug, in order to make remarks on the whole *groupe*. It was ſome time before I could gain any intellegence by the help of my auricular organs, becauſe they all talked at once, but when the tea-equipage was removed, they chattered together in parties. The beau devoted himſelf entirely to my *ward*, and in ſo doing, made her ſo *prodigiouſly* happy, that ſhe was ſcarce able to conduct herſelf with decorum. Viſibly elated with the thoughts of being preferred to all her acquaintance, ſhe played off ſome airs and graces ſo triumphantly, and ſhewed ſo many ſymptoms of coquettry and affectation, that I longed to have a private interview with her, and to give her a few friendly hints. As I was diſguſted with her behaviour, I went to another part of the room, and ſat near a couple of homely girls, who were loudly exclaiming againſt beauty in woman; declaring they would not be handſome "for the world." Then they made a quick tranſition to ſilks, ribbons, laces, &c. &c. &c. — "This is a ſweet pretty pattern." — "That's a hideous one." — "This ruffle is too ſcanty." "That

"That has no ſlope at all."—"Miſs *Frize* looks like a witch in grey powder."—"Miſs *Joint* to be ſure is well enough, but then ſhe has ſuch a monſtrous hand and foot."—"Aye, and yet ſhe wears bracelets."—"What, with that fiſt?" "Don't you think Miſs *Aimwell* looks exceſſively red this afternoon?"—"She gives herſelf violent airs I think."—"Lard, well I think vetily ſhe ſquints." "No, no, but ſhe has a filthy caſt with her eye."——Tired with this empty, unedifying converſation, I went to another ſet, who were endeavouring to thruſt a ſquirrel into Mr. *Bellair*'s pocket, becauſe they could not endure to ſee *Harriot* in a *Tete-a-Tete* with him. This gentleman, tho' chagrined to be interrupted in the midſt of his *Douceurs*, was obliged to ſay a few civil things to his miſtreſs's viſiters in order to keep them in a tolerable humour. In ſhort, I was ſo diſſatisfied with the behaviour of all the ladies, that I produced my pocket-book, and told them I would, with their permiſſion, read a tale, written ſome hundred years ago by an oriental ſage, and tranſlated by their humble ſervant,

for

for the Uſe of his fair Countrywomen. *Harriot* compoſed her own Features, and endeavoured to make her giggling Companions attentive.

Zulima, the Daughter of *Abukazan*, was formed for pleaſure, and finiſhed for delight. She was tall as the towering Palm, and ſtrait as the lofty Pine. Her countenance was animated with the Glow of Health, and her Smile was as the Dawn of the vernal Day. *Symmetry* was diſcernible in every Limb, in every Geſture *Grace*. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach. They declared ſhe was fairer than a *Houri*; and even the Daughters of the Land confeſſed ſhe was beautiful.

Yet with all her perſonal advantages, *Zulima*, tho' ſhe excited admiration, could not attract eſteem. She was thoughtleſs and volatile, fantaſtical and capricious, and ſo giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation, that ſhe ſpent the greateſt part of her time in changing the poſition of her veſtments, and altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes ſhe braided her jetty treſſes, which were black as the feathers of the Raven, and turned them up under a muſlin, bordered with ſilver and gold; ſometimes ſhe ſuffered them to flow careleſly on her ſhoulders, over

an azure robe, and placed new-blown roſes on her forehead, which was as ſpacious as a full Moon. Sometimes ſhe threw a tranſparent Veil over her, but practiſed a thouſand arts to make it riſe and fall, and diſcover to the enamoured gazer, Teeth white as the tuſks of the Elephant, Lips red as the ruby of *Ava*, Cheeks tinged with the bluſhes of the Morning, and Eyes piercing as thoſe of the Eagle.

While ſhe was reclined on a Sofa, one Evening, after a ſultry Day, under a pavilion in the Garden of her Father *Abukazan*, and lay ruminating on methods to increaſe her Charms, and extend her Conquests, ſhe ſaw a thick ſmoke riſe out of the ground. It curled like a Vine, and aſcended like a Column. While ſhe was earneſtly watching its progreſs, a little Old Man, with a Beard whiter than Snow, which reached to his Feet, appeared before her. "*Zulima*, ſaid he, "liſten to the voice of Inſtruction, and let not "the accents of Reproof be diſregarded. I am "the Genius *Abdaric*. I behold thy Beauties "with delight. Be not therefore vain, for know "I behold them with concern. I am come "from the bottom of the Earth, to teach thee "Wiſdom, and to ſnatch thee from Deſtruction. "Follow my advice and be happy. Thou vain-

"ly

" ly fancieſt, unthinking *Zulima*, that the fame " of thy Beauty will be waſted to the Pinnacles " of *Agra* by the ſighs of thy Adorers, and that " their Applauſes will be heard from the Cliffs of " *Taurus* to the *Indian* Ocean. Thou doſt not " conſider, frail Child of the Duſt, that thou " art ſubject to the moſt loathſome Diſtempers. " Thou doſt not conſider, that a Leproſy may " render thee an object of deteſtation, and that " the Springs of Life may be poiſoned by Mala- " dies innumerable. If the Angel of Benevo- " lence ſhould intercede for thee at the Throne " of the Great *Alla*; if the *Governor of the Uni-* " *verſe* ſhould command the Clouds of Sickneſs " never to burſt upon thy Head, yet no inter- " ceding Angel can reſcue thee from the Gripe " of Age, and diſengage thee from the Talons " of Decrepitude. Thy love-darting Eyes muſt " loſe their luſtre, and grow dim with years: " thy blooming Cheeks muſt be ſhrivell'd like " autumnal Leaves; and thy graceful Body muſt " be bent like the Bow of the Hunter. Thy " Admirers will then ſhun Thee with as much " Caution as they would the Mouth of a famiſh- " ed Tyger, or the Jaws of an hungry Croco- " dile; and ſtart from Thee affrighted as if they " had felt the ſting of a Scorpion, or the punc- " ture of an Aſp. Then wilt thou be the un-

" happiest of Women. Thou adornest with
" too much sollicitude thy outward form, which
" will perish like a Garment devoured by the
" Moth, and which will be smote by the arrows
" of Death, as Grass is levelled by the Scythe of
" the Mower, whilst thy Mind, which will en-
" dure for ever, resembles the barren Mountain,
" or the uncultivated Desart.—Think therefore,
" O Daughter of Pleasure, 'ere it is too late.
" Reflect, whilst thou art capable of Reflection.
" I am come from the bottom of the Earth to
" make thee wiser, better, and even more love-
" ly.—Watch thy Behaviour with the strictest
" Vigilance, and let not the slightest Signs of
" Pride, Levity, or Self-admiration, be percep-
" tible in thy Looks, thy Actions, or thy Words.
" Seem not to be conscious of thy Charms, and
" they will beam forth with redoubled splendor:
" forget that thou art fairer than other Women,
" and thou wilt be the fairest among them. Be
" not over studious to make thy Neck shine with
" the glossy Pearls of *Manar*, and thy Hair glit-
" ter with the Diamonds of *Golconda*. Be neat
" in thy Person, be plain in thy Apparel. Sim-
" plicity is beyond Magnificence. Loveliness
" wants not the aid of ornament, but is when
" unadorned, adorned the most. Do not hang

" over

"over Fountains for the Pleasure of seeing thy "image reflected in them.—Such a Desire can "only be prompted by Vanity, and ought there- "fore to be suppressed. Censure not thy Virgin "Companions, because they have not the same "external Attractions thou art favoured with, "for they may be possessed of accomplishments "superior to thine, though they are not so con- "spicuous. Behold this Talisman; view it with "attention; it is the Talisman of Truth, made "with the finest Crystal, and so wonderfully "constructed, that it will not only shew thee "what thou art, but what thou shouldst be. "When thou resemblest in every respect the "Character I have drawn for Thee, thou wilt "appear in the most amiable light: but when "any irregular Passion, or any vicious Inclina- "tion takes possession of thy heart, and stimu- "lates Thee to commit an unbecoming, or an "immoral Action, thou wilt see thyself in the "most odious colours.—Thou wilt be changed "into a Monster of Ugliness. In such circum- "stances think on me. Repent, reform, and "thou wilt be restored to thy pristine Beauty."—When the Genius had uttered the last Word, he put the Talisman into her Hand, and instantly disappeared, with the Pillar of Smoke, but left a scent behind him grateful as the Evening Breeze

which plays among the *Sabæan* Spices, or the fragrant Gale which flutters upon the gum-diſtilling Trees of *Arabia*.

Zulima's aſtoniſhment at the ſudden appearance of the Genius, deprived her of the Powers of Speech, but the various emotions which ſhe felt during his addreſs to her were characſtered in her Countenance. When he told her that he was delighted with her Perſon, ſhe threw off her Veil with Exultation. Her Eyes ſparkled with Joy, her Boſom panted with Satisfaction. But when he informed her that ſhe was ſubject to the moſt loathſome Diſtempers, ſhe trembled, and grew pale. She was chilled with horror when he talked of the Gripe of Age, and ſhuddered at the mention of the Talons of Decrepitude. When he told her ſhe would be deſerted by her Admirers, as ſoon as ſhe had no Charms to allure them, ſhe was torpid with amazement; but when he afterwards aſſured her ſhe would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her Heart danced with rapture, and her Lips quivered with ecſtacy. She was ſomewhat diſconcerted to hear him prefer Plainneſs, Neatneſs and Simplicity, to Pomp, Grandeur and Magnificence: and to hear Self-admiration and Cenſoriouſneſs condemned by him with Severity. She was convinced however, ſoon after

after his departure, that it was neceſſary to follow the Rules he had preſcribed, for on ſurveying herſelf in the Taliſman, ſhe diſcovered ſuch an alteration in her Perſon, that ſhe was ſtruck with Fear, and let it fall to the Ground; but when ſhe carefully took it up, with a wiſh that it might not be broken, ſhe looked, on a ſecond View, as engaging as ever. From that Moment ſhe determined to obey her Monitor with punctuality; and after having proſtrated herſelf to implore the aſſiſtance of Him who dwelleth in the Third Heaven, ſhe returned to the Houſe of her Father.

NUMB. XIV. *Saturday, June* 12, 1756.

Rixatur de lanâ ſæpe caprina. HOR.

Much ado about Nothing.

"PEeviſhneſs, ſays a nervous Writer, may "be conſidered as the canker of life, that "deſtroys its vigour, and checks its improve- "ment; that creeps on with hourly depreda- "tions, and taints and vitiates what it cannot "conſume."

Perſons of a fretful, quarrelſome diſpoſition, apt to take a light offence, and to be ruffled by trifles, may truly be called ſelf-tormentors, and

the peſts of ſociety. Such perſons meet with frequent diſappointments, becauſe they expect from the world a tame compliance with all their capricious humours; and deſerve to meet with them, becauſe their expectations are unreaſonable. When a man's temper, indeed, has been ſoured by ſickneſs, and a ſeries of real calamities, he is not an object of contempt but of pity; and his little ſtarts of choler, piſhes, pſhaws, and diſcontented interjections, ſhould be patiently borne with. But the majority of wayward, waſpiſh people, are not entitled to the leaſt indulgence. They ought to be thwarted whenever their petulant humour makes them troubleſome.

Peeviſhneſs, tho' it may perhaps be ranked among the troubles to which we frail mortals are liable, ſometimes prompts us to commit criminal actions, and then becomes a vice. I have ſeen ſo many of my fellow creatures of both ſexes ſuffer for the gratification of this foible, that when I make my morning and evening addreſſes to the giver of all good things, I never fail to reckon a contented mind among the bleſſings which he vouchſafes to beſtow upon me.

I received yeſterday morning an early, and very unexpected viſit from an old acquaintance, about my own age, who retired to his manſion houſe

houſe in *Berkſhire*, thirty years ago, in a pet; where he has led, till within this fortnight, a ſullen, ſolitary life, diſguſted with himſelf and every body around him.—When he entered my apartment I ſurveyed him with aſtoniſhment, and could not help ſaluting him abruptly;—"Good "God, Sir, what has brought *you* to *London!*"—"Nothing, ſaid he, but abſolute neceſſity, I aſ"ſure you, ſhould have brought me hither, and I "heartily hope I ſhall not be long detained here; "for this confounded town, maſter *Babble*, is "very much altered for the worſe, I can tell "you, ſince I left it. A man can't now-a-days "walk along the ſtreets quietly, without running "a riſque of having his ſkull fractured; his limbs "broken, or at leaſt his hat knocked off, and his "cloaths torn. *Things were not ſo bad, I can "tell you, thirty years ago.* Why now this "morning I met with ſeveral provoking acci"dents. Before I turned the corner of the ſtreet "I lodge in, I was overtaken by two rafcally "barbers boys, who jammed me between them, "and beſmeared me with powder; and while I "was endeavouring to brush it off, a ſon of a "gun of a chimney ſweeper covered one ſide of "my coat with ſoot. I verily believe the im"pudent young dogs take a pleaſure in teazing "me; for on my looking fiercely at one of "them, and rebuking him warmly for his inſo-

" lence," he reply'd in a surly tone, and with a " glouting look—" Curse your eyes, you old " cuff you; what, are you purblind?" " A " little farther, four or five labourers spread " themselves across the foot path, and would not " budge an inch, tho' I very civilly intreated " them not to stand so thick; so that I was o- " bliged to go without the posts in order to avoid " them, by which means I was splashed from " head to foot by a pair of mettlesome coach " horses, who trotted by me as fast as they " could. About twenty yards farther I unlucki- " ly trod on a loose stone; and caused a great " deal of dirty water (for you know it rained hard " last night) to fly into my face, and almost close " up my peepers."—*Things were not so bad, I can tell you, thirty years ago, when I lived in London.*—Times are strangely altered since the year *twenty-six*.—There is now a total depravation of manners.—I meet with nothing but insults where-ever I go.

I was yesterday at a coffeehouse near the *Temple*, and could not be furnished with the news papers till every body in the room had read them; and I moreover received a gross affront from one of the pragmatical waiters, who not only brought my chocolate quite cold, but had also the assurance to offer it to me with a large beetle swim-

ming

ming in it: and I overheard a coxcomb in the next box ſay to one of his priggiſh companions, "Smoke the old gentleman, *Jack*, what a forlorn wretch it is!" "My cloaths are not cut, my hat is not cock'd, nor is my wig curled according to the taſte in vogue; but muſt a man be inſulted becauſe he dreſſes as he likes? Plague on the faſhions, ſay I?—Every wiſe man will have a faſhion of his own, and not make himſelf look like a monkey to pleaſe any body.—And then people have got a trick now a days, of puſhing along, and ſhoving one in the rudeſt manner imaginable.—Laſt *Friday*—no, I tell a ſtory,—I mean laſt *Monday*, a blundering blockhead ruſhed by me with ſuch violence, that I was within a foot of falling into one of thoſe abominable cellars which are open in all quarters of the town, like traps to catch people who go too near them. While I was venting my ſpleen againſt this fellow, another who followed me ſeized me by the arm in ſuch a manner, that if I had been in debt, I ſhould have fancied myſelf within the gripe of a bailiff: and who ſhould it be but an impertinent jackanapes in a livery, who wanted me to make way for him becauſe he was in a hurry forſooth; could not the fellow have ſaid, with your leave, or by your leave?—*Things were not ſo bad, I can tell you, thirty years ago.*"—I could not help ſmiling here at

my friend's vehement exclamations againſt the preſent times, and interrupting him in the midſt of them, "You forget, ſaid I, that you were then a young man in high ſpirits, and did not mind a puſh or two in the ſtreet; but now the things which you took little notice of then are magnified, and become leſs bearable."—"Poo, poo, ſaid he, do you think I don't know how things were, and how they are altered for the worſe?—God ſend me ſafe and ſound out of this corrupted city, and I will never ſet foot in it again."—"Well, replied I, I am glad to ſee you ſafe arrived at my lodgings after all your troubles."—"Safe? ſaid he, Safe? ay, ay, I am indeed ſafe at preſent, as you call it, but how long ſhall I remain ſo;—will you inſure me from all croſs accidents, and perilous adventures while I ſtay in town?"—"You muſt walk with more circumſpection, ſaid I, and then I hope you will not meet with ſo many misfortunes: you muſt conſider, my friend, that you don't tread quite ſo firmly as you did in your juvenile days.—"Firmly, ſaid he,—What ſignifies a man's treading firmly when brutal carmen, chairmen, and barrow-women are ſuffered to block up the footway, and abuſe you, if you don't make room for them; a pack of bullying ſcoundrels, and brazen fac'd jades."—"Indeed, my friend, ſaid I, 'tis not worth while to be in a paſſion about

bout them; if you can't bear diſappointments of this kind with a philoſophic compoſure, take a coach or a chair; and pleaſe yourſelf with laughing at thoſe whom you ſee diſconcerted by the ſame accidents which diſturb *your* repoſe."—"'Tis a plaguy thing though, ſaid he, that a man can't go peaceably about his buſineſs, without paying theſe raſcals for being carried from place to place, or elſe having his cloaths ſpoilt.—The firſt night I came to town, in the duſk of the evening, a fellow paſt by me with a door upon his ſhoulders; I thought I allowed him room enough to paſs without joſtling, but a villainous hinge, which hung from it, ſtuck cloſe to my arm, and made a monſtrous rent in my ſurtout.—Beſides, there is ſuch a collection of filthy ſmells in the ſtreets of *London*, that I wonder the air is not peſtilential.—How can you bear to live here, Mr. *Babble?* You muſt ſurely have an excellent conſtitution!—"A great deal, my friend, ſaid I, depends on uſe, and a great deal on a diſpoſition to be pleas'd.—Every ſtate of life has its diſquietudes, and every place its inconveniencies, which ſeldom make a deep impreſſion on us when we are accuſtomed to them; and indeed we ſhould be very miſerable beings if they did. You have been long abſent from this buſy capital, and make too nice a compariſon between the buſtle of a town life,

life, and the tranquillity of a country life.—Were you to reſide in *London* two or three months, you would not be ſo acutely pained by ſome of its ſmells, and chagrined by the brutality, or inadvertency of ſome of its inhabitants. I muſt own indeed there are ſeveral regulations wanting; but thoſe regulations are not to be made by ſuch people as you and I. If magiſtrates will not exert their authority, and endeavour to rectify publick nuſances, *we* can't make them. ——— 'Tis better therefore, I think, to bear without repining, the evils which we can't remove, than to make ourſelves uneaſy about them:—thoſe who are too quickly diſcompoſed by the common accidents of life, contract a peeviſhneſs which renders them unſociable, unamiable, and conſequently unhappy."—"Lookee, Mr. *Babble*, replied he, 'tis an eaſy matter to preach, but not ſo eaſy to practiſe;—you talk very fluently, and I am glad with all my heart that you make yourſelf ſo happy; but, for my part——Here we were luckily interrupted by the arrival of our coffee and *Yorkſhire cakes*.

The converſation then turned on more agreeable ſubjects; my friend was greatly refreſhed by his breakfaſt, and left me ſoon afterwards in a tolerable mood.

NUMB. XV. *Saturday, June* 19, 1756.

Veluti in ſpeculo.

As in a Mirror.

WHEN a few Moons had paſſed away, *Hamed*, a young Man of large poſſeſſions, and remarkable integrity, demanded *Zulima* for a Wife. His Palace dazled the eye with its magnificence. His Dreſs was purple enriched with gold, and the jewels in his Turban glittered like the rays of the Sun. He commanded, by inheritance, an extenſive tract of Land, which was cultivated like a garden. Herds innumerable lowed in his fields, and Flocks without number bleated in his paſtures. Yet in the midſt of his riches *Hamed* was temperate; fifty Women only had he in his Haram. He had many perſonal perfections, but they were trifling compar'd to the Beauties of his Mind, which reſembled an Emerald of ineſtimable value, depoſited in a golden caſket. The firſt view of *Zulima*'s uncommon charms, ſtruck him at once with wonder and delight. She appeared to his raviſhed

eyes

eyes as majeſtic as the Cedar of *Lebanon*, and graceful as the Tulip of *Candahar*. He poured forth his Soul before her, called her the light of his Life, and ſwore, ſhe was more lovely than the daughters of Paradiſe. *Zulima* ſoon became inebriated with the homage paid to her, and imagining too haſtily that ſhe ſhould increaſe his ſenſibility, by retarding the completion of his wiſhes, and quicken deſire by protracting the moment of poſſeſſion, urged him, by turns, to hope and to deſpair, by every feminine artifice ſhe could think of. But *Hamed* ſoon diſcovered, that the heart of *Zulima* was as deceitful as the Ocean, when it is unruffled by a breeze, and that ſhe was neither charmed by his Perſon, nor captivated by his Manners. He diſcovered, that the voice of adulation alone was muſic to her Ear, and that ſhe was blind to all Beauties but her own. At this diſcovery his Soul was filled with indignation, Reſentment extinguiſhed all emotions of tenderneſs, and drove him abruptly from her preſence.

Zulima, as ſoon as *Hamed* had left her, haſtened to her Taliſman with the rapidity of a Roe, to ſee in what light ſhe had appeared to him, and to embelliſh herſelf with new Graces againſt the next interview; for as he had not mentioned his intention

intention never to return, the hopes of fanning the flames of Love with fresh allurements, made her spirits flow with unusual briskness, and her feet bound with unusual agility. But how great was her surprize, when, instead of Eyes sparkling with pleasure, and Cheeks glowing with expectation, she beheld in the polished crystal a monster of ugliness. Shock'd at the unexpected sight, she gazed at her alter'd Image. She gazed and was astonished. *Abdaric* instantaneously darted into her mind. She found, on a retrospect of her conduct, that she had encouraged the addresses of *Hamed* not out of a regard for himself; not out of obedience to her father; not from a desire to be happily married; but to hear the sighs of fondness, to have her Ears regaled with the soothing strains of Eulogy; to be admired and praised, to be flattered and adored. Her conscience smote her. She repented, and at the same time determined to receive *Hamed* with more affability, and to listen to him with more attention: to deserve his Love, and to merit his Esteem. These resolves had, in some measure, the wished-for effect. She saw with ecstasy her face by degrees recover its accustomed bloom; but its bloom, alas, was recovered too late, for *Hamed* had, during the eclipse of it, placed his affections

affections on *Zelis*, the Daughter of *Nouradin*, and friend of *Zulima*.

Zelis, though not ſo ſtriking a Beauty as *Zulima*, was not leſs engaging. *Zulima* ſhone like the Sun in its meridian ſplendor; *Zelis* like the Sky, tinged with its riſing and departing rays. The firſt reſembled a large Edifice, full of lofty apartments, decorated with the moſt coſtly ornaments, and blazing with the united luſtre of gems and gold. The laſt might be compared to a ſmall plain Building, executed with the utmoſt elegance, and adorned with the utmoſt ſimplicity. *Zulima* was more admired than *Zelis*, but *Zelis* was more beloved than *Zulima*.

Zelis had an expreſſiveneſs in her countenance, which was, like the Magnet, irreſiſtibly attracting. She was modeſt, gentle, affable, and unconſcious of her Perfections. Theſe amiable qualities ſoon bound the heart of *Hamed* in adamantine Chains. He was pleaſed with her Perſon, but enraptured with her Mind, and had ſoon the ſatisfaction to find that *Zelis* view'd him with equal delight, lov'd him with equal ardor, and eſteem'd him with equal ſincerity. The news of their intended union flew with the ſwiftneſs of Lightning to the Houſe of *Abukazan*. *Zulima* felt a diſorder ſhe had never

never known before at the receipt of this intelligence. To think that she had lost her Lover was perturbation, but to think that *Zelis* was in possession of him, distraction. Many Hours she spent in contriving methods to recall her Lover, and at last fixed on a design which she executed immediately with an assurance of success. She prevailed on *Cadige*, an old Nurse, who had attended her from her infancy, to make herself serviceable to *Zelis*. *Zelis* was pleased with her assiduity, and told *Zulima* she was very happy in possessing so useful a Slave. *Zulima*, who beheld *Zelis* with the eyes of a Lion when a tender Kid lies bleeding at his feet, was so delighted to find that she was fallen into the Toils which were spread for her, that she intreated her to keep *Cadige* for her own Use: telling her, with an air of pleasantry, that she had won her affections, and adding, that she could not therefore offer her with so much propriety to any other person. *Cadige*, in a short time, took advantage of the confidence *Zelis* placed in her, and endeavoured to make her contemptible in the eyes of *Hamed*, by throwing a veil over her Virtues, and to weaken his attachment to her, by insinuating, with an anxious concern for his happiness, that the Woman he had chosen from the rest of her Sex, was of all her Sex the most unworthy

worthy of his Esteem. While *Cadige* was thus employed, and while *Zelis* reflected on the coldness of her Lover with tears and with complainings, *Zuleme* was full of gloomy doubts, and alarming fears. The cause of her first deviation from rectitude, by attempting to lessen *Hamed*'s affection for *Zelis*, gave her many uneasy throbs; but these were agreeable sensations, compared to the piercing pangs she felt, when she reflected on the immorality of her actions. Conscious of the mischiefs she was perpetrating, she was pre-eminently wretched. Her Mind was agitated like the sand of the Desart by a Whirlwind: Revenge engrossed her Thoughts; banished every other Idea, and eradicated every other Passion: she vowed to pursue *Zelis* to destruction, because her importance was lessened by the desertion of *Hamed*, though she abhorred at the same time the turpitude of her intentions. She forgot to survey herself in the Talisman of Truth, and *Abdaric* was no longer remembered by her. One Evening, while she was in this torturing situation, *Cadige* informed her, that by perpetually filling the ears of *Hamed* with the ill-health, ill-nature, and ill-behaviour of *Zelis*, she had almost persuaded him to abandon her; and that the anguish of disappointment had greatly diminished the lustre of

her

her charms. *Zulima* heard the news with alacrity; and, flushed with the hopes of triumphing over a formidable Rival, began to deck herself with new ornaments. All the vivid colours of the Rainbow glowed on her silky vestments. But her joy was of short duration, for on casting her Eye accidentally on the Talisman, she sunk down upon her Sofa without motion and without sense. — While the Slave flew to procure a resuscitating Medicine, the Earth opened, and *Abdaric* appeared. *Zulima* heard the rustling of his beard, which sounded like the roaring of a Cataract, and awaked; but was awe-struck, and endeavoured to screen herself from his penetrating looks with her veil. But that stratagem was a vain one, for with a touch of his wand it fell to the ground. She redden'd with shame, and was abashed. — When thus the Genius — Thou canst not conceal thyself, O Daughter of the Dust, from an all-seeing Eye. Thou hast made use of the most criminal methods to render thyself an object of Horror. I am now come to entice thee to act right, but to condemn thee for having acted wrong. Thy crimes are of so black a dye, they cannot be punished with too much rigour. I warned thee of thy danger, when thou stoodst tottering on the brink of a precipice — why didst thou not follow

follow my Counſel?—Know, inconſiderate *Zulima*, that a beautiful Woman, without Innocence and Virtue, is like an Almond-Tree in Winter, ſtript of its foliage and its fruit.

When he had uttered theſe words, he ſtruck the unhappy *Zulima* with his Wand. She inſtantly became a ſpotted Serpent, and crawled upon the Earth before him. *Abdaric* then turned to *Cadige*, who at this juncture arrived with the juice of a Plant, which the Sages of Phyſic always adminiſter, when the Powers of Reaſon are ſuſpended——Behold, ſaid he, thy wretched Child. Seven years ſhall ſhe thus creep upon the ground, a noiſome reptile in the Gardens of *Hamed*, who now revels in his Bower, compleatly happy in being united to *Zelis*, the moſt amiable Woman in the Eaſt. When ſhe can take a pleaſure in the felicity of others, ſhe ſhall re-aſſume a human form.—Seven years ſhall ſhe continue in Beauty's brighteſt bloom, but without one Lover to ſooth her Pride; one Admirer to flatter her Vanity. If at the expiration of the laſt Year, ſhe is convinced of her paſt errors, and can render her Mind as faultleſs as her Perſon; ſhe may then, even *Zulima* may then be Happy.

At the Concluſion of this Speech he ſunk into the Earth again, which cloſed with a noiſe like the burſting of a Cloud impregnated with ſulphur.

NUMB.

NUMB. XVI. *Saturday, June* 26, 1756.

Thus, freely each her Sentiments imparts.

ANON.

WHEN I had finiſhed the Tale, my fair Auditors, who had with the utmoſt difficulty, chained up their tongues, while I was reading it, opened all at once with clamour and impetuoſity, and gave their opinions with ſo much confuſion, that I could only diſtinguiſh half-formed words, and broken ſentences, ſuch as,—"*Zulima*—a Coquet—*Hamed*—a ſtupid "Wretch—The Genius—a rigid old Fellow." But as I was very deſirous of hearing the Sentiments of each of them without interruption, I intreated them to ſpeak, if poſſible, *one at a time*. My requeſt was, with ſome heſitations, complied with. Miſs *Bloom*, a very pretty Girl on my right hand, ſaid; "I think *Zulima* was "extremely ill treated; what ſignifies it to be "handſomer than other people, if one is not to "be admired? one may as well be always old "and ugly, as live as if one did'nt know one "was pretty. I think every Woman ſhould

"make

" make the moſt of herſelf. I am ſure the *Gun-*
" *nings* did ſo." —— Before I had an opportunity to anſwer this vivacious ſpeech, Miſs *Scar*, a Lady about *Thirty*, whom the Small-pox had ſpoilt for a Toaſt in her twenty-fifth year, replied, " I can't help thinking in a different manner. I " have known what it was to be handſome; but " really it created ſo much uneaſineſs and anxie- " ty, either for fear of loſing of it, or of making " nothing of it, that I begin to think Agreeable- " neſs infinitely preferable to Beauty. I have " read ſomewhere, but can't juſt now recollect " the place, for 'tis a great while ago, that the " Women who had the feweſt perſonal charms, " had always the greateſt influence over the " Men." —— " Aye, ſaid a lively Creature, " with a pair of expreſſive eyes, who ſeemed to " be the brighteſt of the Company, it does not " ſignify a pin's point, whether people are hand- " ſome or ugly, provided they can be admired " and flattered; and for my part I had rather be " as frightful as a Witch with half a ſcore of " Lovers, than as beautiful as an Angel without " a ſingle Dangler." —— " To be ſure you are " quite right Madam, ſaid a homely Girl, Beau- " ty is only a temptation, and brings people into " all manner of miſchief, as you ſee by the Sto- " ry." —— " For my part, ſaid Miſs *Fill*, I, " I don't ſee *Zulima* had any Faults at all. I " think ſhe was moſt unreaſonably puniſhed.

" What

" What, muſt not a Woman diſcard a Lover, " if ſhe does not like him? and how can ſhe tell " whether ſhe likes him till ſhe has tried him?" This Speech occaſioned a general Te--he--, and I overheard Miſs *Defame* ſay to her next Neighbour, in a loud whiſper, " aye and ſhe has tried " ſeveral, or elſe ſhe is monſtrouſly belied."—— Mr. *Bellair*, then addreſſing himſelf to *Harriot*, ſaid, " Several Ladies, Madam, have declared " their ſentiments concerning the Heroine of this " *Tale*, but nobody has mentioned the *Hero* of " it. —— Pray, what do you think of *his* Con- " duct? ——— " Why, I think, replied ſhe, " that he was in the right to quit *Zulima*, as he " imagined ſhe was only playing the Coquet; " but he was rather too haſty; for if he had re- " turned, he would have met with better treatment " you ſee. Perſeverance on his ſide, might have " been of ſervice to them both; he might have " reclaimed the brighteſt *Beauty* in the Eaſt, and " have married her afterwards." " Now Ma- " dam, replied *Bellair* with a ſmile, I cannot ſee " any fault in the conduct of *Hamed*; he left " *Zulima* becauſe he found her vain and capri- " cious, and choſe, in her ſtead, a Woman eve- " ry way her ſuperior. —— Not in Beauty, Sir, " interrupted Miſs *Bloom* eagerly. —— No, Ma- " dam, ſaid *Bellair*, not ſo dazling a *Beauty*, but " one infinitely more pleaſing, more attracting, " and more capable of ſubduing and keeping a

" heart; and if *Zelis* had been far leſs lovely
" than the Eaſtern Moraliſt repreſents her, ſhe
" had qualities ſufficient to make her preferr'd
" to any *Beauty* whatever. If a Woman is good
" and agreeable, it matters not a pinch of ſnuff
" whether ſhe is beautiful." —— O horrid, cried all the Girls — " Was there ever ſo pre-
" poſterous an aſſertion, ſaid Miſs *Bloom*, I am
" ſure, continued ſhe (with her eyes fixed on a Looking-glaſs which was luckily oppoſite to her)
" that beauty is a conſiderable advantage to ſome
" Women, who know how to make a proper
" uſe of it; and if *Zulima* had met with a
" right ſort of Man, ſhe might have made her
" Fortune." —— " I am entirely of your mind
" Miſs *Bloom*," ſaid the clever Girl already mentioned, with an arch look, " a great deal
" depends upon a Woman's knowing how to
" make the moſt of herſelf; and I think it is
" very plain, that *Zulima* knew nothing of the
" matter. The Tale is prettily told, and if we
" Girls would but take warning, we might be
" the better for it: for we often fruſtrate the ve-
" ry end of our purſuits through mere giddineſs
" and inattention." There was ſomething in this young Lady's manner, which gave me a great deal of pleaſure; and though I had determined to ſit ſilent, and make obſervations, I could not help thus accoſting her: —— " I am very
" much pleaſed with you Madam, ſaid I; I
" won't

" won't say you are the first Female I have ever " heard own herself in the wrong, but I will " venture to declare, that there are very few of " your Sex ingenuous enough to make so honest " a confession: and therefore I beg you would " still farther oblige me, by telling me what " mode of behaviour in your Sex you particular- " ly hint at, and by giving me the reason why " you act in that case, contrary to your senti- " ments." —— " Why, Mr. BABBLE, said " she, with great frankness, what I mean is, " that every Woman is desirous of having a " crowd of Admirers; and, in order to gain " them, think of nothing, like your *Eastern* " *Beauty*, but to make her Person as attractive " as possible; for which purpose she is perpetual- " ly diversifying her ornaments, and practising a " multiplicity of Airs; and when she is *une figu-* " *re tout a fait achevée*, away she goes through " the intoxicating round of fashionable diversions " day after day, and night after night, till her " Person is as well known as the Places she fre- " quents. She has then no longer the charm of " Novelty to recommend her; the dear diffi- " culty (by which the value of pleasure is so " much enhanced) of catching a glance of the " celebrated Miss *Such a one* is at an end; for " the celebrated Miss *Such a one* is every where. " Every body *has seen her*, and therefore every " body is indifferent *about seeing her*." — " True,

" Madam, ſaid *Bellair*, and ſince you have ſo " judiciouſly pointed out the Rocks on which ſo " many of your Sex ſplit, I hope, you will, in " the next Place, tell them how to avoid them." " There is no occaſion for me, replied ſhe, to " enlarge on this Subject. Mr. BABBLE has " given us all a very good Leſſon. Let us ſhun " the failings of *Zulima*, and copy the virtues of " *Zelis*; and then every Woman will, I doubt " not, have a *Hamed* at her devotion. —— " I " don't know, after all, ſaid *Harriot*, whether " *Zulima* was ſo much to blame in rejecting *Ha-* " *med.* A Woman is certainly not obliged to " accept of the firſt Man who offers her his " heart, before ſhe knows whether that heart is " worth her acceptance." —— " True, Madam, " replied *Bellair*, but that was not the caſe here. " We are informed that *Hamed* was a man un- " commonly amiable, and encouraged to believe " that *Zulima* liked him as well as ſhe was capa- " ble of liking any thing: but ſhe ſtrove to in- " creaſe the power ſhe thought ſhe had over his " heart, and by playing with it too careleſly, loſt " it." —— " Indeed, ſaid Miſs *Jilt*, if People " form their conduct from ſuch rules as theſe, " they may well make moſt ridiculous figures in " the world; theſe trifling ſtories are very well " for children, though I think even they may be " inſtructed much better; Girls eſpecially can't " be too early made ſenſible of their conſequence,

" and

" and of the advantages that tyrant cuſtom has " given the Men over them. —— A leſſon in- " deed! —— Yes upon my word, it is a very " good one for the Men, but they want no in- " ſtruction; they can make fools of us faſt e- " nough!" —— " Yes, indeed, ſaid Miſs *Bloom*, " flirting her fan, 'tis not an eaſy matter to make " them more knowing than they are." —— " If, " ſaid Miſs *Jilt* again, any body could tell us " how to lower their pride, baffle the arts by " which they ſo often impoſe upon us, or con- " quer their indifference, it might, perhaps be " worth while to liſten to ſuch ſtuff as this. I " can ſee neither moral nor meaning in it for " my part."—Why, Madam, ſaid *Bellair*, I can " tell you how to effect theſe three important " things, and by a very conciſe method too — *Keep out of their way.*"—" Umph! cried ſhe with a toſs of her head, and rapping her fan violent- ly upon her fingers, like Lady *Townly* when ſhe is lectured by her Huſband. " Perhaps not, " Sir, perhaps not: People who have been " once known, are not ſo eaſily forgotten." *Harriot*, who perceived that her fair Companion was greatly diſcompoſed, ſaid with a good hu- moured ſimper, " I don't underſtand you per- " fectly Mr. *Bellair*—tho' it may be wrong to be " always making a ſhew of ourſelves, yet we muſt " ſometimes be ſeen, or elſe we can never be " admired you know."—" Very true, Madam,

" ſaid *Bellair*, and one view is altogether ſuffi-
" cient to make *ſome Ladies* deſirable ever after."
—Here all the Company apprehending that Mr. *Bellair* was going to be particular again, roſe up, and gathering round *Harriot*, began to talk about fifty inſignificant things, and after they had ſettled a few momentous points relating to Dreſs, propoſed a turn in the Park.— While *Harriot* was putting on her Hat and Mantle, moſt of her Companions *took her to pieces.*—— Lard, Miſs *Aimwell*, ſaid Miſs *Bloom*, " your " Hat's like a Shuttlecock, it ſhews too much of " your face." —— Yes, ſaid Miſs *Jilt*, it gives you rather too much aſſurance. *Modeſty* and *Humility*, Child, you know are your *ſhining Virtues*. —— Let me tie it on for you. — I know *Polly Ogle*'s Cock to a hair —— *Billy Languiſh* ſwears by his *Eau-de-luce* bottle that I wear my hat ſmarter than any Woman in Town.— " Your " Mantle is extremely genteel, Miſs *Aimwell*, " ſaid Miſs *Scar*; to be ſure white is vaſtly ele-" gant, but it won't ſuit all complexions."—— " Bleſs me Child, ſaid Miſs *Defame*, what do " you do with that puny Patch: you look ſhock-" ingly with it— ſtay —I'll give you one three " times as large".—— *Harriot* rejected this offer with contempt.—— Miſs *Defame* then turned to Miſs *Jilt*, and ſaid ſoftly, " the Girl ſmoaks " us I believe, or elſe as you would have placed " her Hat, and I her Patch, not a ſoul but

" would

" would have betted any ſum that ſhe was a " *demi-rep.*" —— " Lard, what do you do " with your Train tucked up, cried two or " three more—well, it looks ſo trudging, juſt " like a Market-woman. I love to have mine " drawl a yard behind me. Lady *Betty Sweep*'s " Train is not half ſo long as mine." —— The ſmart Girl, who ſtood during the delivery of theſe ſarcaſtical ſpeeches with looks of contempt on the envious utterers of them, took *Harriot* under the arm, and ſaid, " Come, my dear Miſs " *Aimwell*, let them ſay what they pleaſe, I will " lay any wager, that you and I ſhall gain the " moſt deſerving Lovers; and when we have " got them, Child, we will come to Mr. BAR-" BLE, to know how to keep them." —— The latter part of this Speech was particularly addreſſed to me, and concluded with a ſmiling Curt'ſy. —— I then found the Company were *all on the Wing*, and therefore wiſhed them a great deal of diverſion, and returned to my own Apartment.

NUMB. XVII. *Saturday, July* 3, 1756.

Obſcuris vera involvens.

Making Truth alluring by dreſſing her in the Robes of Fiction.

I Receive complaints from all quarters of this Metropolis touching the miſbehaviour of Servants to their Maſters and Miſtreſſes. One of my Correſpondents is extremely deſirous of ſome emendation in this particular, and I confeſs not without reaſon, for according to her own account (which is drawn up with ſuch an air of ſimplicity that I cannot doubt the truth of it) ſhe has been groſsly abuſed. — Without any farther Preamble, I ſhall lay before the Public her Letter.

Sir, *Groſvenor-Street.*

Your Writings convince me that you have the welfare of your Fellow-Creatures at heart. — I wiſh you would take notice of the ridiculous and pernicious Faſhion almoſt univerſally prevailing with regard to the recommendation of Servants

——My

——My caſe is an unhappy one.——Pray be ſo good as to print it, by way of a warning-peice I have loſt the affections of my Huſband; I am hated by my children, neglected by my Friends, and deſpiſed by the World, becauſe I have repoſed too much confidence in a Woman who was preſſingly recommended to me by a very intimate Acquaintance, by whom I was never deceived in any other ſhape. But this Woman, Sir, is the artfulleſt, the moſt inſinuating and vileſt Creature that ever ſet her foot in a Houſe: and her true character is diametrically the reverſe of that which ſhe brought with her. — Pray animadvert on the ungenerous behaviour of Maſters and Miſtreſſes on ſo intereſting an Occaſion, and you will extremely oblige,

Your Admirer,

A. W.

The affecting circumſtances of this Lady's caſe evidently ſhew, that the cuſtom now ſo much in vogue of intruding Drunkards, Proſtitutes, and the moſt abandoned, unprincipled Wretches into the ſervice of ſober and reputable Families, is a very iniquitous one, and may be attended with the moſt fatal conſequences. Thoſe who recommend Servants with vitiated Minds frequently endeavour to apologize for their conduct, by ſay-

ing, "'Tis very hard to deprive even wicked "Servants of their bread; if Maſters refuſe to "grant a recommendation, their ſervants may "be exaſperated by poverty to ſpread malicious "reports about them, and to circulate family "ſecrets till they become the town-talk." But how childiſh, how weak, how frivolous are theſe excuſes?—If our ſervants report Falſhoods, we have nothing to dread from their ſlanderous ſpeeches, for we may eaſily confute them by the integrity of our Lives; and if we ſuperintend our Thoughts, Words and Actions with vigilance and circumſpection, we need not be afraid of the whiſpers of back-wounding calumny. Beſides no Perſon of common ſenſe would entruſt a Servant with the hiſtory of his failings, or exhibit himſelf in a ludicrous light to thoſe who ſhould always look up to him with the moſt ſubmiſſive reſpect. We ſhould regulate our conduct, in the preſence of our Domeſtics, with as much caution and reſerve, as if we were viewed *at full length* by the eye of the World. The manners of Servants, I am inclined to believe, are generally copied from the manners of their Maſters, for they judge by example more than by precept. The Maſter, therefore, ſhould not only practiſe all the virtues becoming a Man within the Pale of his own Family, but endea-

vour

vour alſo, as much as he can, to keep his Servant from herding with diſſolute Companions, in any other Place. He ſhould above all remember, that "a truly religious Servant can never be "a bad one." If we are obliged to diſcharge a Servant for the commiſſion of any flagrant vices, let us not beſtow a favourable recommendation on him; nay, if we are ſatisfied that his mind is tainted with one principle which may render him unfit for the proper performance of his Duty, let us not ſend him with it unnoticed, into the ſervice of a Friend — or a Stranger. By giving a favourable account of bad Servants, we not only injure the deſerving ones, but the Perſons to whom we recommend them.

Poetical Records inform us that the Sorcereſs *Medea* animated partly by deſpair, and partly by revenge, diſpatched a cabinet of wild fire, as a friendly preſent, to her Rival *Creuſa*; and that when the unhappy Princeſs opened it, a fiery deluge burſt forth, in which ſhe herſelf and the whole palace was quickly conſumed. This Story, when ſtript of the diſguiſe in which Fancy and Fiction have obſcured it, means only, that Madam *Medea* being violently exaſperated at ſome affront put upon her by the Lady *Creuſa*, thought ſhe could not revenge it in a more proper man-

ner, than by ſending her a graceleſs Waiting-Maid, who, like moſt intriguing Servants, ſoon after her arrival, began to diſſeminate Heart-burnings, Fermentations, Jealouſies and Embroilments between her Miſtreſs and the reſt of the Family, and ſoon wrapt the whole Palace in one general combuſtion by the wild-fire of her Tongue.

The beſt method for putting a ſtop to the abominable practice abovementioned, is to give a fair, candid and true recommendation, and to reject the proffered ſervice of thoſe who apply to us without ſuch a one. But as ſome Ladies and Gentlemen are ſo invincibly ſcrupulous, ſo inconſiderately charitable, that they would not for the World exclude poor Creatures from the means of ſubſiſtence, and think that a Fellow who juſtly merits a halter in their own Family, may repent and grow honeſt in another, I beg leave to adviſe all ſuch ſqueamiſh People, when any Servant, though he has not demeaned himſelf well, has the *Effronterie* to claim a written teſtimonial of his good behaviour, to draw it up for him in the *French* figure, commonly called a *double entendre*, which, like the ancient Sybilline Oracles, may include two *oppoſite* meanings. I have met with a very ingenious one of this kind, addreſſed

by

by a Nobleman at *Paris* to the *French* Ambaſſador at *Rome*, in behalf of an impudent Eccleſiaſtic. In imitation of this I have ſketched out a Model for a Recommendation, which *(mutatis mutandis)* may be adapted to the Butler, the Houſe-keeper, the Valet or the Cook, and, in ſhort, to Vaſſals and Dependants of all Ranks and Denominations whatever. This Model I would adviſe all thoſe whom it may concern, to have in their eye, and make uſe of, when Servants, who are diſcharged for high Crimes and Miſdemeanors, preſume with a ſhameleſs confidence to petition a *good Character*.

To my Lady LACKMAID.

MADAM,

The Bearer of this Letter Eliz. Fidget, has lived with me three Weeks, and during all this time I have had reaſon to think her the moſt diſhoneſt Creature that ever entered into the ſervice of my Family, ſhe is not more deſerving of eſteem for her behaviour in other reſpects, ſhe is diſſolute, careleſs, and drunken, and has a natural antipathy to whatever is commendable and ſeemly; in the diſpoſition of a Servant, ſuch a woman is Fidget, in ſhort 'tis her male practices, inſolence, and other reaſons equally cogent, I am forced to part with her. You will find her anſwer my deſcription I dare ſay in every particular to your Ladyſhip, by Name ſeven Years, eight Months, and about in which ſhe has been my Houſekeeper, faithful to her Charge, and leaſt (as I am ready to vouch at all times) and I aſſure you on my honour, that for her ſtrict attendance to my orders, than not like many an inſolent baggage, who abhors all ſuch ſcandalous doings every thing that is bad, as ſhe prefers whatever a Miſtreſs may expect or deſire ſuch a one I think your Ladyſhip wants, & not for the leaſt miſbehaviour, or neglect, but my retiring from Town, that with the utmoſt reluctance poſſible may depend upon the truth of this, and (if you think proper to make a tryal)

I am your Ladyſhip's. &c.

I re-

I received the following Letter ſoon after the Lady's dated from *Groſvenor-Street*, and hope it will be of ſome ſervice to thoſe for whoſe benefit I publiſh it.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Eſq.

SIR, *Thames-Street, June* 10.

I am a large Trader, and have a ſnug Eſtate beſides my buſineſs, with only one Child, a Son, whom I took into my Compting-houſe, as ſoon as Mr. KIPPAX told me he was perfect in his Arithmetic, in order to have him under my own Eye, and to make him a Man of Buſineſs. I was at firſt in hopes he would be a Chip of the old Block, but he has lately contracted an acquaintance with a couple of priggiſh Puppies, *Jack Bluſter* and *Tom Titup*: and I believe they have turned his head: for, ſince he knew *them*, he has neglected his Accompts, and inſtead of minding Debtor and Creditor, Ledger and Caſh-book, talks of nothing but *Vaux-hall* and *Ranelagh*, *Aſſemblies* and *Reviews*; and ſtudies one HOYLE on Whiſt till he ſtares like a *Bedlamite*. In a Morning he is dreſſed juſt like a Hackney-Coachman and walks up and down the Compting-houſe, humming Ballads, and practiſing Dancing-ſteps till Dinner. Afterwards he ſets two hours

hours under the fingers of a *French* Raſcal, till he is tranſmogrified into a very Devil, and comes down with his head four inches thick with Greaſe and grey Powder, and ſmells ſo much of Lavender Water, that my Dinner comes up to my throat. Then truly, he ſays he is *fit to be ſeen*; and after fixing himſelf in a Chair as gingerly as if he was a China Doll, is carried off for the Evening; and the next Morning the ſame trade begins again. I have ſwore at him, and laugh'd at him; nay reaſon'd with him but in vain:—he vows the Life of a Man of Buſineſs is mean: and tells me he muſt enjoy my money at my death, if I won't let him have it before. But I tell him there he may be out, for that I can leave it to whom I pleaſe; and aſſure him, that I will rather diſtribute it among Hoſpitals, than leave it to a Creature half Man, half Monkey—but my Words are Wind. He tells me he had rather be *annikilated* (one of his outlandiſh words I ſuppoſe) than not live like other young fellows: now theſe other young Fellows are *Titup* and *Bluſter*, (whoſe Fathers are Merchants, and would be glad to ſee them ſettle in buſineſs: but they are worſe than my *Harry*; for *Tom* keeps an *Italian* Singer, and *Jack* is always knocking down every Man who is ſoberer than himſelf, by which means he has lain in all the Roundhouſes in *London*, and he is now

now in ſuch a Pickle, that it is an even toſs-up whether he will be ever able to ſcour the Streets again.

I wiſh you would give theſe headſtrong Youths a little wholeſome advice. Tell them they are not only a parcel of ridiculous Coxcombs, but will certainly come to the Gallows: for I ſuppoſe their laſt ſhift will be the Highway. I ſhould be glad to know whether theſe raking Dogs, who are ſo fond of following the Faſhions, would chuſe to follow their Companions to the Devil, for to *his* Dominions they ſeem to be travelling *Jehu-like*. This is the needful at preſent from, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAM. SEALAND.

NUMB. XVIII. *Saturday, July* 10, 1756.

——*One who long in populous City pent,*
Forth iſſuing on a Summer's Morn to breathe
Among the pleaſant Villages and Farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives Delight.

MILTON.

THE Encomiums on a Country Life are innumerable. Poets and Warriors, Prieſts and Lawyers, Tradeſmen and Phyſicians, have been extravagant Admirers of it, and loud in its Praiſe.

" The beauteous Scene of lofty Mountains,
" Smiling Vallies, murm'ring Fountains,
" Lambs in flowery Paſtures bleating,
" Echo our laſt Words repeating,
" Bees with buſy Sounds delighting,
" Groves to gentle Sleep inviting,
" Whiſp'ring Winds the Poplars courting,
" Swains in ruſtic Circles ſporting.

Theſe have been preferred by all wiſe Men to the *fumum ſtrepitumque Romæ*, the Smoke and Clamour of a City.

No

No People whatever taſte the ſweets of a rural Jaunt with a higher *Guſto* than your Citizens; for to thoſe who are obliged to ſpend the greateſt part of their time in crowded Streets, full of dirt, noiſe, and confuſion, a Village is a little Paradiſe.

As the Priſoner, when he kens through a ſmall crevice in his Cell a beautiful Proſpect, peeps at it with anxiety, and longs with many a ſigh to behold it more at large, unfetter'd with the ſhackles of Slavery: ſo *He* who is cloſely confined within the City Walls by Buſineſs or Neceſſity, wiſhes ardently to have his noſtrils regaled with unpolluted Air, and pants impatiently to hide himſelf in the ſhades of Tranquility from the ear-diſtracting din of rattling Carriages, and all the tumult of Trade.

These Reflections were occaſioned by an excurſion I made lately to the *Villa* of an old Friend of mine, honeſt *Will. Barter* of *Blow-Bladder-ſtreet*. *Will* ſeized me by the ſleeve yeſterday morning as I paſſed by his door, and preſſed me with ſo much heartineſs to ſpend a Day with him, *in a family way*, at his *Box*, that I could not reſiſt his importunities. I ſet out with him

in

in his own Vehicle, which ſome wicked Wits have waggiſhly called *a Chaiſe, and half a Pair.* Our principal chat upon the Road, related to the intended Bridge at *Black Fryars*, and he diverted me with a very important diſpute he had maintained the preceding Evening with a Common-Council Man, who preſumed to differ from him about that affair. My good Friend was ſo thoroughly animated by his ſubject, and ſo eloquent upon the occaſion, that we were almoſt overſet by an impudent four-wheeled Chaiſe, which carried away the ſpoke of one of our Wheels: this accident turned the drift of *Will*'s diſcourſe into a violent fit of ſwearing at the Poſt-Boy, which continued, *ſans* intermiſſion, till we alighted at the door of his Country-Houſe, which is ſituated about three miles and three quarters from his Town-Houſe, and ſtands with its ruſtic Front towards the *South* a few paces from the Highway, ſo that in Summer it is very much incommoded by the ſcorching Rays of the Sun, and Clouds of Duſt. But *Will* has in ſome meaſure provided a remedy for theſe inconveniences by having made, at a vaſt expence, a ſmall Baſon, two yards and a half in diameter, which lies directly in a line with the Great Door, and by which he is conſtantly ſupplied with Water to *ſprinkle the Road withal when needful.* In the Dog-Days

Dog-Days he generally occupies the northern Rooms, oppoſite to which, at the bottom of his Garden, ſtands a few Pippin Trees, which ſerve to obſtruct the view of a large Dunghill and a ſhabby Barn at ſome diſtance. Theſe Places he will not permit you to ſee from any part of his Territories, except a *Chineſe* Summer Houſe, to which you aſcend by a pair of Stairs, not altogether unlike a ladder. To this elegant Room we retired after a hearty repaſt on Fowls and Bacon, and found in it a diminutive ſquare Table, ſtored with Port-Wine, Pipes and Tobacco, and *right Home-brewed*. *Will* ſtumbled upon Politics (tho' he had ſtunned my Ears, and thoſe of his Wife and Daughter, with it *at Dinner*, between every mouthful) and after having thoroughly convinced me that he had an unſettled head, by endeavouring to ſettle the affairs of the Nation with the aſſiſtance of two Bottles of Port, and half a dozen Pipes, fell into a Doze. I left him to ſnort by himſelf, and ſtole away to the Parlour, in which I found Mrs. *Barter* and Miſs at the Tea-Table, who told me they were juſt going to deſire my Company. After we had exchanged our ſentiments on the Weather, I launched out in praiſe of the Country in general, and of their *Box* in particular. "Yes indeed," ſaid Miſs *Barter*, (who ſeemed very deſirous of letting me know

know that ſhe was more acquainted with the *Beau-monde* than her Papa and Mama) " the " Country is pleaſant enough, when the Town " is empty: but then it muſt be quite a rural " Place, in the Neighbourhood of ſome agree- " able Families, and not a little paltry Village, " where nobody is to be ſeen but from *Saturday* " to *Monday*, and then only a parcel of 'Pren- " tice Boys in their Holiday Cloaths.—We have " no Aſſemblies, no Balls, nor indeed any Men " for Partners if we had them." Lard, Child, cried her Mother, " you are always raving about " Men; we have more than will come to *your* " ſhare, I believe: There is young *Sattin* the " Mercer, who has juſt opened a ſhop in *Cheap-* " *ſide*, and *Billy Brine* the Dry-Salter's Son in " *Friday-ſtreet*." " His Father, continued ſhe, turning to me, " is a Common-Council Man, " I aſſure you, Sir, he may come to be Lord- " Mayor in time.—And then there is Mr. *Prig* " the Hoſier who has got a great Eſtate left him " by a rich Uncle beyond Sea—what do you call " theſe? I don't know what you would have, " not I: 'tis true they come down on a *Satur-* " *day*, and go up on a *Monday*; all but Mr. " *Prig*, and he ſtays till *Tueſday*, and is none of " your *Prentice Boys*, Miſs, as you call them. " But indeed *Becky* you have a very ſlighting

" way

" way of talking of Folks. I would not have " him hear you for the *Ingies:* it might ſpoil " your fortune, Child." ——— Law! Mama, " ſaid Miſs *Barter*, I wonder how you can talk " in this manner, and before Folks too — ſpoil " my fortune indeed! no, truly: I hope that " is'nt in their power. My Papa has got a for- " tune for me without them, and I ſhall take care " to beſtow it on ſomething ſmarter, for all I " am mewed up like a Chicken in a Coop."— " Lard, *Becky*," ſaid her Mother, " you are " the moſt grumbling diſcontented Girl I ever " ſaw. I am ſure your Father and I have done " all we can to make the Houſe and Garden " pleaſant for you. Did he not build the *Chineſe* " Summer-houſe on purpoſe for you? and have " I not let you lie in the beſt worked Bed, and " bought for you a ſet of fine cut-glaſs dreſſing " Boxes? and yet you are never eaſy; I won- " der what you would have." — Miſs burſt into a ſarcaſtical laugh to hear her Mother enumerate the things which had been done to pleaſe her, and cried, " Yes, my Papa has *built* a Summer- " houſe, indeed, but nobody can *ſet in it*, it " ſtinks ſo of Beer and Tobacco, but himſelf " and *Froth* from the *White-Hart*, and *Scrape* " the Barber, when the Mercer and Hoſier are " in Town—fine Companions for a Man in my

" Papa's

" Papa's circumſtances I muſt needs ſay!" ——
" Well, Child," ſaid Mrs. *Barter*, your Father
" may ſurely keep what Company he pleaſes."
" —Yes, and *live* where he pleaſes, cried Miſs.
" —'Tis true we are in the Country, that is,
" the Houſe ſtands near a duſty Road, and has
" a few Trees behind it, but for any thing elſe
" we might as well be in *Shoreditch*, *Moorfields*,
" *Hoxton*, or *Clerkenwell*. — I would go to *Rich-*
" *mond*, or *Windſor*, for the beginning of the
" Summer, and later in the year to *Tunbridge*,
" *Bath*, or *Scarborough*, where there is a polite
" Company to be met with in Aſſemblies and
" Breakfaſtings: though for this year I would be
" ſatisfied with going to *Canterbury*, to ſee the
" *Hanoverians*. — O that I could perſuade my
" Papa — but I will never leave teazing him till
" he goes, I am reſolved. — Pray Sir, continued
" ſhe turning to me, have you ſeen them?—
" Lard, ſure they muſt be a charming ſight."
" No really Madam," ſaid I, " I have not yet
" been ſo happy." " Well, I wonder at you,"
" replied ſhe, " I am amazed that Men who
" are not confined like us poor Women, don't
" ſee every thing that is to be ſeen—I am ſure if
" I were a Man, I would: I love a ſight as I
" love my Life."——— Here my Friend *Will*,
having finiſhed his nap, came into the Parlour,

and

and cried—" Heyday, Heyday, — what—all got " together—and pray what is that Madam *Prate-* " *apace* that you are in ſuch a hurry to ſee?" — " Every thing that is new," cried ſhe eagerly, " but particularly the *Hanoverians*— do, let us " go to *Canterbury*, Papa."—" For what," replied her Father peeviſhly, " to gape at a parcel " of louſy Foreigners who are come to take the " bread out of our mouths—No, no Miſs— two " words to that bargain.—And hark ye, under " the Roſe, I wiſh they had never come over." " —Well, well, my dear, ſaid Mrs. *Barter*, who was afraid her Huſband was going to blab ſome imprudencies, " let us not go to talking " Politicks again, we had enough of that at " Dinner — you know it always puts you into " ſuch a heat." — " What, cried he, do you " want to be jigging too as well as the Girl? " The Devil's in the Woman I think,"— " No " not I, my dear, ſaid ſhe, I am contented with " our pretty ſpot; it is a charming place, and " pure convenient for your buſineſs." — Why " now Sir, continued ſhe, turning to me, you " can't imagine what pleaſure I take in going to " *Newgate* Market on a *Saturday* Morning, to " buy meat to load our *Shay* with."—" Aye, " aye, fegs! cried *Will*, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, " and tipping the wink upon me, " you *do* load " it,

" it, I *muſt* ſay *that* for you." — " The laſt " ſirloin, indeed, ſaid ſhe, did make it crack " again, to ſay the truth." — " No, no, Child, " replied he, the ſirloin would never have hurt " it, but you crammed ſuch a quantity of " Tea and Sugar into the *Seat*, that you had al- " moſt demoliſhed the Brandy Bottle, and ſpoilt " my ſcarlet and gold waiſtcoat that lay hard " by." *Miſs* ſmiled contemptuouſly at this domeſtic Prattle, which ſhocked her refined Ears; — a Poſt-Chariot, and a Chaiſe-marine for the baggage, would have been more ſuitable to the delicacy of *her* Taſte. But ſuch familiar ſubjects were artfully introduced by the prudent Mrs. *Barter*, otherwiſe my hot-headed Friend might have ſaid ſomething not fit to be repeated. When the Tea was over, I took up my Hat and Cane, left the Family of the *Barters* to adjuſt their ſquabbles and walked gently to Town.

NUMB. XIX. *Saturday, July 17, 1756.*

Felices terque quaterque—— HOR.

Superlatively happy.

ON *Monday* laſt I made a rural excurſion, which filled my heart with ſo many agreeable ſenſations, that I cannot refrain from communicating them. I went to ſpend the Day with my Friend *Worthy*, who has long reſided on his own Eſtate, about fifteen Miles from *London*, and arrived, in a Poſt-Chariot, at his Villa, between *Eleven* and *Twelve*. On my alighting at the Gate of my Friend's neat Stone Edifice, which ſtands on a ſmooth Green about an hundred Paces from the High Road, at the bottom of a wide avenue of tall Elms, the Servant conducted me into the Garden, through a winding Walk of Trees, which formed a Canopy with their Leaves thick enough to exclude the ſcorching Rays of the Sun, and only ſuffered their ſhadows to dance along the pebbled Walk, which the mildeſt breezes perpetually varied. The flaunt-

ing

ing Honeyſuckles twined round their knotty ſtems, while Pinks and Lillies, and the taller Roſes, bluſhing with unnumbered beauties peeped between, and ſcented the Air with unnumbered Sweets. At the end of this Walk, a pretty long one, there was an Arbour formed by a large ſpreading Oak, almoſt overgrown with Ivy, and covered below with Jeſſamin, and the ſame odoriferous flowering Shrubs, which ſo beautifully variegated the Walk. The inſide of this Arbour was lined with green paling, as a Fence againſt cold Damps. My Friend and his whole Family were ſeated in it, he with a Volume of *Rollin's Belles Lettres* in his hand, with which he was inſtructing them, while his Wife and Daughters created Flowers with their Needles, equal in every thing but fragrance to thoſe which bloomed around them, and his Son, a youth about thirteen, was employed in painting a Landſcape in Water-Colours. He roſe to receive me with that ſort of Politeneſs which diſtinguiſhes the ſincere Friend from the Man of Complaiſance, and preſented me to his Lady and Daughters, whom I complimented on the choice of their Employment, after having admired the Beauty of their Work. — "Indeed Mr. BABBLE," ſaid Mr. *Worthy*, "I "was afraid you would think we were rather "amuſing ourſelves in a trifling manner, than

" ſpending the time uſefully; but I can aſſure " you we only take up theſe Chairs when we " have finiſhed our Family-work, and have no- " thing elſe to do: but my little *Fanny* here is " really doing a laudable action, for ſhe is ma- " king Caps for the Baby of a poor Neighbour " who lies in, and is incapable of helping her- " ſelf" I looked at and admired the performance of *Fanny*, who was not above eight years old, and and upon my telling her how good ſhe was — " Yes, indeed, ſaid her Mama, " *Fanny* knows " ſhe was not born for herſelf alone, but to be " ſerviceable to her Friends and Neighbours, and " to ſupply the wants of others by the advantages " ſhe has had the happineſs to receive from her " Education." I gazed, with the higheſt ſatiſ- faction, at the lovely Matron (for Mrs. *Worthy* is ſtill a fine Woman) who could thus employ, and at the ſame time inſtruct, her amiable Off- ſpring. I never beheld a more enchanting female Groupe. — Their Perſons, Attitudes and Habits, a'l conſpired to render them the moſt pleaſing Objects I ever ſaw.— They were dreſſed in pure white with green ſilk Hats— the two young La- dies had nothing under theirs but their fine Hair. My Friend and his Son were elegantly plain. The Countenance of the former ſhone with the approving ſmiles of a diſcreet yet indulgent Parent,

and

and on the Countenance of the latter, Love, Duty and Reſpect were agreeably blended. Health, Beauty and Innocence glowed in the Features of all, and I could not forbear ſurveying for ſome time, with a delightful mute aſtoniſhment, five Perſons ſo thoroughly amiable, and ſo thoroughly ſatisfied with each other.— Unconſcious that they had any particularities to attract ſo much admiration, they feared that my ſilence was occaſioned by the fatigue of my ſultry Journey. The eldeſt young Lady, who was about fourteen, in obedience to a ſign from her Mother, left the Arbour, but ſoon returned, followed by a Servant with Chocolate, and placed a diſh of Strawberries on a ſmall Table, which they heartily preſſed me to taſte, aſſuring me, they were that Morning growing within a few yards of me. I told my Friend I would chearfully accept of his obliging offer but deſired I might not interrupt his Reading.— No, no, my dear Friend, ſaid he with a ſmile, you did not come to hear me read — it is my cuſtom indeed to take up ſome inſtructive and entertaining Author for an hour or two in the Morning, while my Wife and Daughters are at their Needles, and I commonly chuſe both French and Engliſh, for the benefit of my young Family. I took up a *French* Author juſt now, in order to accuſtom my *Fanny*'s Ear to that Language,

while I encreaſed my Son's knowledge of the Sciences, and was juſt going to read the *Seaſons* of THOMSON, to give him hints for a Landſcape, and to furniſh my Wife and Daughters with ſubjects for their Needles. I told him I could not enough applaud the manner in which he parcelled out his Morning, and intreated him to let me point out one of my favourite Paſſages — I then looked for *Spring*, and repeated the following Lines —

——What is the World to them,
Its Pomp, its Pleaſure, and its Nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than Beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the Mind, or mind-illumin'd Face,
Truth, Goodneſs, Honour, Harmony and Love,
The richeſt Bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean time a ſmiling Offſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their Graces. By degrees
The human Boſom grows; and every Day
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new Charms,
The Father's Luſtre, and the Mother's Bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous Care.
Delightful Taſk! to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to ſhoot,

To

To pour the freſh Inſtruction o'er the Mind,
To breath th' enlivening Spirit, and to fix
The generous Purpoſe in the glowing Breaſt.
O ſpeak the Joy! Ye whom a ſudden Tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your Eye but ſights of Bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the Heart;
An elegant Sufficiency, Content,
Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendſhip, Books,
Eaſe and alternate Labor, uſeful Life,
Progreſſive Virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs Joys of virtuous Love,
And thus their Moments fly.

On cloſing the Book, I obſerved with pleaſure the eyes of this happy Pair, which beamed on each other Love and admiration. They thanked me for my genteel compliment, as they termed it, and ſoon afterwards my Friend carried me to view the Beauties of his peaceful *Retreat*. Were I to deſcribe them all, I ſhould fill a Volume inſtead of a *Paper*, and ſhall therefore confine myſelf to a Mount in his Garden, the ſummit of which we gained by an eaſy ſerpentine approach, having both our Eyes and Noſtrils regaled, on the right and left, by a variety of the flowery Tribe. When we reached the top, and ſat down on a Bench which turned on a Pivot, I never beheld a more

joy-inſpiring Proſpect.— Hills and Dales ſweetly interchanged, the former covered with innumerable Trees, adorned with the moſt vivid Colors, the latter diverſified with Cows and Sheep, Hay-cocks, Corn-fields, and verdant Meadows, through which our juſtly-celebrated River meander'd, and heighten'd the richneſs of the View. Sometimes we ſaw loaded Barges, ſometimes glided Pleaſure Boats, and ſometimes ſtately Swans, whoſe ſnowy plumage became ſtill more conſpicuous by the Rays of the Sun, which darted on it and made its gloſſineſs more dazling. They ſeemed themſelves to be conſcious of the ſuperb Figure they made, and to flutter their Wings with exultation. I could not check my raptures at theſe pleaſing ſights, my whole Soul was charmed with the Beauties of Nature, and greatfully poured forth her Thanks to *Him* who ſcatters Bleſſings with equal Profuſion and Liberality on the throned Monarch, and on the cottaged Hind who whiſtles blyth before his well-filled Cart *at dewy Eve.* I then congratulated my Friend on the felicity he could not but enjoy with ſuch a Family in ſuch a ſituation. "I am indeed," ſaid he, "ſupreme-"ly bleſt in the poſſeſſion of the kindeſt, the beſt "of Wives, and the moſt deſerving Children, "whom I have not yet been able to part with"— How, interrupted I, does not your Son go to

ſome

ſome Seminary of Learning? — "No my "Friend," replied he, "My Son has hitherto "only had *me* for his Maſter, and the aſſiſtance "now-and-then of our Rector, a valuable Man, "reſpected by all who know him for his Piety "and Erudition. You ſeem to be ſurprized — "but I will give you a ſhort detail of our domeſtic "Employments: Employments known only by "a few, and by a few only reliſhed. — We all "riſe in Summer at Six, and, if the Weather "is favourable, aſſemble in the Bower in which "you found us. There we thank the Great "Giver of every thing for our preſent Preſervation, and implore his farther Protection. I chuſe "this Spot becauſe it is airy, and conſequently "wholeſome, and becauſe every ſpreading Leaf, "every opening Bud, and every pointed Thorn, "gives evident proofs of his Omnipotence, and "warms us to Devotion. — The feather'd Songſters too, join *their* gratulations to *ours*, and "ſwell the Chorus of Thankſgiving. When "this firſt act of duty has been performed, I repair with my Son to my Cloſet, in which we "ſtudy for two hours, while my Wife and Daughters give the neceſſary Orders for the regulation of the Family-Affairs: and then we "breakfaſt, either in the Bower, or in the back "Parlour, which ſerves us for a Chappel in bad

" Weather. Then we walk an hour, and after " return to our Studies, or to ſome ſuch improv- " ving amuſement as you found us buſied in, " till *Two* — at *Two* we all ſeparate to prepare " for Dinner which is always ready at *Three*. " In the Afternoon, if we are alone, we com- " monly have a Concert among ourſelves till " the Sun permits us to admire the Trees and " Meadows decorated by his departing Rays. " After Sun-ſet we walk till Nine, in the long " Days, and then take a light Supper, con- " clude as we began with Adoration, and re- " tire to Reſt. Thus calmly, thus ſerenely do " our moments paſs — we are compleatly hap- " py, becauſe always diſpoſed to pleaſe and to " be pleaſed with each other. Mrs. *Worthy* and " I receive a great deal of ſolid Delight by in- " ſtructing and improving our Children. I have " taught my Son *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Muſic*, " and *Writing*; and my Daughters are almoſt " Miſtreſſes of the three laſt, by the aſſiduity of " their Mother. My Son has alſo a Genius " for Drawing, which I encourage as much as " I can, becauſe Drawing is I think a very a- " greeable amuſement," — I believe every Syl- lable you have utter'd, replied I, but cannot imagine how you find time. — "I am always " teaching my Children," ſaid he, " it is my buſineſs —

" buſineſs — my pleaſure — As ſoon as they " could articulate their own language, my Wife " and I conſtantly ſpoke *French* to them, till they " learnt it, and they have learnt every thing elſe " in the ſame manner, without the pain of drudg- " ery: nor have I kept them entirely from Com- " panions, for I am thoroughly convinced, that " *Knowledge of the World* ought to be ſupple- " mental to *Book Knowledge:* but my acquain- " tance are not numerous; I only ſelect a few " who will mend, not corrupt the Manners of " my Children. When my Viſiters are gone, " I call my Girls, and my Boy, and make them " ſingly, give me their opinions freely concerning " their behaviour — and tell them when they " cenſure or approve with too much precipitati- " on. — You would ſmile to hear me read a " Lecture on a Pebble, a bit of Moſs, a Graſ- " hopper, or a Cockleſhell. — But I prate too " much — my heart overflows — excuſe me, my " honeſt Friend, and make allowances for theſe " conjugal, theſe paternal Effuſions — I can " never ſet bounds to my Loquacity when I talk " about my Family — ſuch Felicity, as I enjoy, " cannot be felt, cannot be talked of, without " tranſport." — I ſhall not repeat the Anſwer I made, it will eaſily be gueſſed by the Reader of Senſibility. — We then returned to the Houſe,

and in a cool Parlour, adorned with the beſt Maps and Prints, and ornamented with a large and valuable Library, we ſat down to a genteel Dinner, tho' entirely *Engliſh*, which was render'd an exquiſite repaſt, by the chearful Looks, and chearful Converſation of the Family. About Five o' Clock, my Friend conducted me, at my particular requeſt, into the Muſic Parlour, a Room ſo called becauſe there is an Organ and an Harpſichord in it. Mrs. *Worthy* touched the Keys of the firſt, Miſs *Worthy* entertained us with a melodious Voice, and my Friend and his Son accompanied them with their Violins. Their Muſic was from HANDEL.—After they had performed ſeveral Airs in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo*, I begg'd a few of my favourite ones in *Meſſiah*.— The Semichoruſſes in that inimitable Oratorio were joined by young *Worthy* and the little *Fanny*, who warbled like a roſe-lip'd Cherub. I was loſt in ecſtacy, and after a conſiderable time ſpent in this cœleſtial employment, Mrs. *Worthy* was ſent for to a ſick Neighbour, when ſhe left us; her Huſband ſaid ſhe was the darling and ſupport of the Poor.— As it grew late, I began to think of reviſiting my own Apartment. When I got into the Chariot, Miſs *Worthy* preſented me with a baſket of Fruit, and the pretty innocent *Fanny* put a Noſegay into my Hand, as blooming as herſelf.

herſelf. I departed with great reluctance, and as I jumbled into Town at *Hyde-Park* Corner, found every ſight, every ſmell, and every ſound diſguſtful, when compared with thoſe things I had juſt left behind; and as I jogged along, thought that my old Acquaintance, who had not been in Town for Thirty Years, was not much to be blamed for his Peeviſhneſs.

NUMB. XX. *Saturday, July* 24, 1756.

——— ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat? ——— HOR.

May not Truth in laughing Guiſe be Dreſt?
FRANCIS.

LAST Night I took leave of Mr. *Aimwell*, who is going in a few days to his *Villa* in *Hampſhire*. *Harriot* was not at home, but called this morning, to pay me a farewell viſit, attended by Miſs *Giddy*, and Miſs *Bright*, the Girl who pleaſed me ſo much when I read the Hiſtory of *Zulima*. I was ſitting at my deſk with my huge Common-

Common-Place, before me, when a violent rap at the ſtreet door rouſed me from my meditations: but before I could walk from my chair to the window, my Landlady came up ſimpering and informed me that three very fine young Ladies deſired to ſpeak with me. As ſoon as I had ordered her to admit ſuch creditable viſiters, they ruſhed into my room, and after dropping a few curt'ſies, and "your Servant," and "good mor-"row Mr. BABBLE, and ſo forth" took their places in three chairs, which I ranged in a row for them with all poſſible expedition. After they had been ſeated about a minute and a half, Miſs *Giddy* bounced up, flew to the Mantle-piece, which is always furniſhed with my Tobacco-box, a ſmall Wax-candle, an Urinal, and a little paper Lamp of my own twiſting, and ſcream'd out, "Lard Mr. BABBLE, what furniture for a "Chimney? Why you are quite an old Batch-"elor indeed; but pray is it neceſſity, or want "of taſte, that makes your Apartment ſo forlorn? "What have you no China, no old Tea-cups, "no little Dolls, no Bottles? for heaven's ſake have ſome of them: if you would employ *me* Mr. "BABBLE, to lay out your money for you, I "would ſend you home the ſweeteſt Collection "of Bulls, Bears, Monkies, Tygers and Pup-"pies you ever ſaw." — And pray Madam, ſaid

"I,

" I, what would be the expence of purchasing " such fashionable Ornaments?—" Oh! but a " trifle, cried she, not above thirty guineas: for " I suppose you would'nt desire Images: *they*, in- " deed come pretty high: Lady *Bell Bauble*'s " China cost fourscore pounds, but then it is " vastly elegant, and there are several tall Fi- " gures."—Miss *Bright* smiled at the very trifling expence Miss *Giddy* would put me to, and said, " I dont imagine the decorations you propose, " my dear, would give Mr. BARNES the least " satisfaction: nor can I think they would be " suitable to the rest of the Furniture, which is " not all modern, though very proper for the " Apartment of a Man of Letters."—" Perhaps, " Child," cried Miss *Aimwell*, " you never were " in the Apartment of a Philosopher (for by that " title I am generally distinguished in the *Aim-* " *well* Family) before."—" No, indeed," repli- ed Miss *Giddy*, " and therefore I have a vast cu- " riosity to see every thing in it. Pray, what are " these," continued she to me, seizing a couple of hand-screens. Flappers, Madam, said I, did you never read *Gulliver*'s Travels?——" O! " never; no not I, said she, I abhor reading, " who is he? I can't bear reading, it always gives " me the head ach, or makes me go to sleep." " — These things, said I, are to prevent all

" kinds

" kinds of drowſineſs and ſtupidity; when I put " them into the hands of a ſkilful Perſon, he or " ſhe is to exerciſe them with diſcretion, accor- " ding to the nature of the diſorder, and the diſ- " poſition of the Patient." — Lard, ſaid ſhe laughing, well, this is vaſtly clever — I ſhould like of all things to flap ſome of my acquaintance; I know an infinite number who are the moſt ſtupid and idle drones in the world: there is Lord *Life-leſs*, Capt. *Drowſy*, *Billy Lowngе*, and Sir *Simon Saunter*. — O! I can't tell you half of them — ſo pray do, dear Mr. BABBLE, lend me theſe odd things, and I will work them — I ſhall never want employment. — Lard, what ſtrange Pictures you have — who is this hideous old Fellow with an immenſe beard; it is as long again as *Liotard*'s. — Softly, Madam, ſaid I, let us talk of one thing at a time, if you pleaſe; I love method. —— Lard well that is ſo formal, and ſo like an old Man, cried ſhe, but I ſuppoſe you muſt have your own way — Come, what would you ſay now? Why I ſay Madam, that you have mentioned ſeveral of *my* Sex, whom you think want to be flapped, but not one of your own. Pray, are you acquainted with no indolent Women? — O yes, cried ſhe, a thouſand — Huſh, huſh, my dear *Giddy*, cried Miſs *Bright*, Mr. BABBLE is only laughing at us; but I have a few queſtions

to ask him — Pray Sir, how comes it that *you* who can moralize so prettily, and not only tell us of our faults, but put us in a way to correct them, should give us the slightest reason to be censorious, you who know our weakness, and know that we cannot resist the charming opportunity of railing against our dearest Friends. —— Ay, *Gardy*, said Miss *Aimwell*, that is not acting in character, indeed; besides, every body will allow that there are more lazy Men than indolent Women. — Yes, that his great Chair can witness, cried Miss *Bright*, which he had not once the politeness to offer to us.—Hold, hold, sweet Creatures, cried I, two at a time can never be endured: spare me a moment, and I will tell you frankly that I did not offer it to either of you for fear of creating contentions, and of making the most intimate acquaintance Rivals. — Then you really thought, said Miss *Bright*, that we should have accepted of it with pleasure? but indeed you are mistaken, Mr. BABBLE, we are not of so indolent a disposition: Ease is the last thing a Woman of Spirit thinks of: our little Heads are too full of mischief to think of lolling quietly in an Elbow Chair. Gadding, Chattering, Singing, Laughing, Dancing, Intriguing, and making fools of the Fellows, are the supreme delights of a Woman on this side forty. — A very pretty Catalogue of amuse-

ments,

ments, Madam, cried I, but dear Miss *Bright*, let me give you a little advice: "Take care how "you proceed in your last mentioned delight: "Men are terrible Creatures when they are pro- "voked, and often disappoint credulous Females, "when they think they are leading them by the "nose. Many sanguine Girls, have paid dear "for rashness in Love-affairs."—Not those who have had good cards, and have played them to advantage, said she: — do you think I dont understand *reversing*, *forcing*, *finessing*, *seesawing*, the *rubbers* and the *odd trick?* — Upon my word, Madam, said I, you are a notable Gamester, and indeed much more knowing than myself, so knowing that I long to be favoured with a few instructions. — O fie, Mr. BABBLE, cried she, I must not reveal the secrets of the Game to an Enemy: however, as you are very good humoured, and turned of sixty, it don't much signify; so if we have time, I will explain the Mysteries of my Art. —— Come, make haste then, dear Child, said *Harriet*, for I have twenty Shops to call at. — Aye, said Miss *Giddy*, and I am quite weary of sitting here. — "Every Woman, said Miss "*Bright*, begins by *reversing*, that is, opposing "gently the first *tendresse* of her Admirer, not "because she dislikes him, but because she wants "to bring him on faster: for your Sex are the perverseſt

" perverſeſt Creatures in Nature, and always play
" at croſs-purpoſes. *Forcing* is the next Rule, and
" is driving a Man, who, you ſee, has an inclination
" for you, to declare it: there are ſeveral ways
" of doing this; the firſt and moſt ſucceſsful is,
" by flattering him, and telling him you ſhould
" like juſt ſuch qualities in a Lover which you
" know he is poſſeſs'd of: if he won't nibble at
" this bate, a Rival handſomely introduced, and
" broad hints given that you may have another
" Man, but your heart is already engaged, with
" a few proper looks, are never-failing Lures:
" but a Woman muſt be very ſure that a Man
" likes her before ſhe behaves in this manner to
" him, otherwiſe her *forcing* will ſpoil all. *See-*
" *ſawing* is never practiſed by ſkilful Players,
" but when they can depend upon their Man;
" and is in plain terms nothing but downright Co-
" quetting. To be one day in a good humour,
" the next grumpy, to be as variable as a Wea-
" thercock, to like and diſlike the ſame thing in
" five minutes, and to be of an hundred and fifty
" minds in half an hour; theſe are the artifices,
" to practiſe which a great deal of Judgment is
" requiſite, and few Women dare venture to *ſee-*
" *ſaw* in this age, for they are frequently by ſo
" doing taken in for the *Rabbits*, but ſeldom gain
" the odd trick, *Matrimony*. — *Fineſſing* is ſeldom
practiſed

" practised but by exceeding fine Women, and " your very knowing ones indeed, and is no more " than first drawing them on to make a declara- " tion, and then leaving them in the lurch. *Fuz-* " *zing*, though frequently practised at the Whist- " Table by the best bred people in the World, " is not so common in Love-Matters, except a- " mong Parsons', Justices', and Farmers' Daugh- " ters in the Country, who, not finding a plenti- " ful Crop of Admirers, gather midsummer roses, " sow Hemp seed, and eat dumb cake for luck." — I laughed heartily at my lively Visiter's explanations of her terms, which I thought were delivered with much fancy and some justness, and I rose from my great Chair, and thanked her in the best manner I was able. She smiled and said, " Now don't be wicked and make discoveries " among the young Fellows of your acquaintance, " for positively I never would have told you so " much, only I thought you were too far advanced " in Life to make any advantages of these secrets " I have disclosed:"—but, my dear *Harriot*, 'tis time to leave the Philosopher to his own Contemplations—here's *Giddy* almost dead with the Vapours—aye do, let's go to *Garr*'s, said *Giddy*, I have tumbled over every Mercer's Lustrings in Town this Season but *his*, and I cannot go quietly into the Country till I have seen all. ——I then

waited

waited on them down Stairs; and though I was mightily pleaſed to have three ſuch Girls ſeen tripping out of the Houſe I lodge in, I could not help being ſomewhat anxious about *Harriot*, under the guidance of ſuch an experienced Inſtructreſs — what a game may ſhe not play? — but ſhe has no doubt been long acquainted with all theſe tricks, and is a knowing one already; — an ignorant young woman in this enlightned age is *rara avis in terris*. — Their chearful prattle, however, diverted me ſo agreeably, that I was in a very pleaſant mood the reſt of the day. People may ſay what they will, but there is a charm in a Woman's Company, that makes a Man, aye, even an old Man, quite another thing.

NUMB. XXI. *Saturday, July* 31, 1756.

Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome. DRYDEN.

THOUGH I am very ready to allow, that many of the preſent ridiculous modes of Dreſs were originally imported from our fantaſtic neighbours the *French*, I think the *French* alone are not to be cenſured for every extravagant Faſhion we run into.

The

The induſtrious, indefatigable *Britons*, have long been culling from the various Inhabitants of the Earth, a moiety of their Habits, and their Manners. As our Commerce ſupplies us at home with the Productions, and the Manufactures of every peopled corner of the Univerſe, it alſo affords us an opportunity to adopt for our own uſe, and naturalize whatever Dreſs the Genius or Climate of Foreigners may oblige them to appear in. Thus we are in ſome meaſure a Nation of Harlequins, and like *Eſop*'s Jack-daw, artfully pilfer from every Community a certain portion of their attire, which when altered and arranged according to our Taſte and Fancy, ſeems to be a motley compound of ſingularities. To ſave ourſelves the *ennui* of ſtudying that ſort of veſture which might be adapted with propriety to our own Atmoſphere, we ſuffer ourſelves to be entirely governed by the Freaks and Whims of other Folks. By this means, our Garb becomes a fooliſh epitome of the *Chineſe*, the *French*, the *Spaniſh*, the *Perſian*, the *Muſcovite*, and the *Italian*. As our modern fine Gentleman has a ſuit for every Month in the Year; the Ladies have alſo their change of Habiliments, not only for every Month in the Year, but for every Hour of the Day and Night. The ſame Woman at Noon and at Midnight differs as much from her-

ſelf

self in outward appearance as Sunshine from Moonlight: and though in her Morning *déshabille* she looks not altogether unlike the Wife of a *Mandarin*, she appears towards the approach of Evening, from head to foot, *tout contraire*.

The Stage has been considered by some as the Standard of nice taste in Dress: it may, perhaps, with greater truth be deemed so a few Years hence! when Foreigners have carried their Invention through all the Mazes of wild Variety, we must then begin to look at home for a fresh supply of Fashions; and it will, in all probability, be no uncommon sight hereafter, to behold the Beaux Esprits of Posterity in the *Toga Prætexta*, or like the Roman Generals on our Theatre dignified with the full-bottom Wig, and the Buskins, and the *Belles* in the Farthingal and the Ruff. This is by no means a preposterous thought, if we reflect on the strange revolutions which happen in the Republic of Dress: and that the same Garment, like Sir *Roger de Coverley*'s Coat and Doublet, may be in and out a dozen times in the course of as many years. The good People of *England* err more, I apprehend, by a mis-application, or mis-use of the Thing they borrow, than by the meer Act of borrowing. The Fan, a native of *China*, when first introduced among our Grand-

Grandmothers, was looked upon to be ſerviceable only as a Cooler or Ventilator, in the ſultry ſeaſon of the year. When the Plains were ſcorched with intolerable heat, and not a friendly breeze was on the wing to temper it, then, and then only, this Paper Machine was called in as a kind of artificial Zephyr to mitigate the fervor of the Skies, and reſtore the languid fainting Nymph to eaſe. But of late years how has this laudable purpoſe been perverted. In the midſt of *December*-ſnows, when the hardieſt Ruſtic ſhudders at the Blaſt of *Boreas*, the hoary Matron, and the delicate Virgin wave their Fans with as much impetuoſity, as if they were melting in the Dog-Days. In ſhort it is now dwindled into a Toy, a meer Plaything. During the Reign of my Predeceſſor the SPECTATOR, a regular Exerciſe was inſtituted for it. Several Movements have ſince been found out, by which particular paſſions are typically repreſented. Thus the genteel Flirt is expreſſive of Indifference or Contempt. The beating a Tattoo on one hand, holding the Fan at the ſame time like a Drumſtick in the other, denotes a violent Flutteration, and generally is the fore-runner of an open Rupture in the friendſhip of the Parties concerned. The dropping a Fan in the way of a pretty Fellow, is a courteous Invitation for him to take it

up,

up, and return it to the fair owner, with an extempore Panegyric in heroics; and if he has two grains of Common-ſenſe, this accident will admit him to a Viſit; that Viſit will introduce mutual Affection on both ſides, and then comes Matrimony or —— ſomething equally agreeable. The Muff likewiſe as worn at preſent in this Metropolis, is moſt egregiouſly abuſed. "A Muff," ſays a learned Lexicographer, "is a caſe of Fur "to put the Hands in, in cold Weather." This very probably is the uſe to which it has always been applied by the *aboriginal* Wearers of it in this Kingdom. But as we Moderns abhor a ſervile ſubmiſſion to the ancient Uſage, it is now like the Sword and Solitaire, a faſhionable appendage only to the Dreſs of a Gentleman, and of ſo little convenience to the Proprietor of it, that its enormous ſize perplexes and encumbers him *prodigiouſly*. Nay, I ſaw in the Side-box at *Drury-Lane* laſt Winter a certain Gentleman of Taſte, ſupporting with infinite difficulty a huge Bear-ſkin, rolled into the figure of a Muff, the aperture of which ſeemed to be more commodiouſly fitted for the reception of his whole Body, than thoſe delicate little fingers which painfully bore it up. And really I don't ſee the reaſon why *Petit Maitres* ſhould not ſometimes creep into it; their feeble Limbs would certainly be very much

cherished by it, and it would defend them on all sides from their irreconcileable enemy — a frosty air. I have often thought it would not only prove extremely beneficial to these effeminate Animals, but to all who have any connexion with them, to assemble towards the Exit of Autumn, and to decamp with the Swallows at a certain day into warmer Quarters and Climates, better suited to the construction of their Frame. They may, if they please, entitle themselves, *Beaus of Passage*. After they have performed a regular Tour through *Egypt*, *Prestor John*'s Country and *Jamaica*, the month of *May* will, perhaps, entice them to revisit their native Soil.

By transmigration in this manner they will reap various advantages; they will, in some degree, inure their debilitated Bodies to hardships and vicissitudes: they will improve their taste in Dress, and heighten their relish for Vice and Folly. Nor will they have it in their power, in that part of the Year when every true born *Englishman* is absorbed in Spleen, to exasperate the Malady by their impertinent, intolerable Fopperies.

I might, in this manner, expatiate on every species of Dress, and discover, perhaps, the abuse of it in sundry shapes. I might proceed to the Hoop, than which no particle of the Female *Paripherhalia* has been more varied from its first design.

design. But these Matters I intend to discuss at large in a future Paper, and shall therefore only amuse my Readers at present with a Letter which I lately received from a Country Gentleman, because it partly relates to the abovementioned important appendage to the Charms of a fine Lady.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Esq;

SIR,

I reside on my paternal Estate, within the boundaries of which I should have continued till my dying day, had not my Daughter *Nancy*'s approaching marriage, and the death of a near Relation in Town hurried me away. I was commissioned by *Nancy* and our Parson's Wife, to buy a parcel of Silks, and other materials against the nuptial Ball. The very day after my arrival in your great Metropolis, I had scarce quitted the Inn with my Pockets amply furnished for a Purchase, but I espied on the other side of the way what I conceived to be an itinerant Mercer's Shop borne along by two brawny Fellows, much like our Scotch Pedlars. This Vehicle had glass windows, and the inside appeared to be filled with

one large Piece of Silk; for Sale I imagined. I took a fancy to the Pattern, and croſſed over and aſked a Man, who marched before, and whom I ſuppoſed the Maſter of the Shop, the very loweſt Price of that ſilken Ware I ſaw in his Shop-Window, and told him if he would come down to any thing reaſonable, I would take the whole piece. He ſtared me full in the face, and without any other reply than five or ſix oaths, ſtruck me ſuch a blow on the Crown of my Head, that I ſhall carry a Teſtimonial of it to my Grave. It was ſome time before I recovered my ſenſes perfectly, and then found myſelf in an Apothecary's Shop. Mr. *Leech* very tenderly aſked me, "how I did," aſſured me it was the moſt dangerous contuſion that ever came under his Hands; that if I did not take particular care, the Fracture being ſituated between the *Os Frontis* and the *Os Occipitis*, might produce a violent *Hemorrhoid*, and mortally affect the *Cerebrum*; and, continued he, in pity to your misfortune, I will not demand any thing for my trouble and care during your *Paroxyſm*, but only charge the moderate Sum of Five Pounds for the *Aurum potabile* draught I gave you, which, as I am ready to demonſtrate before the College of Phyſicians, has preſerved your Life. The Surprize which this Speech occaſioned, made me almoſt relapſe into a ſecond Trance, and it was conſiderably increaſed, when on examining my Pockets, I found they were

were quite empty. But what gave me the moſt uneaſineſs was, the loſs of a Silver Watch, the gift of my Grandmother, which had been in the Family threeſcore years and upwards, of which I was deprived I ſuppoſe by the ſame conveyance I railed vehemently at the Doctor for my own irreparable misfortune, and his exorbitant demands; but after much ſquabling on both ſides, he threaten'd me with a Conſtable, and fear then prevailed on me to compromiſe the affair with him for four Guineas, which I cauſed my Landlord at the Inn to pay for me. This Diſaſter made me return home with all poſſible expedition. I am now, thank GOD, ſafe in my Elbow Chair again, and in tolerable Health, excepting only a ſlight pain in my Head now and then; and though I cannot but regret the loſs of my Caſh, yet it is no ſmall conſolation to me, that I have not loſt my Life in the Bargain.

Our Parſon laughed heartily at my ſtory, and told me this Itinerant Shop, as I thought it, was a *Sedan*; and the large bundle of Silk it ſeemed to be furniſhed with, nothing but the apparel of ſome Lady, who, though inviſible to my Eyes, was ſeated in the Vehicle, intrenched between Mountains of Whalebone and Mercery Ware.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant, T. W.

NUMB. XXII. *Saturday, August 7, 1756.*

Risum teneatis Amici?

HOR.

Who can refrain from Laughter?

NO People in the World are more divertingly ridiculous than those who make themselves so by an immoderate Propensity to know what News is stirring from Morning to Night, and by neglecting their own private Affairs, in order to know how the Affairs of the Nation are conducted.

Sir *Politick Query*, Bart. is descended from one of the most noble, though not the most wealthy Families in *England*. His Father Sir *John* distinguished himself as a Soldier in Queen ANNE's Wars with the greatest intrepidity, but notwithstanding was obliged to sell half his hereditary Estate to purchase a Regiment. He was beloved by the Soldiers, but hated by the Officers, who treated

treated him with ſo much unpoliteneſs and contempt, that he reſigned his Commiſſion in a pet, and retired into the Country, where the endearments of a tender Wife, ſerved every day to leſſen his fondneſs for martial atchievements, and made him determine to fix in the breaſt of his Son *Politick* an inſuperable averſion to the profeſſion of a Soldier. After he had uſed all the efforts he could think of to diſſuade him from thirſting after "the Pride, Pomp and Circum-"ſtance of glorious War," he reſolved to place him in a Merchant's Compting-houſe, and bound him Apprentice in the ſixteenth year of his age. 'Twas then this Youth diſcovered an inclination to ſignalize himſelf in political debates, and to become conſpicuous in a Coffee-houſe:—this inclination increaſed daily, and he was in a ſhort time a complete Newſmonger.

During his Apprenticeſhip, *Politick*, under pretence of going to ſee what Mails were arrived, ſtepp'd every Morning to the Coffee-houſe, and after having collected all the Papers he could find, took his ſeat in the moſt unfrequented part of the Room, and there peruſed with the higheſt glee, the Folio Sheets, till he had got them all by heart. Having loaded his head with this kind of Knowledge, he would

run about the Change, ſeize every Man he met by the Button, and cry, "what News, what News," — with all the wildneſs of a frantic Bedlamite. Then he would retire to his Maſter's Houſe, and deafen his Ears with the Intelligence he had picked up, generally adding a prolix ſupplement of his own compoſition. He was, in ſhort, ſo paſſionately fond of News that he has frequently quarrelled with his beſt Friends, becauſe they could not gratify his voracious appetite for Novelty.

When *Politick* had finiſhed his Apprenticeſhip, he one Day ſtood thunderſtruck, on reading a Paragraph which informed him of the Death of his Parents by the over-turning of a Poſt-Chaiſe, before he had time to reflect upon his loſs, he began to rave, not at the negligence of his Father's Friends and Servants, in not informing him of the Diſaſter, but at the Printer of the Paper, in not filling it up with matters of more conſequence, and *to the purpoſe*.

Sir *Politick* by Merchandiſe found means to accumulate ten thouſand pounds, but owed his ſucceſs rather to lucky hits, than his cloſe application to Buſineſs. for he choſe rather to prate about Politicks a whole day, than to write Letters:

ters: nay, he often forgot he was a Merchant, and had any to write. In this manner did Sir *Politick* live, perpetually infected with the political *Cacoethes*, and perpetually making himself unhappy. His Friends, hoping that retirement might entirely alter his disposition, and render him more agreeably conversible, at length prevailed upon him to sell off his Stock in Trade, and withdraw to his Seat: — but Retirement did not cure the Baronet of his favourite Vice. Three Men were employed Morning and Night to bring him the Papers, and a Post Chariot was always ready at his Gate to convey him to Town, whenever there was the least probability of hearing some important Piece of Intelligence.— He not only settled a correspondence *abroad*, but even in all the Sea-port Towns of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, in all which positive Orders were given to dispatch a Messenger to him without delay, whenever anything worth notice was stirring.

Thus Sir *Politick* spent his days: watching with as much vigilance for News as a Lover does for a Smile from a scornful Mistress. — For these two years past he has pleased himself highly with the prospect of a Rupture between *France* and *England*, and was so delighted with the Declaration of War that he gave an elegant entertainment

to all his Friends, Neighbours and Tenants at which it was proclaimed again in flowing Bowls and half-pint Bumpers, amidst the ear-stunning huzzas of the jovial Company. But the Dinner was unfortunately interrupted by the arrival of a Wag, who came post to *Gazette-Hall* with an Express, of his own dispatching, from the *Mediterranean*. Sir *Politick* without giving himself the trouble to enquire after particulars, called for his Boots, clapp'd on his Spurs, mounted his Horse, and galloped away to *London* as if the Devil drove him; leaving all the Company at his House to do as they thought proper. — He alighted at *Lloyd*'s. from which, on being told there was *no* Express, he hasten'd to another Coffee house: from that to a third, and so on, till he found he had been *hummed*, and that the News he was so eager about wanted confirmation. He then rode back to his Friends, grumbling all the way, like an ugly old Maid, when she hears of the Marriage of a beautiful young one.

Some days ago a Friend of the Baronet's invited him to the Nuptials of an only Daughter about thirty miles from *London*. He accepted of the offer, and arrived at the place appointed half an hour after the new-married Couple were returned from Church. After having slightly saluted

ted the Company, kiſſed the Bride, and complimented the Bridegroom, he took the Clergyman aſide, and withdrew with him to a Corner of the Room, where they ſoon adjuſted the Affairs of *Europe*, as well as thoſe of *North America*, but not without frequent Contradictions, and a multitude of high Words, to the no ſmall diverſion of the Byſtanders.

When our Politicians had ſettled all national Affairs, they were ſummoned to Dinner. The converſation then turned on the Happineſs of the Marriage-ſtate, to the great mortification of *Politick*, who endeavour'd to turn it into his favourite Channel (for his Thoughts were employed on matters of more importance) by interrupting them now and then with, "Well, but don't you re-"ally think there will be a general War?— "We don't know indeed," replied his Auditors — The converſation on that Subject drop'd with this reply, and Matrimony was again brought on the Carpet. The Baronet treſpaſſed ſeveral times on the good nature of the Company in the ſame ſtrain, till his patience was exhauſted. — He roſe in a violent paſſion, ſwore he had rather live with a parcel of Dumb Folks, than ſuch ſtupid Wretches, went out abruptly and took

Poſt for *London*; and upon hearing that Admiral *Byng* was arrived at *Portſmouth*, he made haſte to *Owen*'s, and ſtaid there till almoſt Midnight, in hopes of peruſing an extraordinary Gazette.

NUMB. XXIII. *Saturday, Auguſt* 14, 1756.

Percontatorem fugito.——

HOR.

Avoid a buſy Body.

LAST *Sunday* in the Afternoon I received a Card, which contained the following Words.

"Lady *Lovenews* ſends compliments to Mr. "*Babble*, and ſhould be glad of his Company, if "he is entirely diſengaged.

"*Sunday, Auguſt* 8, 1756.

The Thoughts of ſuch a *Tête a Tête* made my heart leap for joy. Where is the old Man who would not be elated to have ſo obliging a meſſage from a Lady of Faſhion? — I put on my ſpectacles with

with unusual spirit, and called for a Card as loudly as *Othello* does for his Handkerchief. My Landlady, who is a sober creditable Woman (tho' she lives in *Covent Garden)* and knows I seldom play at Cards, and never on a *Sunday*, was quite thunder-struck at my demand, and could not, for several minutes, comprehend my meaning. — At last she came up simpering and curt'sying, and said, "*Lawk a daisy*, Sir I am vastly sorry it "happens so, but I vow I am quite out of Cards. "But *Sukey* is gone to see if she can rummage "out one." As I was in a violent hurry, I could not help shewing a few signs of impatience, which lasted near a quarter of an hour. A Card was then produced by *Sukey*, but it was covered with such a quantity of red worsted, that I despaired of seeing it speedily released from its incumbrance. This difficulty, however, was, luckily, soon removed by the dexterity of my Landlady's eldest Daughter. But, alas! her labor was in vain: for Dirt and Grease had rendered it very unfit for my purpose. In the midst of these disappointments, I insensibly fell into a fit of musing on the wretched condition of Batchelors. "Had I been a married Man, I should have had a *Pack* in an instant, stamped and decorated in the genteelest manner with my Wife's favourite *Device*.

What

What immenſe Benefits have the Beau-monde reaped from the Invention of Meſſage-Cards, which were wiſely calculated by the Inventor to prevent the commiſſion of miſtakes by blundering Footmen. By the aſſiſtance of theſe truſty Meſſengers, Viſits are received and paid with the utmoſt Punctuality, and —— Eaſe; for a Lady can now-a-days receive four and twenty Viſits in an Afternoon, without being fatigued with the ſight of her Viſiters, and pay as many without ſtepping out of her *Chair*, — But to the Point — I was at laſt obliged to make uſe of a piece of Gilt Paper, on which I wrote the moſt obliging Anſwer I could frame; and, after having twiſted my Note like the little Billets which I have ſeen diſpatched from the ivory fingers of Miſs *Aimwell*, ſent it away.

When I had finiſhed this important affair, I took off my beſt Coat, which I had worn at Church in the Morning, hung it on the back of my great Chair, and bruſhed off the duſt it had received in a walk to and from *Buckingham-Houſe*: in the mean while, the Maid examined my cheſt of drawers for a pair of Stockings of the ſame colour. I then tied up my Beaver, but on taking a ſurvey of my Perriwig, I found I had greatly diſcompoſed

diſcompoſed it by leaning my head againſt the Pew, to look at the Stranger who preached at our Church, and therefore deſired my Landlady to lend me her Powder-box. Juſt when I was ſpruced up, and going to ſend for a Chair, a Brother-Author, with whom I have the misfortune to be acquainted, very unſeaſonably enter'd my Apartment.

Mr. *Scribble* is an elderly, ſingle Man, remarkably ſhort, and makes himſelf look ſhorter by ſtooping. His Complexion is ſwarthy, and his Noſe long. His Eyes are black and ſmall, but ſo piercing, that he can diſcover his Prey the whole length of a ſtreet, and is at your Elbow in a moment, when you don't expect him. He is generally dreſſed in a full-trimmed ſuit of Black, a Sword not much longer than a Dagger, tucked up to his Hip, and a Tye-Wig, one of the Tails of which he conſtantly places before. He has a ſcanty Income, for he reſigned a profitable place under the Government ſome years ago, in order to live idle, or to uſe his own favourite expreſſion, *like a Gentleman*. He is a good Scholar, and a ſenſible Man, but ſo conceited, that he thinks he has more knowledge than any body he converſes with. He is one of thoſe Perſons whom HORACE ſatirizes in the half line which I have choſen

choſen for my Motto, and as leaky as a Sieve, for what he takes in at one Houſe, he lets out in another. He is particularly fond of reading little pieces of Poetry or Proſe, which he picks up among his Friends, or compoſes himſelf, and has a furious propenſity to correct the Writings of the former, which he will do even to the adjuſtment of a Comma. — "Your Servant, your Ser-"vant, ſaid he, I did not expect to find you at "home in ſo fine an Afternoon; but — I am going out directly, ſaid I to him; and then turning to the Maid, — "Pray Sweetheart, continued I, be ſo good as to call a Chair — "Stay, Child," interrupted he, "where are you going, "Mr. BABBLE? you may as well order a Coach, "and then you may ſet me down. I am going "to ſpend the Evening with Lord *Nifflenaffle*, "who, by the by, is a diſtant Relation of mine. "I don't know whether I ever told you how; "but you muſt know, his Mother's Father's "Uncle was my Great Grandmother's third "Couſin, ſo that — Well Sir, ſaid I, I can't "ſtay to hear your Genealogy now; I am in "haſte. — Aye, ſo am I, replied he, for his Lord-"ſhip is the moſt punctual Man in Chriſtendom, "and I muſt be with him at ſeven exactly. — "But I will read you a Letter I received from "his Lordſhip yeſterday. — Not now, not

"now,

" now, Mr. *Scribble*, I beſeech you ſaid I with " ſome emotion —— O, 'tis a very ſhort one, " replied he, but there are ſo many fine Paſſages " in it, that I am ſure you will be charm'd with " it. — But that's not my buſineſs with you at " preſent — I have wrote a PRATER, and hope " you will publiſh it next *Saturday* — here it is " — a ſerious Eſſay. You muſt be ſerious ſome- " times, otherwiſe you will be called a flimzy " Writer. — Hem! — Hold Sir, ſaid I, Hold, " I am going out this minute, and muſt beg the " favour of you to keep it till I am more at leiſure. " — Pray Child, continued I to the Maid, " who ſtood ſtaring at us, didn't I deſire you to " call a Chair? — Yes, Sir, replied ſhe, but " the Gentleman told me I muſt get a Coach. " — I have nothing to do with the Gentleman, " ſaid I, fetch me a Chair inſtantly." — "What, " you chuſe a Chair? why that is mighty odd " now, ſaid he, when a Coach would carry us " both, and be leſs expenſive. — You don't know " whither I am going, Mr. *Scribble*, ſaid I —— " That's very true, ſaid he, but come, ſit down " and I'll read my Paper in the mean time till " the Chair come. — I can't attend to it now, " ſaid I — beſides I muſt go this moment, the " Chair is brought, or I ſhall be too late. Well " then, ſaid he only give me your opinion of one

" Phraſe"

"Phraſe — *Happineſs is generally ſought after, but* "*ſeldom met with.* — That's a trite Subject, ſaid "I coolly; — "O no, no, replied he, not as "I have handled it: — but do you think *met* "*with* is more elegant than *found?* — I ſpent "above an hour in ſettling this point, and I be- "lieve I ſhall adopt the latter word. — Seek and "find you know are ſo — but you ſhall hear "it all, and then you will be a better Judge of "the propriety of the contraſt." — He then began to read, but my vexation was ſo great, that I could not hear one word in ten. — I walked up and down the Room with a Mind diſturbed, while he tortured my Ears with his *Gulimatias;* and deafen'd me, now and then, by raiſing his voice, in order to engage my attention. At laſt his Patience was exhauſted: he ſeized me by the arm, and cried out, nay, but you muſt *hear* me. This outrage made me quite frantic. I diſen- gaged myſelf from his gripe, and ran to the top of the ſtairs, where I met the Maid, who was coming to tell me ſhe could not get a Chair. "Then call a Coach, ſaid I, almoſt mad at being ſo long detained. — *Scribble* could not ſuppreſs the ſatisfaction he felt on this occaſion. He put his Eſſay in his pocket with ſparkling Eyes, and ſaid, well, well, it will ſerve to amuſe us as we jog along. "But here is an Ode to Light, written

by

by *Tim Stanza*, a very ingenious young Man of my Acquaintance. He is youngeſt Son to Sir *Samuel Stanza* of *Jingle-Hall* in *Cheſhire*. There are ſix Children, three Sons and three Daughters: all very ingenious. — I have corrected it in a few places — He is a young Man, and does not mind his ſtops; he writes *currente calamo*. He had put a Colon in one place inſtead of a Semicolon, and made *Light* an Adjective inſtead of a Subſtantive. — Here the Maid re-enter'd, and told me there was neither Coach nor Chair to be had. — I could not receive this Intelligence with compoſure. — Look'ee Mr. *Scribble*, ſaid I, you are the occaſion of all my uneaſineſs — I wiſh you and your Letter, and your Eſſay and your Ode, were at — Well, well, ſaid he, better luck another time — what ſignifies fretting? — ſince we can't have the pleaſure of riding together, we muſt be contented to walk. — You may walk, ſaid I, if you pleaſe but I am going to wait on a Lady of Faſhion, and can't think of appearing in a Viſiting Room with duſty Shoes. — O ho, cried he, a Lady? — what, you are not ſurely going to be married? — Married, replied I in a pet, what do you ſee in my Face to make you think I am grown a Fool in my old age? —— Nay how ſhould I know your affairs? — But who is this Lady? do I know her? where does ſhe live? you muſt introduce me to her.

her. — Prythee don't ask so many impertinent questions, said I, quite jaded with his Interrogatories, the Lady I am going to visit does not chuse to increase her Acquaintance. When I had uttered the last Word, I took my Hat, Gloves and Cane, and went down Stairs as fast as my Legs would carry me. He followed me with the celerity of Lightning, and walked by my side all the way, sticking close to my sleeve, and stunning my Ears with an hundred insignificant things, while I, fearing he would daub and rumple my Coat, endeavour'd to shake him off. He shouldered me with his whole weight, and hindered me from making the expedition I intended — but my endeavours were fruitless. I was forced to tell him plainly, that he made me too hot, by pressing heavily on me. This Speech, which I delivered in a peremptory manner, had some effect on him, but I could not get rid of him till he saw at a distance, *Ned Paraphrase*, an eminent Translator. At the first Glimpse of *Ned*'s Phiz, my Tormentor sprung from me abruptly. I joyfully embraced the opportunity he gave me to escape from his Clutches, and sneaked into the Alley, in order to secure my Retreat, but frequently looked behind me with as much anxiety as if I had been pursued by a Bailiff.

When I arrived at her Ladyship's *Hotel*, dirty and weary, dejected and out of humour, I received a Shock which affected me more than all the

the foregoing diſaſters.— Her Chariot was juſt driven from the Door. Inraged at this additional, this bitter diſappointment, and more than ever incenſed againſt *Scribble*, I returned to my Lodgings, threw myſelf into my great Chair, and remained in it an Hour by St. *Paul*'s Clock, before I could recover my uſual ſerenity of Mind. The prattle of my Landlady, and a palatable Meſs of Water-gruel, a fluid which ſhe knows I am fond of, put me at laſt into the beſt humour in the World. I ſaid a great many clever things, which may perhaps appear in a future *Number*.

NUMB. XXIV. *Saturday, Auguſt* 21, 1756.

By ſuch Examples we are taught to prove
The Miſchiefs that attend unlawful Love.

ROWE.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I Am at this Inſtant one of the unhappieſt Men in the World. Read my Story with Attention, and pity me. I deſerve your Compaſſion, becauſe I am a ſincere Penitent.

When

When I enter'd into the fourteenth year of my age, my Father died, and left me wholly to the management of my Mother, whose mistaken fondness for me laid a foundation for the disquietudes I now feel. She took me, Sir, immediately from a reputable and well-conducted School, at which my Father had placed me five years before his Death, and, instead of encouraging me to prosecute those studies, in which I had made a considerable progress, only contrived how to humour and divert me. As I had not a very robust constitution, she imagined that my eyes might be hurt by poring over Books, and that a close application to them would throw me into a Consumption. "Let those study, said she, who want "to make their Fortunes: you have no occasion "to trouble yourself about musty Volumes." — By this means my Mind was uncultivated; but nothing was neglected that could give me the external accomplishments of a Gentleman. Dancing-Masters, Fencing-Masters, and Music-Masters continually attended me, and the Taylor, the Perriwig-maker and Milliner were very frequently consulted about my Education. My whole employment was to pay visits with my Mama, and to go with her to Plays, Operas, Masquerades and Assemblies.

Near our Country-Seat lived a Gentleman, blest with an easy Fortune, and one Child, the

beautiful

beautiful *Monimia*, who was deservedly the darling of his heart, for she possest every qualification that can render a Woman lovely. Her Mother died the Summer I was nineteen, and as our Family were just than come to —— *Hall*, they invited her to spend a few Months there, in order to mitigate her Grief, whilst her Father was obliged to be in *London* about some affairs of consequence. As there had been a long Intimacy between the two Families, Mr. —— left his Daughter with great satisfaction, and she herself was well pleased to stay with us. I had not seen her a year before this Invitation; and could not help thinking her exquisitely charming. She was not quite Sixteen, but for Wit and Beauty, "beggar'd all Description." Her sable Dress, together with an unaffected Melancholy for the Loss of a valuable Parent, served only to heighten her charms, and to inspire at once both Love and Pity. A Month, however, glided away, before I presumed to speak to her on the subject of Love, and even then I disclosed my Passion with great Hesitation. She was not less confused, but told me with blushing Cheeks and faultring Accents, that she must not think of Love so soon. This favourable Answer transported me so much, that I took every opportunity to convince her of the ardor and sincerity of my Passion. She listened to me eagerly, and soon gave me leave to ask her Father's consent at his Return. Till that could

be

be obtained, we agreed to keep Matters as private as poſſible. The old Gentleman's affairs detained him longer than he thought they would, and we went on in this way near four months, infinitely happy in each other's Company, till one *Sunday* in the Afternoon a Letter came to let her know, that her Father would be at his own Houſe on the *Thurſday* following, and that he expected to find her there. This Intelligence alarmed us, and made us contrive what courſe to ſteer on ſo critical an occaſion, for my Mother began to grow ſuſpicious, and we were afraid ſhe would, for ſome private reaſons, prevent the match.

During the warm Weather we had our Interviews in the Garden, after the Family were aſleep, almoſt every Night: But when the Evenings grew wet and cold, I gained her permiſſion to come ſoftly to her Chamber: a ſcheme that was very practicable, becauſe it was not far from my own, and becauſe nobody lay in it, but her own Servant, who was her Bedfellow, and entirely in my Intereſt. At one of theſe midnight meetings I received from her ſo many proofs of her affection and eſteem, that I beheld her with unuſual ecſtaſy, with rapture inexpreſſible. I ſeized the dear, innocent, ſweetly bluſhing Creature in my arms, and bore her ſtruggling to the Bed — ſhe thruſt me from her with a reſolute air, and, riſing in confuſion, aſked me what I meant. — I could not

make

make a reply, but re-attempted to pull her down on the Bed-side by me. She ſtarted again from me with a vigorous ſpring, and thus, with ſwimming Eyes, accoſted me: — "For Heaven's "ſake, Sir, leave me this moment — leave me to "myſelf, I conjure you — I am too well con-"vinced you do not love me: for if you did, you "would not ſeek my ruin —" I was rouzed by this keen reproach, flung myſelf at her feet, and implored her in the humbleſt poſture, to forgive my preſumption, which was occaſioned by Exceſs of Love. I told her alſo, that a Union of Hearts made a Marriage, and not merely the outward Ceremony: and that ſhe was as fully mine in the ſight of her Creator, as if an Archbiſhop had performed the office. At the cloſe of this ſpeech, I kiſſed her hand, intreated her to kneel down by me, pulled out of my pocket a Common-Prayer Book, and read the Matrimonial Service. She repeated her Part after me, and we both ſwore in the moſt ſolemn manner to confirm our Vows before the World in a Month at fartheſt. — When this was done, I put out the Light, and partly by perſwaſion, partly by force, ſpent the remainder of the Night in her Embraces.

The Night following our Happineſs was repeated; and on the ſucceeding Morning I waited on her to her Father's Houſe, in order to prepare things for his Reception, and left her there. We

frequently ſchemed private meetings, however, at every one of which, ſhe preſſed me to talk with her Father: but I told her ſo often, I had particular reaſons for delaying the performance of her requeſt, that ſhe began to find the true cauſe was the abatement of my affection.

The Month limited for our public Marriage rolled away, unnoticed by me, for my Deſires had been gratified. *Monimia* ſeemed leſs charming every day I ſaw her, and in a ſhort time I even thought her diſagreeable. I viſited her but ſeldom, and conſtantly made excuſes about meeting her, when ſhe ſent to deſire my Company. I could not bear the reproaches ſhe loaded me with — they ſtabbed me to the Heart, becauſe I felt the juſtneſs of them. When ſhe found herſelf with Child, ſhe ſent the following Letter to me.

Dear, tho' perjured *Florio*,

The Crime I have committed is its own puniſhment, and muſt ſoon expoſe me to public ſhame, unleſs you will ſave me from it by the performance of your Vows. I find myſelf with Child, and now onee more call upon you, in the Name of that Almighty Being, by whom you ſwore, to make me your lawful Wife. — I will not mention Love (for that you ſeem to have forgot, though you ſo often vowed your Paſſion ſhould never decay) but if you have any regard for Truth, if you have any Honour, if you have any Hopes

of

of Heaven or Fears of Hell, pity, O pity, a Wretch you have yourself undone: save me, O save me from the agonies of a distempered Mind.—I expect an Answer by the Bearer, to fix the Destiny of the

Unfortunate *Monimia*.

This Letter was brought to me by her Servant. I read it carelessly, put it into my Pocket, and told him that it required no Answer. The first News I heard the next Day was her Death. After the receipt of my cruel Message, she retired to her Chamber, wrote a long Letter to her Father, in which she related the fatal History of our Amours, and composed herself, with a dose of Laudanum, for an eternal Sleep.

"I cannot describe the sensations I felt when I heard this News, with all these affecting circumstances. I was chilled with Horror; my Guilt stared me in the Face. I flew immediately to her Father's, and would not be kept from her: I embraced the clay-cold Corps, bedewed it with my Tears, and called down from Heaven the most dreadful Vengeance on my accursed Head. I behaved, in short, so like a Man bereaved of his Senses, that her Father pitied me, and sent me home in his Coach with some of his Servants to take care of me. A Fever followed, which confined me several months to my Bed, during

which, the poor old Gentleman's grey Hairs were brought with ſorrow to the Grave.

As for my own part, Life is thoroughly burdenſome to me, yet I cannot bear the thoughts of Death. Reflection ſtabs me to the Soul. — O how ſhall I dare to meet the much-abuſed *Monimia*, her moſt unfortunate Father, and her unborn Infant, all murdered by *My* Hand, before the Tribunal of that omnipotent Judge, whom I invoked with the greateſt Solemnity and Fervor as a Witneſs to my Proteſtations, and from whom I have no reaſon to expect a merciful Sentence. How dreadful is my Condition here, and what muſt be my Lot hereafter!

Florio.

NUMB. XXV. *Saturday, Auguſt* 28, 1756.

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis ſapit.

No one is wiſe at all times.

SIR,

AS you ſeem to be a Redreſſer of Grievances, I ſhall take the Liberty to mention one not from a diſpoſition to complain, but from a deſire

to

to prevent others from being ſo groſly impoſed upon as I have been.

I have a very convenient Houſe in *Hampſhire*, with a large piece of ground behind it, laid out in a manner which thoſe who have no notion of the Beauties of Nature would perhaps think trifling and abſurd.—I am extremely fond of the vegetable and flowery Tribe, and have therefore covered my Walls with Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots and Plumbs, not forgetting thoſe Vines which produce the moſt high-flavoured Grapes. I have alſo planted a great many ſtandard Cherries, Apples, Pears and *Green Gages*. My Kitchen Garden is well ſtored with every thing neceſſary for the Table, and my Borders bloom with an infinite variety of fragrant Flowers.—But a Melon is my ſupreme delight. I am, you muſt know Sir, a Connoiſſeur in Melons, and take care to have that delicious Fruit in perfection. I have ſeveral Melons in my Garden, which were never known in this part of the Country before. In ſhort, the day on which I cut the firſt Melon in the Seaſon is celebrated with particular feſtivity by my whole Family, and all the neighbouring Gentry are invited to ſee the ceremony performed. I had this Summer ſome very fine *Cantaloupes*, the daily yellowing of which I beheld with unuſual ſatisfaction. I happened a few days ago to be on my return from a Friend's Houſe about

fifteen Miles off, where I had ſpent a few Weeks. As the Weather was exceſſively hot, I ſtopt at an Inn within ſeven Miles of my own Houſe, and called for a Bottle of Cyder: but I found it ſo diſagreeable, that I was forced to deſire the Maſter to get me ſome fruit. — "Really Sir, re-"plied he, I have none to offer to you, except "you will go to the Price of a curious Melon, "which I purchaſed yeſterday, and is I dare ven-"ture my Life, the beſt you ever taſted." I ſtarted at the word *Melon*, as none of my own were ripe, when I left home, and could I have thought it was poſſible for one to be found good out of my own Garden, ſhould have greedily ordered it. But I only anſwered with a ſhake of my head. My Landlord, however, went on to aſſure me, with a great deal of earneſtneſs, that he believed there never was a finer Melon in the World: that he had bought it at an extravagant price for ſome Gentlemen, who promiſed to dine at his Houſe, but had diſappointed him, and that he had it therefore on his hands: — "If you will "give me leave to ſhew it you, continued he, I "believe you will have a better opinion of it." In ſhort, he extolled it ſo much, that I grew deſirous to ſee what I concluded he had no judgment about, and ordered him to produce the Melon. When it appeared, I was amazed. It looked and ſmelt moſt invitingly: it was a true *Cantalupe*, and in ſhort, ſo exactly like my own Melons, that I could

could have ſworn it had been one of them. I aſked my Landlord where he got it; pretending an inclination to have ſuch another to carry home with me.— He aſſured me it was not in his power to gratify me, as the Gardener who ſerved his Houſe with Fruit told him it was not raiſed by himſelf, but ſold to him by one *Iſaac Dibble*.— You will eaſily imagine my aſtoniſhment when I tell you that *Dibble* is my Gardener. —I ſtifled my ſurprize as well as I could, and after having aſked a few queſtions about this faithleſs Servant, paid the Landlord for my own Melon, and rode to my Houſe after Dinner with a mind violently diſturbed. I order'd *Iſaac* to be called. The Servants told me that he had not been ſeen ſince morning. I then flew into the Garden, hoping at leaſt to diſcover the ſpot where the theft had been committed. Juſt as I had enter'd the Melon-Ground, I ſtumbled on a ſheet of Paper which this Raſcal had dropped. This Paper has made a full diſcovery of his iniquitous proceedings, which are written in a Style and Manner ſo much ſuperior to his Occupation that I am thoroughly convinced he muſt be a Jeſuit in diſguiſe. I ſend you with this Letter a Copy of Mr. *Iſaac Dibble*'s proceedings, for the Benefit of thoſe Gentlemen who keep Gardeners. When I catch *my* projecting Villain,

I will make him pay dear for the Rogueries he has been guilty of.

I am,

Your obedient Servant,

C. D.

" Useful Improvements in the Art of Gardening are so interesting to almost every individual, that I need not urge any thing in praise " of an Art, the pursuit of which (as will be " particularized in the subsequent Treatise) is " attended with *Profit*, *Health*, and *Pleasure*. — " I shall not, like *Cardanus Ridot*, and the rest " of our modern Almanac-mongers, travel from " Aries to Gemini, and so on through the whole " series of celestial monsters, nor will I presume " to assert at what Night, Hour or Minute, the " Moon or Planets will shed their Influence on " Cabbages, Potatoe-roots, and others of the " vegetable Tribe, my whole design being to " mention such things only as are more essential " to the Well-being, Emolument and Instruction " of the Gardener; to whom I would dictate " *thus*.

" Soon as you are settled in any Family, be " it your first Care to survey, with mathematical " accuracy,

" accuracy, the whole ſuperficies of the Garden.
" —When this is compleated, I would have you
" proceed to enumerate your gains in this man-
" ner. — A convenient number of the young
" Eſpaliers on the ſouthern Aſpect muſt fall to
" my Wife's ſhare, and will provide her decently
" with Hoops, Gowns and Snuff. — A tenth of
" the Lettuces, Sallad-Herbs, and Broccoli on the
" weſtern Border will furniſh both of us with Gin
" and Tobocco. — A proportionable tythe of
" thoſe Artichoaks, Savoys and Aſparagus on
" the oppoſite ſide will keep us in Candles
" and Tea. — The Boughs I ſhall prune off, and
" the Trees I ſhall put to death by Inoculation,
" &c. will ſupply us with plenty of Fuel, and
" (laſtly) a moderate portion of the Pine-Apples
" and other Exotics, when converted into Specie,
" will, by due computation, clear the Expence
" of our *Sunday*'s excurſions. — When you have
" thus finiſhed your Calculation, the next ſtep
" muſt be, to prevail on your Maſter's Wife,
" Grandmother, or Houſekeeper, to ſtock his
" Garden well with medicinal Herbs. And this
" may be no difficult matter to effect, conſider-
" ing how aptly diſpoſed their Ladyſhips will be,
" to take upon themſelves the Cure of every Ail-
" ment in their Houſhold. You will by means
" of this Scheme, be enabled to provide your
" Apothecary with an enormous quantity of Drugs

" and Simples, so as to balance Accompts with " him at the year's end, and pocket a few pieces " into the bargain. — Should your Master ex- " claim with surprize, That 'the Vermin have " devoured twice as many Cabbages and Colli- " flowers as his whole Family put together,' be " it your care to humour his Opinion, and swear " with great vehemence, That 'PHARAOH of " *Egypt* was never so pestered with Caterpillers " as his Honour.' — In the same manner, let the " *Birds* be supposed to have played booty with " the Cherries. The *Ants* too may bear their " quota of the blame, and the *blighting East-* " *Wind* is to be called in as occasion shall require. " — Persuade him by all means to embellish " his Garden with Chinese-Temples, Centry- " Boxes, smoaking-Houses, and other genteel " Decorations. — This point once gained, the " Architect, Painter and Carpenter will each be " bound in honour to present you with a hand- " some gratuity, especially as they must be em- " ployed of course in frequent Repairs, Rebuild- " ings, and additional ornaments."

In *this* Collection of Rules the Gardiner may view some *Branches* of his Vocation in a clearer Light. And many useful hints are thrown in his way, which if he pleases to follow, will infallibly guide him to the disbursement of his Family Expences, to the providing them *Meat, Drink, Apparel*

Parcel and *Physic*; and finally, will enable him to ride conspicuous in his one-horse Chair on a *Saturday*. — And *thus* is the *Art* of *Gardening* shewn, by self-evident Demonstration, to be productive of *Profit*, *Health* and *Pleasure*.

NUMB. XXVI. *Saturday, September* 4, 1756.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Learn to be wise from others harm,
And you shall do full well.

Part of an old Ballad.

To NICHOLAS BARBLE, Esq;

SIR,

I HAVE just taken possession of an Estate of 800 *l. per Annum*, which is free from Incumbrances, and lies in a very healthy pleasant County. I am five and twenty, but more disposed to a Sedentary than an active Life, unlike the majority of my Sex at that age. I am not fond of running headlong into those pleasures, diversions, and amusements, which engage the affections, and engross the attention of three parts out of four of the young Fellows in the World. I have no

reliſh for joys of a tumultuous nature, which ſatiate even in the moment of fruition — Peace is my dear delight — Tranquility alone has charms for *Me*. I would not, however, have you think that I doat on the Life of a Hermit; for no body loves the converſation and ſociety of ſenſible and converſable people more than myſelf. — To tell you the truth, Mr. BABBLE, without any farther circumlocution, I want a female Companion, exactly of my own way of thinking in every reſpect. Such a one would make my happineſs compleat: for you muſt know, Sir, that I am entirely of BALZAC's opinion. "Que la Solitude eſt certaine-" ment une belle choſe; mais il y a plaiſir d'avoir " quelqu'un qui ſache repondre; a qui on puiſſe " dire de tems en tems, que la ſolitude eſt une " belle choſe." — And who ſo proper a Companion as an amiable, agreeable Woman, whom you prefer to all *her* Sex; and who prefers you to all *yours*? — But, where is ſuch a valuable Female to be found? — ay, that is the queſtion. — I have already been recommended to half a ſcore, who are young, rich enough, not ugly, and eager to be married — but they won't do. And there are five times that number without any fortune at all, who are ready, to a Woman, Several of them, I am told, conceive great hopes of me. In ſhort, they are all ſo mad to be made Wives, and have diſcover'd ſo many ſhocking qualities, by endeavouring,

deavouring, like Rival Queens, to ſupplant each other, that the Man who ventures on either of them muſt have the intrepedity of a *Quixote*.

Not long ago I fondly imagined that I had found out a Girl after my own heart. She was ſenſible and ſmart, neat, lively, modeſt, and pretty, without Affectation or Coquettry, Prudiſhneſs or Pride. — But *ſhe*, even *ſhe*, has deceived me. — I happened one Evening to ſtroll into ſome Fields, which bound the Gardens of this deceitful fair one, thinking ſhe was at that time gone to pay a viſit to a Friend two miles diſtant, but on hearing unexpectedly her Voice, I crept cloſe to the Hedge, with all the eagerneſs of an Inamorato, not doubting but that my Charmer was talking about me. — And ſo indeed ſhe was, to a Female Companion. But as I may not perhaps do juſtice to the dear Creature's meaning, if I do not deliver it in her own Words, take them exactly as I heard them.

A Dialogue between Miſs *Bell Traplove* and Miſs *Jenny Ogle*.

Miſs T. My dear *Jenny*, tell me what I muſt do.

Miſs O. Why take *Belville*, to be ſure, and be thankful that you have got an offer, which half the

the Girls in Town would be ready to jump at. — What would you do?

Miss T. How can you ask, when you know I had hopes of Sir *Francis*? Sure I was bewitched to take *Lucy Sly*'s Advice; 'tis that which has undone me. 'Twas she a little jilt, who perſuaded me to drive *Belville* to a declaration, that ſhe might play her tricks with Sir *Francis*, but I will diſappoint her, I am reſolved, tho' I were certain to looſe them both.

Miss O. Then you don't like *Belville*?

Miss T. Like him, Child? Lard how you talk. Why this is not the queſtion. — Yes, I think him a pretty genteel, eaſy, ſenſible young Fellow, and believe he loves me ſincerely, but what is that to the purpoſe? He has no Title, and not above half Sir *Francis*'s Income. — Now I'll put the caſe, and leave you to judge. Suppoſe I take *Belville*, with the proſpect of a Family, we can't afford to keep any more than one Footman, and a Poſt-Chariot; and muſt never think of going to *London*; except for a month or two, juſt in the height of the Seaſon, in a ready-furniſhed Lodging, in which I muſt be cooped up in a ſcanty apartment, with only one entertaining Room, juſt like a Mantua-Maker, or an Under-Actreſs; and muſt ſkulk back again in an hurry, pretending that my Huſband's affairs, call him ſuddenly into the Country, and that I am ſuch a fond ſoul that I can't

can't live an hour without him; all to save the expence of inviting our Friends to take leave of us in Dinners, Suppers, and Parties at Cards; nay, and if I should be so miserably unfortunate as to have any Brats, we can't come up at all: for then your poor *Bell* must live penned up in the Mansion-House like a tame Pullet, dandling a great chopping Heir to the Estate, or training up a little Moppet of a Girl, who, as soon as she was fifteen would set up for herself, become my Rival, and fly in my face. Whereas, if I marry Sir *Francis*, my dear, things will have quite another air. I shall have an elegant House in *Grosvenor-Square*, and a set of Horses to hurry me down to *Gawdy-Hill*, where I should not think of going till there was not a creature left in Town, and then only for a Month or two, just to shew myself, and make the neighbouring Squires' and Justices' Wives ready to burst with envy, raise a hubbub in the Congregation by coming into Church an hour after the poor ratter'd Curate has waited to begin; then to make the Wretches stare till their Eye-strings crack, without any cap upon my head, or else in one six times as big as the common size. — But the highest joy would be in Town, *Jenny*; to have a Chair to carry me abroad from Noon to Midnight, two fellows *with poulaines* to run before me, two more to carry Messages half over the Town, together with Routs, Balls, Plays,

Plays, Operas, and Maſquerades, till my little head runs round. And now I pray, Child, which Huſband are you for? — No Woman I am ſure, who has the leaſt notion of the World, would heſitate a moment.

Miſs O. Why certainly Sir *Francis* is the beſt Match, but I don't find you are likely to have him.

Miſs T. No, that is the reaſon why I am ſo much diſtreſſed; but it is all owing to that Devil *Lucy.*

Miſs O. Why, has Sir *Francis* ever made a ſerious offer?

Miſs T. No, Child — that is the cauſe of my uneaſineſs. — Had he made any kind of offer, I ſhould have catched at it directly. But the Fellows are all mad, I believe; for my part, I ſwear, I have ſome doubts, whether there will be any marrying at all in a little time.

Miſs O. Why indeed I am of your mind; but yet, *entre nous*, my dear *Bell*, I always thought your hopes of Sir *Francis* would come to nothing. I never could ſee any Love-like Behaviour in him, I muſt own.

Miſs T. No Child, I know you never ſee any thing which every body elſe ſees; but I have ſuch proofs of his regard for me, as will not admit of a doubt. — Didn't he dangle after me every where? dance with me, ſing with me, laugh with me, and play the fool with me? Has he not carried

ried me to the Opera, given me Tickets to Concerts, lent me his Books and his Chariot, wrote Letters to me, and Verſes on me. — In ſhort, he has done every thing but what he ought to have done — that is, marry me.

Miſs O. Well, and becauſe he has not done that, I ſhall believe he never deſigned it.

Miſs T. Lard, *Jenny*, you are very ridiculous to night; I am ſure you can't tell what he deſigned. — Now I believe he *did* deſign it as much as I believe I am in this Garden, only that nonſenſical *Belville* was always thruſting himſelf in the way. I was fool enough to encourage him, becauſe *Lucy* told me, that was the only method to bring Sir *Francis* forward; but inſtead of that, I know he thinks I like *Belville* beſt, becauſe I could not help now and then coquetting a little with the odious thing: but I ſhall deteſt him for ever, if I can't recall Sir *Francis*.

Miſs O. I thought you intended to marry him.

Miſs T. So I do, but not unleſs Sir *Francis* is entirely loſt. You don't imagine, I hope, that I ſhall let them both ſlip through my fingers.

Miſs O. Indeed my dear *Bell* they will, if you don't look ſharp. I am ſure I have been trying and trying theſe ſeven years, ever ſince I was out of my Robe-Coat, to fix a Man, but to no purpoſe, though my Eyes have been as much admired as other Peoples; and I look upon dexterity in the management of the Eyes to be every thing.

thing. I am ſure I have ogled many a Man till he has not known what to do with himſelf.

Miſs T. Pſhaw, nonſenſe — well, if I loſe Sir *Francis*, I am ſure I can have *Belville* at any time, and he is better than nobody.

I had Patience to hear no more, Mr. BABBLE, but immediately quitted my hiding place, with a reſolution to diſappoint my ſanguine Nymph, and deſire you will publiſh this Letter for the benefit of all young Fellows in my ſituation, and believe me to be

Your very humble Servant,

BELVILLE.

NUMB. XXVII. *Saturday, September* 11, 1756.

One Letter from the Heart *is worth a thouſand from the* Head. ANON.

SINCE the Publication of my laſt Number, the following Letters came to my Hands, which are written with ſo much Spirit, that I will venture to make them public for the Benefit of my Readers. Here they are, without any farther Preface, Introduction or Apology.

To

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Esq;

Dear BABBLE,

P—— Hall, *Sept.* 6, 1756.

I am ſtill at *P—— Hall* from whence I ſent my laſt Letter to you; and when I ſhall be able to prevail on myſelf to withdraw from ſo enchanting a Spot, I cannot at preſent inform you.

We have a very agreeable Party: Sir *William D——*, his Brother *Jack*, Mrs. *F——*, and Miſs *R——*. By the addition of theſe Gentlemen and Ladies to our own Family (as I now call it) every hour in the day is moſt delightfully filled up.

P—— is itſelf extremely inviting without all this good Company; but though I am an enthuſiaſtic Admirer of Woods and Lawns, Hills and Dales, Trees and Flowers, and can ſpend a day or two with an infinite deal of Satisfaction *en Solitaire*; I am of a ſociable diſpoſition, nevertheleſs, and have a mortal averſion to an Hermitage.

Don't think, however, that I chuſe to live in a Crowd, becauſe I tell you I love Society; or that I am never happy but when I am half ſtunned with being talked to, or half ſuffocated by the cordial Embraces of a numerous Acquaintance.—No, my Friend,—I abhor a Crowd and a Noiſe; and could, notwithſtanding my fondneſs for Society, contentedly paſs a whole day by myſelf

myſelf, rather than ſpend the fourth part of an hour in *Weſtminſter Hall.*

I am not ſo fond of Company as to ſimper in the Drawing Room, or to herd among the Cringers at a Great Man's *Levee.* Nay, I have been often heartily ſick of a *Beauty's Rout.* I have been conſiderably incommoded by the ſudden, impetuous flirtation of a Hoop in a Side-Box, and the preſſure of a ſtiffen'd Brocade at a Ridotto, though the dear Wearer, or rather Supporter of it, had the face of a Cherubim.

You know I love Eaſe as I love my Life, and that the free, chearful chit-chat of a few picked Friends, is my dear delight. —I am at preſent ſituated entirely to my mind, and quite upon an agreeable footing; and to ſhew you that I am not ſurrounded by a parcel of empty Prates, I will tell you in what manner we employ ourſelves, and give you a ſmall ſketch of the Family I am with, and the Amuſements we follow.

I riſe early if the Weather is tempting, and ſtroll into the Garden, in order to digeſt, before Breakfaſt, what I heard the preceding Night.—But I am ſeldom there long, without being joined by *Jack D*—— and by Mrs. *R*——, who ſays if ſhe lies a-bed after *ſeven*, at this time of the year, ſhe is always puniſhed by terrifying Viſions.

As *we three* are violently fond of the Beauties of Nature, we peep into every Buſh, Thicket and Plant, in ſearch of Animalculas; and when

we

we ſtumble upon any curious or uncommon Creature, we convey it immediately to Mr. *H*——'s Repoſitory; where it is cloſely examined by the aſſiſtance of a Microſcope.

In this manner we generally amuſe ourſelves ſo long, that the remainder of the Family flock about us to know what we are doing. Sir *William* never fails to rally us for having ſo minute a Taſte, as he calls it, and Mrs. *H*—— frequently puts a ſtop to our Philoſophical Enquiries, by telling us that the Breakfaſt has waited above an hour for us.

When we have finiſhed our Morning-Repaſt, we retire to our favourite Occupations. Miſs *H*—— trips with her Work-Baſket to a little Bower in the Garden, canopied with Honeyſuckles and Jeſſamines, whom Miſs *R*—— accompanies with her Pencil, with which ſhe deſigns Flowers. Theſe Flowers her Companion copies with her Needle. — *Jack D*—— buſies himſelf in the Library for a couple of Hours, and then emerges with a Sonnet, an Epigram, or an Enigma, for the Amuſement of his Friends. Mrs. *F*—— entertains Sir *William* and *your humble*, with a Leſſon on the Harpſichord, which ſhe touches in a maſterly manner. Sometimes *we* read a favourite Author to *her* and Mrs. *H*—— while they are *flouncing* their Aprons and *puffing* their Caps.—Mr. *H*—— in the mean time, ſtrides

over

over his Grounds in his Cap and Slippers, followed by half a dozen black Spaniels.

At *Two* we all retire to our Dressing-Rooms, and at *Three* sit down to Dinner. When Dinner is over, our Jollity begins: we talk, laugh, romp, play, sing and dance, and finish not our Revels till the hour of Bed-time. Every body then parts in high Good-humour, and perfectly satisfied with the employment of the Day.

Sometimes, indeed, our Regularity is interrupted by Visits to fine Villas, or Places worth taking a View of, within a Day's Journey, and sometimes our sociable Neighbours are kind enough to join with us in an Evening-Ball.

I never saw a Card in the House. Cards are banished from our Society, for we look on them with eyes of abhorrence, and call them the Spoilers of Conversation.

Sometimes between Dinner and Supper we pitch upon a Subject, and canvass it with the utmost Freedom and Good-humour; and we are very often so warmly engaged, that the hour of Bed-time slips by unperceived.

Mrs. *F*—— is an able Disputant, and wrangles with as much fluency as if she had been accustomed to harangue in the publick Schools at an University. She is indeed so dexterous a Logician, and enlivens her Debates with so many witty strokes, that we often advance glaring absurdities, in order to spirit her up to confute us.

These

These little Contests are both amusing and instructive, because they give birth to a multitude of new Observations, and tend both to improve our Minds, and to better our Morals.

By the quickness and the manner of your Reply to this Letter, I shall easily know whether these advices from *P*——— meet with your Approbation, and whether you are desirous of receiving more from the same Place.

Yours, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Esq;

P——*Hall, Sept.* 9. 1756.

Do you want more News from this Place, my old Friend? Well then I'll gratify your curiosity without delay.

We were all in an uproar yesterday. Sir *William* had, by I know not what unwarrantable methods, made himself Master of Miss *H*———'s Closet, while she was abroad, and discover'd in it a sleeping Cupid, inimitably drawn by Miss *R*——. He seiz'd the drowsy God, and brought him down with an air of triumph, for our inspection, just as the beautiful *Designer* return'd from

a

a Walk, who ſhewed her reſentment in a very ſerious manner; and was warmly ſeconded by Miſs *H*——. The confuſion in which ſhe appear'd, and the bluſhes which glowed in her cheeks, while we admired the productions of her pretty fingers, and particularly commended the formation of this little Deity's Limbs, created no ſmall diverſion among us. Sir *William* ſwore ſhe was a compleat Miſtreſs of Anatomy, and muſt have cloſely attended *Hunter*'s Lectures. — *Jack D*—— immediately compoſed a Sonnet on the occaſion, which I can't ſend you, becauſe the furious fair one tore it into a thouſand pieces: there was indeed a little waggery in the concluſion of it, but it was penn'd with ſpirit. — Sir *William* however ſaid, he could remember every line of it, and vows it ſhan't be loſt, and that if he ſhould happen to forget a word, Mrs. *F*—— could aſſiſt his memory. — This Lady only anſwered with a nod. — *D*—— ſaid, that he would, out of revenge, write a Treatiſe on the employment of idle hours, for the uſe of the Ladies, and particularly recommended drawing at an Academy from Nature and the ſtudy of Anatomy, and the Human Figure from the Life in all ſorts of attitudes. Sir *William* intreated her to give him a living Copy, while the good natured Mrs. *H*—— pitied the ingenious Girl's confuſion, and told her Daughter *Betſy* not to leave her Cloſet unlock'd

lock'd again.— Raillery apart, it is a very elegant piece and we only laugh at her for concealing it so long from us. Mr. *H*——— came in, while we were in the midst of our merriment, and cried; Hey-day what's to be done now?— and when we shewed him the occasion of it, he said, "if I was in your place, Sir *William*, I would return and search the Closet thoroughly: a thousand to one but you find the living Model under some Chair or Stool; this must be drawn from the Life; there's certainly some handsome young Rogue conceal'd about the House."— Pray Mrs. *H*———, continued he to his Wife, look carefully after *Betty*'s Bedchamber.— These Speeches encreased our Mirth, and drove the poor Girl up stairs, breathing nothing but revenge: however we kept the Prize. In about half an hour Miss *R*——— came down, and with an humble tone intreated us not to shew the drawing to any body else, and told us if we would comply with her request, she would forgive all that had past. — After some Debates, we agreed to make her easy on these conditions: In the first place, that she wou'd freely communicate all the productions of her pencil: 2dly. that she would permit us to search the Closet, to see if there was not a Copy of a *Venus* from herself, or Miss *H*———; and 3dly, that she would endeavour to recollect *D*——'s Sonnet, and transcribe it. These Con-

ditions being agreed to, a Peace was immediately ſigned.

But a worſe affair than this happened not long afterwards. Mrs. *F*——— was caught in Mr. *H*———'s Library, very intent upon a huge, duſty Folio, which we fear will enable her to puzzle us all, by adding a great deal of ſtrength to her natural talents for argumentation. In ſhort, we expect to be drove out of the Pit. *Jack D*——— has tried, in vain, to convince her that Female Logicians are contemptible Creatures: and we have all aſſured her, that a Woman, formed like her, was never formed to ſit poring over muſty Volumes, but for better purpoſes. She only laughs at us, and boaſts of her literary acquiſitions.—After all, 'tis the Devil to have a Woman wiſer than one's ſelf: and if one ſhould happen to know as much as her, yet ſhe has ſuch a ſweet, inſinuating manner of diſcovering her knowledge, and contradicts you with ſuch a bewitching air, that a Man muſt be as cold as Ice, and a downright Cynic, who can attempt to ſilence her.

I intended to ſcribble a great deal more, but am prevented by Sir *William*, who tells me the Ladies are going to walk, and want a Convoy. They ſeiz'd him, threw away his Book, and will have him to the next Village: but he ſays he dares not truſt himſelf alone with three fine Women, and therefore inſiſts on my being of the Party. To-morrow is deſtin'd for my return to Town. I

want

want to ſee you much: yet ſhall leave *P*——— with regret, for I never ſpent three Weeks more agreeably in my Life.

Yours, &c.

NUMB. XXVIII. *Saturday, September* 18, 1756.

Venienti occurrite Morbo.

A Stitch in time ſaves Nine.

EVERY living Man conſiſts of two parts, a Soul and a Body, which like the Acid and Alkali of the Chymiſts, are continually raiſing inteſtine commotions among themſelves, and ſtruggling for ſuperiority, till one or the other quietly yields itſelf to Slavery. But as the Soul is of an immortal, immaterial Nature, and nearly allied to the Fountain of all Perfection, it may and does (if its powers are duly exerted) get the better of its mortal and material Antagoniſt. The Mouth, the Noſe, the Eyes, and all other the ſenſitive Organs of our Body (which Brutes have in common with us, only leſs elegantly and refinedly conſtructed) are by inſtinctive Sympathy attracted by Taſtes, Smells, Objects, &c. All theſe Organs, as they poſſeſs qualities, properties

in ſenſations immediately requiſite for the good Oeconomy and Repair of our earthly Tabernacles, ſo are they but too apt (unleſs the Soul interpoſes, and ties them down to a temperate allotment) to enjoy them all with ſo little caution, that the pleaſure of fruition is ſoon palled by ſatiety. All the various ills that "Fleſh is heir to," together with the decay and diſſolution of the corporeal Frame, are the neceſſary, the certain conſequences reſulting from an injudicious purſuit of ſenſual gratifications.

A Man rarely plunges himſelf into theſe gratifications, rarely commences a Fornicator, a Glutton, or a Drunkard, all at once. — No; he receives frequent, though ineffectual remonſtrances from his Reaſon, and feels within his Breaſt conſcientious palpitations, till by living day after day, and year after year, like a Beaſt, he infects and ſenſualizes his very Soul, and neither eats, drinks, nor acts like a human Creature.

Of the many vicious extremes to which Mortality, frail mortality, is liable, there is ſcarce any one that ſteals upon us more imperceptibly, and is more flattering in its advances, or more fatal in its effects, than Drunkenneſs. Other Vices, though they are attended with many pernicious conſequences afford a few temporary ſatisfactions; but *this*, even its warmeſt Votaries muſt confeſs, has little or none of the latter. Inſtead of Chearfulneſs and ſocial Felicity, it is the Parent of madneſs; it

ſtrikes

ſtrikes directly at the Root of Health, and makes the Throne of Reaſon totter from its Baſis. In ſhort, it is not only a moſt ſwiniſh, irrational Vice in itſelf, but the acknowledged cauſe of many other.—I mean not to baniſh from the genial Repaſt, the heart-cheering livelineſs of Feſtivity, which a few glaſſes promote; the Juice of the Grape, when adminiſter'd from the Cup of Temperance, as an innocent, grateful and ſalutary Potion. 'Tis Exceſs only which adulterates it, and renders it a deadly Poiſon.

That my Readers may the better diſcern, with what more than magic Enchantment this Dæmon gains an Aſcendant over us, by artful approaches and unperceived gradations, I ſhall beg leave to illuſtrate Precept by Example.

Shah *Solyman* left two Sons, *Mirza-Abbas* and *Huſſein*, (whom he had by different Women) both capable of filling the *Perſian* Throne in his ſtead. *Huſſein* was his Father's Favourite, but had a leſs degree of perſonal Merit. He was tolerably handſome, but his Legs were hideouſly miſhapen: he was moreover ſplay-footed, unambitious, addicted to Retirement, and had a Mind tinged with all the gloomineſs of Devotion. He had many Virtues becoming a good *Man*, but not thoſe qualifications neceſſary to make a good Prince, much leſs a *great* one. *Mirza*, on the contrary, had all the qualities requiſite to make an illuſtrious Monarch. Shah *Solyman*, when he

found himſelf at the point of Death, was ſo divided between his affection for the one, and the merit of the other, that he left it to the chief of his Eunuchs, who then held the greateſt ſhare in the Government, to chuſe a Succeſſor to the vacant Throne. The Election of a Succeſſor being thus left to Perſons, whoſe Intereſt it was to chuſe him who was fitteſt, not *to govern*, but *to be governed*, *Mirza* was excluded, and *Huſſein* placed upon the Throne, to which the intrigues of his Grandmother by the Mother's ſide (who had undertaken to make him obedient to the Eunuchs) greatly contributed to raiſe him.

Though *Huſſein*'s gentle Temper, narrow Spirit, and almoſt natural Incapacity for buſineſs, were the qualities that recommended him to the choice of Eunuchs, yet they could not think themſelves perfectly ſure of him, unleſs they had plunged him into Debauchery. But the firſt Action of his Reign ſeemed to have broken all their meaſures. As he was poring over the *Coran* (the only Book he took delight in) he ſtarted at the paſſage in which the uſe of Wine was forbidden, and immediately prohibited the Drinking of it: and ſet the firſt Example himſelf, by cauſing all his Wine-Veſſels to be publickly ſtaved to pieces. Every body was alarmed at the ſeverity of an Edict which aboliſhed a Cuſtom that had long been univerſally practiſed, notwithſtanding the Injunctions of the Founder of their Religion

But

But the Eunuchs were alarmed on another account; for they well knew that a temperate Monarch would not be always led by the nose.

'Tis neceſſary to acquaint ſome of my Readers, that the Shah's Children are always kept confined in the Haram, where they are only allowed to quench their thirſt with Water or Sherbet. *Huſſein*, having been ſo confined, had never drank any Wine. The Eunuchs, imagining that if they could but bring him, by ſome ſtratagem, to taſte that Liquor, he would not afterwards be ſo ſcrupulous about the uſe of it, contrived this Expedient. They eaſily won over his Grandmother to facilitate their Deſigns. She feigned herſelf ſick, and when the King came to viſit her, told him that Wine was the only Remedy that could cure her, and begged with great earneſtneſs, that, if he had any regard for her, he would permit her to taſte it for the preſervation of her Life. Frighten'd at the dangerous Illneſs of a Perſon to whom, in a great meaſure, he owed his Crown, he immediately ſent a Slave to procure ſome: which being found with great difficulty, the King poured it into a Cup, and with his own hands preſented it to his Grandmother. The crafty Dame refuſed it, inſinuating that ſhe could not reſolve to taſte a drop, unleſs the King firſt applied the Cup to his Lips: that as to the precept in the *Coran*, it did not affect Perſons, who, according to a *Perſian* Maxim, were ſubject to no

Law, and could therefore commit no Crime. "I am very ſenſible, added ſhe artfully, that "nothing but Wine can repair the broken ſprings "of Life, but will rather ſubmit to the ſtroke "of Death, than pollute my Lips with that Li-"quid, till you have encouraged me to taſte it, "by firſt taſting it yourſelf." The good-natur'd Prince moved by her Words, and the perſwaſive manner with which ſhe utter'd them, could not withhold his conſent, but emptied a large Cup, to ſhew the ſincerity of his affection, which inſpired him with a vivacity he never experienced before, and intoxicated him ſo much, that he became gradually from that moment, a complete Drunkard. By this means, the Eunuchs made his Majeſty and the Empire, entirely ſubſervient to them.

After having travelled to *Perſia* for one inſtance of the ill conſequences of Drunkenneſs, I ſhall return to my dear native Iſland for another. My late Friend *Jeremy Carbuncle*, Woollen-Draper, was, at that time we were Schoolfellows, ſo univerſally noted for his ſingular temperance, that till he departed for the Univerſity, in the one and twentieth year of his age, he never drank any Liquor but Water, pure Water. His Complexion was clear and ſanguine, his Spirits free and lively, his Limbs active and robuſt. — But I had the mortification to perceive a viſible alteration in my friend *Jerry*, when he came to ſettle in Town, after

after having ſpent five years at *Oxford*, ſo chang-ed, ſo modernized was his outward Man, that I could not perceive the leaſt glimpſe of his o-riginal figure. His countenance, indeed, was of a ruddy caſt, ſomewhat inclinable to be purple, but exceſſively bloated, and dotted with a multi-tude of frightful eruptions. I could not but enquire into the cauſe of his uncouth appearance. — "I'll "tell you, my Friend, ſaid he, with a great "deal of frankneſs. — They are the Memoran-"dums of my repeated boozing-bouts at College. "—I lately made a general muſter of the Puſ-"tules, and found them fifty-ſeven in number, "which tallied exactly with the account I kept "of thoſe ſame *Bouts*." I adviſed him to en-deavour to put the whole Body to flight, by call-ing in the aſſiſtance of his old Acquaintance Doctor *Simple Water*. He ſhook his head, and ſaid he was ſorry his Guilt ſtared him in the face, but told me, at the ſame time, that he could not en-tertain any thoughts of obeying my admonitions, becauſe his Journey to *London* was in order to *force a Trade*; and becauſe a Tradeſman, he ſaid, could never drive a good Bargain without a Bottle at his Elbow. A few months after theſe reſolutions, I met him at a Coffee-houſe — he had then *eighty*, and I ſoon after heard with concern, that the gradual addition of twenty more, (which made them an even hundred) joined to the Doctor's preſcriptions for the removal of them, had meta-

morphoſed my Friend *Jerry* into a lifeleſs and ghaſtly Corpſe. I was earneſtly requeſted, in his laſt Will and Teſtament, to write an Epitaph for his Tomb-ſtone; accordingly, with a little Heſitation, (for I am not accuſtomed to this ſpecies of Compoſition) I ſent the following one to the Sculptor.

To the Memory
OF
MR. JEREMIAH CARBUNCLE,
WOOLLEN-DRAPER,
WHO DIED
IN THE PRIME OF MANHOOD,
A MARTYR,
(Not to Religion, Virtue, or his Country)
BUT
TO THE FIERY AND INFERNAL RAGE
OF
SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

NUMB. XXIX. *Saturday, September* 25, 1756.

Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
POPE.

THE variations which are perpetually making by Faſhion in the Habiliments of the Fair Sex, almoſt perſuade me, that *Solomon* ſpoke with

with too much precipitation when he ſaid there was nothing new under the Sun: but I ſuppoſe Women, in that wiſe Monarch's days, either had no inclination or no opportunity to appear during the circulation of four and twenty hours, in as many different Dreſſes. By the Edicts of all-powerful *Faſhion*, the Decrees of Nature are reverſed, and the Remonſtrances of Reaſon are cancelled: and her fair Votaries may expoſe their Charms in what manner they pleaſe, without dreading the prudent reprehenſions of *Decorum*.

Dreſs was originally intended for the Preſervation of the Body, to ſhelter it from the inclemencies of the Weather: to render it agreeable as well as beneficial, was an after-thought, and in this improved, and hourly improving Age, both Sexes unanimouſly agree to think more of Ornament than Uſe in the Choice of their Apparel.

As I intend this Paper for the Emolument of my fair Readers, to them chiefly ſhall I addreſs the following Obſervations.

Not a great while ago *long Shades* made their appearance, from whence ſoon afterwards *ſhort-ones* ſprung: theſe were ſucceeded by the *long Cardinal* with pigeon-holes, which was ſucceeded by the *lapelled one*, which was ſucceeded by the *tied-up one*; and the *Roman Mantle*, of the *Pompadour-Hue*, is now the Mantle moſt adored: but I ima-

gine it will be ſoon depoſed by the *Ruſſian Furs*. A female Acquaintance of mine told me yeſterday; that the *Dutch Mantle* would, next ſpring, be the darling of every fine Lady in Town.—— The Gown, Cap, Ruffles, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. almoſt daily paſs through Transformations.

If you aſk the Cauſe of theſe Revolutions, and this Paſſion for Mutability in female Minds: the Anſwer is ſhort—an improper Education.

The modern fine Lady of Quality initiates her Daughter into all the Myſteries of the Toilet as ſoon as ſhe can make her comprehend them, inſtead of endeavouring to inſtruct her in all the valuable branches of domeſtic knowledge. And while ſhe teaches her, with indefatigable induſtry, how to ſet off her Perſon to the greateſt advantage, leaves her Mind totally uncultivated, or what is worſe, fills it only with Cards, Ribbons, Muffs, Tippets, and ſuch kind of Furniture, and ſuffers it, to be over-run with the noxious Weeds of Pride, Vanity, and Self-Conceit. A Girl educated in this faſhionable Manner is a ridiculous Compoſition. Such a Girl is *Altimira*.

Altimira riſes about Noon, after having taken her Chocolate in bed, huddles on her Cloaths, and, if the Weather is tolerable, trips from Houſe to Houſe till ſhe has picked up all the gay Girls and ſmart young Fellows ſhe can meet with, and then flies with them from Shop to Shop, runs over a million of pretty things, gives a *vaſt* deal o

trouble

trouble, makes a *monſtrous* noiſe, giggles exceſſively, and then hurries home to dreſs for Dinner. Sometimes ſhe diverts herſelf with her giddy Companions at an Auction, where ſhe diſcovers her Taſte in oriental Baubles, Chineſe Nick-nacks, Cockle-ſhells and Butterflies. At other times ſhe ſtrolls with them to the *Park*, to laugh at all the *awkward Wretches*.

If GARRICK's *ſweet Name* graces her Play-Bill, away goes *John* to ſecure Places: for ſhe never miſſes a Night when the *dear Creature* is to be ſeen. — She is an excellent Stage Critic, and can tell you who pronounces a Speech with moſt theatrical Judgment: but ſhe is as deaf as an Adder to the pious Elocution of a TYRRICK or a BRUCE. She paſſes her Days and Nights in a continual Round of Amuſement; and if ſhe happens to have an odd half hour upon her hands, flounces an apron, fancies a *whim Habit* for the Maſquerade, ſchemes a Party for *Brag*, or careleſly turns over the empty Pages of a modern Novel.

The Wife of a petty Tradeſman too often imitates the Manners of the Lady of a Peer, and, by giving her Daughter a high-finiſhed Education, infuſes an improper Taſte into her, and ſpoils her for the Sphere ſhe was born to act in. *Miſs* is taught what Colour beſt ſuits her Complexion, what Looks are moſt becoming, what Smiles moſt alluring, what Motions moſt enchanting,

chanting, and what Airs moſt inviting. She is perpetually told, that ſhe is a *ſweet pretty figure*, and will certainly make her fortune; that it is a *diſgrace*, a *ſhocking thing* to be ſeen working, like a Chamber-Maid, or doing any ſort of family-buſineſs. She is ſuffered to frequent *Hops*, *Gardens*, and *Play-houſes*, till her Perſon is too well known to attract the admiration ſhe expects. The moſt expenſive Pleaſures, becauſe thoſe only ſhe is taught to reckon the moſt polite, are diligently procured for her, and by being frequently procured, become neceſſary to her Happineſs. While ſhe is roving from Amuſement to Amuſement, with levity and unconcern, her Father, whoſe Trade is the only ſupport of her extravagant Taſte, is perhaps ſeized by a Bailiff, or ſnatched away by Death. Miſs then becomes ſenſible of the Folly of her Parents, in educating her unſuitably to her ſtation. She is abſolutely as unfit, as ſhe is unwilling to be a Servant, and therefore chuſes rather to lead a Life of Proſtitution.

As a Well-wiſher to the fair Sex, I hold up the Mirror of Truth to them: I heartily wiſh I may not hold it up in vain. Mothers, I hope, will be particularly ſtudious to make their Daughters liſten to the ſalutary Inſtructions of Prudence, in the Morning of Life, and look upon the Education of them as a thing of the utmoſt importance. —— They ſhould be extremely careful to guard

guard them againſt thoſe Errors and Follies which are moſt incidental to the Female Sex; Vanity, fondneſs of Parade, Conqueſts, and Diverſions.

The ſeeds of *Vanity* cannot be rooted out of the Mind too ſoon: A Woman who is inclinable to have too high an opinion of her perſonal Qualifications, ſhould conſider, that the fineſt face will fade and make a contemptible figure, when impaired by years, if contraſted with a young and blooming one. She, therefore, who is only ſolicitous to make the Beauties of her Face permanent, cannot expect to be ſo long admired as the Woman who, conſcious of the Precariouſneſs of perſonal Charms, ſtudies to acquire a numerous train of intellectual accompliſhments.

Fondneſs of Parade, and an exceſſive accuracy with regard to *Dreſs*, are generally accompanied with ſo much *diſſipation*, and decoy a Woman into ſo many foibles, that I think no Female, under their influence, can make a ſhining figure on the World's great Stage. The bad effects of theſe Paſſions are very numerous.—They make a Woman ſhamefully miſpend her leiſure hours, fill her breaſt with Envy and Jealouſy, put her thoughts continually into a Flutter, and by making her attentive to Trifles, hinder her from attending to Things of Importance.—Many Families have been thrown into the utmoſt Confuſion; and many reduced to the utmoſt Wretchedneſs by theſe pernicious, mind-infecting Paſſions.

As

As to Diverſions, every Mother ſhould I think indulge her Daughter a Taſte of them, and carry her to all Public Places, which are frequented by the Beau-monde, who aſſociate for each other's Improvement or Amuſement. This Taſte ſhould be a little encouraged, becauſe, by a moroſe Prohibition of theſe things, the appetite is whetted, but if moderately allowed, theſe Amuſements become leſs tempting.

One of the earlieſt Faculties which ought to be cultivated in female Children, is the Imagination; becauſe it is there the Ideas are impreſſed, by which their Taſte is formed, and by which their future conduct is in a great meaſure determined; the Ideas of Rectitude and Turpitude, Beauty and Deformity, Decency and Indecorum. She who is truly deſirous of ſeeing her Daughter appear in an amiable Light, will inform her betimes what is really winning and becoming, beautiful and attractive in perſonal decorations, and exterior ornaments. She will endeavour to convince her, that there is a *je ne ſçai quoi* in Dreſs far ſuperior to the richneſs of Cloathing, the glitter of Jewels, and the glare of Colours. She will tell her, that it lies rather in the adjuſtment of the materials, than in the magnificence of the materials themſelves. She will tell her alſo how abſurd it is to be anxious about the outward form, and at the ſame time diſregardful of that kind of Behaviour, which throws a Luſtre upon every

other

other Ornament, and which every Woman ought to regard as the peculiar Charm of her Sex. — This characteristical Charm is DECENCY.

NUMB. XXX. *Saturday, October 2, 1756.*

GOD with Reason makes us join to own,
That 'tis not good for Man to be alone.
STILLINGFLEET.

AS I am of a sociable disposition, I enjoy those hours with the highest relish which are spent in Conversation. It is *that* from which the many sweet Civilities of Life arise: it is a mutual Interchange of Sentiments and Affections, which connects us together, and strengthens the Alliances between us. — Conversation is one of the most valuable privileges belonging to Humanity, and Life would have few pleasures without it. The more delicate we are in the choice of our Companions, the more delight we shall receive from their Conversation. But we may be too nice, too delicate, and thereby lose a great deal of Entertainment. An over squeamish Person, will, by the generality of the World, be thought affected and supercilious. — Such squeamishness is not to be defended, because we may sometimes

proving

proving hints from those who seem not to be capable of affording them. — The most detestable Men may be serviceable to us, by making us not only wish, but endeavour to be, directly opposite to them.

As I was taking my usual Walk towards *Buckingham-House*, I was accosted by my old Friend *Tom Pleasant*. *Tom* is a jolly Fellow, and loves good cheer, his supreme delight is to make an Entertainment, and invite all his Acquaintance to partake of it. — With this View he clapped me on the shoulder, and cried, "Ha, ha BABBLE, I am glad I have met with Thee. You must promise to dine with me to day: I shall have the finest Contrast you ever saw. — Contrast? my Friend, said I, pray what Dish is that? — but you *bon-vivans* have so many ways of disguising the commonest things, that I scarce know what to call for at your Table. *Tom*'s first reply to this Speech was a horse-laugh. After shaking his sides a few minutes, he said, Well — sure there are no People in the World so ignorant as your Authors. They are always ten times longer than other Men in comprehending your meaning — But I ask your pardon, dear BABBLE: the Contrast I mean is not *Mensal* (to speak learnedly), but *Mental*, and will be no bad Plan for Comedy. I have had a fine haunch of Venison lately sent me, and that we may not want sauce to our meat, I have invited *Toby Riot* a *dedilish good Blood*,

Blood, and that delicate little Animal *Dicky Dyzlip* has promiſed to pick a bit with me, if he can bear the motion of a *Chair*. Before I could make a reply to this hearty invitation, three or four of *Tom*'s Intimates ſurrounded him, and gave me an opportunity, after nodding Conſent, to make my Eſcape. As I always have had a ſtrong Paſſion for humour, even from my boyiſh Days, I was pleaſed with the thoughts of having it gratified, and made my appearance in Mr. *Pleaſant*'s dining-room at the hour appointed, where I found *Toby* ready to attack the Haunch *totis viribus*. But *Dicky*'s ſweet Phiz was not viſible. As *Toby*'s appetite was very keen, and as *Tom* ſat on the tenterhooks of impatience to have the ſport begin, they made no ſcruple to curſe the pretty fellow very cordially for making them wait. *Toby*, while we were in a ſtate of Expectation, amuſed us with an account of bruiſing matches and nocturnal Frolics: and enumerated with an infinite deal of humour how many Watchmen and Conſtables he had knocked down, how many Lamps he had demoliſhed, how many Women of the Town he had dragged from their Holes at Midnight, and how many Windows he had cracked with Farthings. When he had finiſh'd his extraordinary Narration, *Dyelip*, three quarters of an hour too late, tripped into the Room upon his Toes. This dear Creature was not above four feet and a half high, and made himſelf ſtill ſhorter, by ſtoop-

ing

ing as if he had got the Belly-ach. His Face was as pale as Aſhes, his Hands as white as a Sheet, and his Legs like Catſticks. His Cloaths however were ſilk, very neatly made, and his Hair was *moſt delightfully* powdered. — *Tom* told him, he was amazed he could make his Friends wait ſo long for him, adding, that he was ſure the Veniſon muſt be ſpoilt. " Why I vow, Mr. *Pleaſant*, ſaid *Dicky*, I am quite aſhamed of myſelf, but really I was ſo ill in the Morning that I was uncertain whether I ſhould be able to wait on you, and am but this moment got off the Bed." — " What, have you been on the Bed, Sir, with that powder puff, ſaid *Riot*, with his uſual roughneſs. — O no, Sir replied *Dicky*, I forgot: I vow I grow quite forgetful — No, no: my Head was dreſſed afterwards: that made me ſo late." — We then ſat down to Table: but *Dicky* complained of ſuch a Wind in his Neck from a Door into the next Room, that Mr. *Pleaſant* deſired *Riot* to change ſeats with him. Not I, by *Jupiter*, cried *Toby*, what, do you take your Friend to have ſuch a paper ſkull, that it will be blown away by a breath of air? This boiſterous Reply made poor *Dicky* fidget moſt ſorrowfully in his Chair. He took a cambrick handkerchief out of his Pocket, and tied it over his head. As ſoon as the Haunch appear'd, *Dicky* clapp'd a ſmelling bottle to his Noſtrils, *proteſted* he was quite overcome with the ſight of ſuch a prodigious load of Fleſh, and

intreated my Friend to help him to a very thin little piece, as he did not know whether he could bring himself to taste such strong meat. *Tom* then recommended plenty of currant sauce to him, but *Toby* had unfortunately poured it all on his Plate: out of the excess of his Good-nature, however he with a large spoon scraped some out of his own Plate into *Dicky*'s, well incorporated with Fat, Gravy, French Beans and Butter. This piece of Indelicacy shocked *Dyeup* excessively. He rose from the Table, ran to the Window, and after having reached a little, returned to his chair, vowing that he was as sick as Death, and could never endure the sight of any thing upon Table larger than a small Chicken. "Why, what the Devil, Sir, cried *Riot*, were you not invited to dine upon a Haunch of Venison, if you knew you were so plaguy squeamish, you should have stay'd away,"—"O dear, cried *Dicky*, I could not have thought that any body would have brought up a whole Limb of any beastly Creature. I imagined it would be ragoued or fricassied, or at least that there would have been a dish of soup for the first Course with *entre mets* and *petit patees*."—"I have nothing to do with your *Kickshaws*, said *Tom*, I thought a Haunch of Venison and French Beans, with a hot butter'd Apple-pye, was a very good Dinner."—"Aye, cried *Riot*, the best Dinner in the Universe, and he who offers to say no, shall eat half the Pye upon the point of my *Toledo*."

Poor

Poor *Dye-lip* ſhrunk at this menace, and fearing to declare his averſion any farther, only called for a clean plate: and deſired me, as I looked, he ſaid, like a decent kind of Man, to cut him a piece about as big as half a Crown, with which he piddled, while *Toby* eat Slice after Slice an Inch thick, ſwearing it was one of the fineſt Bucks he had taſted this Seaſon. When the Apple-pye was cut open, *Dicky*, being afraid of having his Plate loaded with it, deſired the Servant to help him to a clean Tea-ſpoon, with which he was making ſome efforts to eat, when *Tom* intreated us to taſte his *Madeira*, before we encounter'd the Pye.—A good motion by *Jupiter*, cry'd *Toby*: lead the way, my Boy, and I'll follow thee, if thou haſt a mind to pay a viſit to the *Devil* himſelf in his Brimſtone Territories.—When the Glaſs came to *Dicky*, he ſipped the Liquor, and made as ſour a Face, as if he had been going to ſwallow a purgative potion.—*Toby* obſerved his Looks, and ſwore in a tremendous manner, that he would not let him flinch after Dinner.—"I'll ſee juſtice done to the Bumper, by *Jupiter*, ſaid he.—The remainder of our Dinner went off pretty quietly, but when the Fruit appeared, *Dicky* could not be perſuaded to crack any Filberts: ſaying, that he had broken a quarter of one of his Side-Teeth by trying to crack a Walnut; and that he never taſted any kind of Nuts till his Maid had prepared them. This Excuſe made

made *Riot* laugh vehemently. "I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſaid he ſneeringly, Mrs. *Betty* ſerves you in all Capacities. — A handy Girl, by *Jupiter*, is mighty convenient: but half of thoſe Wenches, pox take them, want to be waited on themſelves. But whenever I find ſuch ſort of Cattle giving themſelves Airs, I generally kick them out of the Room, and by that means have a freſh Girl twice a Week." — "O law, ſaid *Dicky*, I could not bear a ſtrange Perſon about me: I ſhould feel ſo awkward with a Woman I had not been uſed to." — Oons, Sir, cried *Riot*, why do you lie with the ſame Woman every Night?" "—O law, O dear, ſaid *Dicky*, you are miſtaken indeed — I keep my Maid only to wait on me, and dreſs me — to help me to ſtarch my Linen, and tuck me up at Night. Fellows are ſo robuſt I can't bear them." The Devil take your Delicacy, cried *Riot*, but come — here is King *George*'s health in a Brimmer. — Indeed Sir, cried *Dyelip*, I can't poſſibly ſwallow ſuch an ocean of Liquor. — What, refuſe his Majeſty's health, cried *Riot* — Fire and Furies. — Why then, cried the Beau, trembling like an aſpen leaf, let me daſh it with a little Water — Water, Sir? drink the King's health in Water, cried *Toby*, flat Treaſon by *Jupiter* — But you are ſome ſneaking half ſtarved *Jacobite*, or elſe you would not have propoſed ſuch an affront — But let me ſee you gulph it down directly, or I'll daſh you to the Devil. — The frighted *Popinjay* vowed, that

that if he complied he ſhould not exiſt to take another draught, becauſe he was as ſick as Death. — Why then, cried his Tormentor, you may as well die by Poiſon as by the Sword, for I ſwear I will ſuffer no Man to eſcape the point of mine, who refuſes to drink the King's health as he ought to do. — *Dicky* then applied the Glaſs to his Lips, ſipped a little, and ſet it down: while *Riot* ſtood over him with his drawn Sword, and *Tom* rolled from ſide to ſide convulſed with Laughter. — With many heaves and wry faces, *Dicky* at laſt got to the bottom, and as ſoon as he had recovered himſelf from the *immenſa fatigue*, begg'd Mr. *Pleaſant* to ſend for a Chair, declaring he never drank any thing with his Meals, but Milk, Water, or lukewarm weak Green Tea. — This Declaration increaſed *Tom*'s Convulſions, and *Toby*'s Choler, who told him, with a volley of Oaths, that he was the moſt obſtinate Milk-ſop he ever met with; that kicking was too good a puniſhment for him, and that he deſerved to be toſt in a Blanket. — As *Toby* ſquinted at me, when he concluded his Speech, I followed Mr. *Dyelip* down ſtairs, not chuſing, for the ſake of being thought a deviliſh clever fellow, to be converted into a Corpſe.

NUMA.

NUMB. XXXI. *Saturday, October* 9, 1756.

Ride ſi ſapis.

Laugh if you are wiſe.

SPECTACLES, I humbly conceive, were originally intended by the ſagacious Inventor of them, to aid and aſſiſt thoſe Eyes which might be weakened and rendered uſeleſs by Sickneſs or by Age, by Nature, or by unexpected Misfortunes. To theſe reſtrictions they were for many Years confined, but as the veteran Spectacles were found, in proceſs of time, to be inconſiſtent with the ſofter texture of modern Noſes, a ſort of demi-ſpectacle or ſingle Perſpective was invented, which has not the leaſt communication with that important Feature, and is made uſe of indiſcriminately by thoſe whoſe Eyes ſtand in need of optical auxiliaries, and thoſe who can enjoy the pleaſures of Sight without them.—If the Mother of young *Lippus* could be permitted to reviſit this World, and ſee her darling Boy ogling at the Opera-Houſe, and other public Places, and ſeemingly very attentive to every object within the ken of his Glaſs, would ſhe not be ready to exclaim in this manner? "Alaſs, my Son, what

dreadful calamity has deprived Thee of perfect Sight? little would she imagine, poor Woman, that his Eyes are still possest of the same acuteness as ever, and that on this very account the Glass which he uses, instead of exhibiting the Object gazed at more distinctly to his View, really obstructs his Sight, and renders every thing towards which it is directed absolutely imperceptible. It gives him, however, an opportunity to display the Sparkler on his Finger, and to wriggle his Body into a thousand enchanting Attitudes, whilst he reconnoitres the Company. I doubt not but my very polite Readers have frequently noticed this fluttering purblind Youth in different Parts of the Town. At the Play-House he generally takes his Stand upon the Stage, or in the Side-Boxes. Sometimes, indeed, I have recognized his pretty Phiz in that vulgar Place the Two-shilling Gallery, but then he was incog; and consequently neither shewed his Brilliant, nor his Perspective.

Dick Secondsight (a young Templar of my Acquaintance) has a pair of such excellent Eyes, that he is able to read the smallest Print without the assistance of any optical Instrument; nay he can even decypher the almost-indecypherable *Opinions* of Counsellor ——, at a considerable Distance. I have catched him sometimes hard at his studies by Moon-light, when he has been at a loss to procure a Candle.—Yet, follow this quick-sighted

ſighted Gentleman to *George's*, and you will be aſtoniſhed; for as ſoon as he takes up a *Paper* his Sight fails him: his demi-ſpectacles immediately unſheathed and elevated, by the help of which, my Friend *Richard* is juſt able, after a great deal of poring and attention, to take in all the parts of a political Paragraph.

It is the ſupreme Pride of the *Spaniards* (to whom I believe we are primarily indebted for this uſeful Implement) to have received from their prudent Anceſtors a certain form and method in their Habit, and every thing elſe, which is perfectly accommodated to their Climate and their Humour. As the Mode of Dreſs, therefore, has continued invariably the ſame in that Country, I ſhall take the liberty to inſert an Account of Spectacle Wearing, as it prevailed among its Inhabitants in the Year 1722.

" The firſt time I waited on the Princeſs of " *Monteleon*, (ſays my Hiſtorian) I was ſurprized " to ſee ſo many young Ladies with great Specta- " cles on their Noſes: but what appeared moſt " unaccountable was, that they *made no uſe of* " *them where they were really neceſſary.* They " only converſed together, while they had them " on. I was confounded at the ſight, and im- " parted my ſentiments to the Marchioneſs *de la* " *Roſa.* She ſmiled at my Embarraſment, and " told me that the Intention of wearing them " was to give an Air of Gravity to the Counte-

" nance, and to attract, by this means, vene-
" ration and respect. Do you see that Lad, ?
" says the Marchioness; I don't believe she ever
" left them off, except at Bed-time, since she
" was ten Years old. In short, the Men and
" Women eat with their Spectacles on, and even
" in their Assemblies, and the Streets are seldom
" without them. Nay, I have heard, there are
" different Spectacles, according to the different
" Qualities and Degrees of People.—As a Man's
" Income increases, he enlarges the size of his
" Spectacles, and destines them to a station high-
" er up his Nose. Those worn by the Gran-
" dees, being of an unusual breadth, are called
" *Oculos* for distinction. Some years ago, they
" had their Glasses from *Venice*, but three Per-
" sons having undertaken to make the King of
" *Spain* Master of that City, by firing the Arse-
" nal with Burning-Glasses, the *Venetians*, by
" way of Revenge, caused a vast number of
" these *Oculos* to be made, and dispatched them
" to their Ambassador at *Madrid*. He presented
" them to the Court, and every Person who made
" use of them endangered his Eye-sight, for they
" were formed, with exquisite Art, and set in
" frames of combustible matter, which with a
" single Ray of the Sun would put all in a Flame.
" It happened on a grand Council-day, that in
" the Chamber wherein the Members were all
" seated in solemn Order, one of the Windows

" was

" was left open, and the Sun darting, almoſt in " a vertical Line, on their Spectacles, they ſud- " denly perceived a dangerous fire contrived a- " gainſt their Eye-brows. This *Phænomenon* put " the old Gentlemen into a terrible Conſterna- " tion. The whole Synod capered about in a " great deal of confuſion, and thus ended the " weighty buſineſs of that Day."

But to return. I have heard that the majority of my Countrymen affect to be purblind for the ſame reaſon that *Alexander*'s Courtiers held their Necks awry; — but if a compliment is in reality the reaſon, our Poſterity may by the ſame Rule chop off a Leg or an Arm, or demoliſh a Noſe, if their Prince ſhould be unfortunately deprived of one of them.—Jeſting apart, however, I am well aſſured that our R——l Family are not in the leaſt pleaſed with ſo ridiculous a piece of Complaiſance, and would be very much inclined to put a ſtop to the ſpreading contagion, if it did not ſo happily contribute to the encouragement of the Glaſs-Manufacture. I am a ſtrenuous well-wiſher to all uſeful Manufactures, particularly the above-mentioned one, but this is ſo ludicrous a Faſhion, that I cannot check the deſire I have to ſet it in a ludicrous light. I do therefore ordain, by virtue of theſe Preſents, that, if any Girl or Woman, under the Age of twenty-five, and any Stripling under the Age of forty Years, do preſume to wear *Spectacles* or *Demi-Spectacles*,

after the Feaſt of St. *Michael* the Archangel, vulgarly called *Michaelmas-Day*, next enſuing (unleſs He, She, or They can ſhew juſt and reaſonable cauſe to the contrary) He, She, or They ſo offending, ſhall be ſtigmatized with the odious Title of Old Women, and conſidered as a diſtinct Species from ſuch poor Wretches who are by Age or Infirmities unavoidably neceſſitated to have recourſe to them. And be it further enacted by the Authority aforeſaid, that ſuch Offender or Offenders be looked upon by every body with the ſame Contempt, Deriſion, and Abhorrence, that Old Women are generally treated with.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Eſq.

In medio tutiſſimis ibis. OVID.

The middle way is ſafeſt.

SIR,

YOU promiſed to publiſh a few animadverſions on that important Part of a fine Lady's Paraphernalia, commonly called the Hoop; but I muſt beg the favour of you to inſert the following Eſſay on the ſame Subject.

The

The ſtrange abuſe of that Machine called a Hoop, occaſions ſo many inconveniences to both Sexes, that I think it ought entirely to be aboliſhed: or reſtored to its original Deſign, which as it is ſtill retained among the formal *Spaniards* with little alteration, I here communicate for the Entertainement of the Curious.

" The *Spaniſh* Ladies ſome years ago wore a Farthingal of prodigious bigneſs. This Faſhion was extremely incommodious to themſelves as well as to others; and the Doors of their Houſes were ſcarce wide enough to admit them. They were obliged on this account to leave it off entirely, except at Court in the Royal Preſence, and for general wear ſubſtituted in its room a kind of under veſtment, which, properly ſpeaking, is a young or little Farthingal. This is made of thick copper wire, in a circular form. About the Girdle, a number of Ribbons are faſtened, with which is tied a ſecond round of the ſame figure, but conſiderably wider, and depending lower than the firſt. Of theſe they have five or ſix Circles, reaching to the very ground, and diſtending their other Garments. Their Viſits are generally made in this Habit, and 'tis uſual on theſe Occaſions to preſent the Company with a ſilver Baſon of dried Sweetmeats, folded up in different papers, neatly cut, and gilt for that purpoſe. In one is contained a Plumb, in another a Cherry or Apricot, and ſo on. By this means they may either

ther eat upon the ſpot, or carry away what quantity they pleaſe, without danger of ſoiling their Pockets. Some Ladies do both, and after regaling on theſe *delicates*, till they are almoſt ready to burſt, cram what remains into four or five Handkerchiefs. Theſe Handkerchiefs are then tied round their little Farthingal, which ſeems from this Account to be nothing more in *Spain* than a kind of portable Pantry, and may be uſed indifferently, with the addition of a few hooks, for the ſuſpenſion of all ſorts of Butcher's Meat, Poultry, *&c.*"

Though our Ladies of Faſhion in *England* have not yet introduced this Cuſtom, ſome of our female *Canaile* have borrowed the Hint, and many a valuable piece of ſtolen Goods has been found ſecreted within the rotundity of this Machine.—*Sally Smuggle*, a Couſin of mine, once freighted her Hoop, on board an Indiaman, with ſuch an immoderate Cargo of Tea, China, Fans, Nankſooks and Allibanies, that in her deſcent to the Boat, her tender Frame was unable to ſupport what would have furniſhed a little ſhop, and down ſhe tumbled into the Water. By good fortune, the heavier commodities, diſengaging themſelves from their confinement, ſubſided to the bottom: and the whalebone circles were of ſingular ſervice in buoying her up, and permitting her to float upon

upon the ſurface: by which means we ſaved her from a watry Death.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble Servant,
G. S.

NUMB. XXXII. *Saturday, October* 16, 1756.

Speculum Vitæ.

The Looking Glaſs of Life.

I Yeſterday ſpent the Evening with my Friend *Jack Tattle*, who has for ſome time expreſſed an inclination to introduce me to his Siſter, becauſe ſhe longed to be acquainted with the PRATER. She received me with all the Freedom and Familiarity of an old Acquaintance (for the Tattle-family never knew what Reſerve was) and ſoon began to entertain me with the relation of a Viſit ſhe made the Day before to one of her female Intimates, lately married, and juſt arrived from her Huſband's *Seat*. The detail of this Viſit I ſhall communicate for the benefit of thoſe young Ladies who are never contented, and yet don't know what they would have.

"You know Miſs *Wiſhfort*, Brother, ſaid ſhe, and have often heard me ſay, how ſhe was idoli-

zed

zed by her Father and Mother, who made it the Study of their Lives to gratify her moſt fantaſtical Whims and capricious Inclinations.— As this young Lady, Mr. BABBLE, had not a very inviting Perſon, and was very humourſome, ſhe had not a multitude of Admirers: though as Mr. *Wiſhfort* is known to be rich, he received and rejected a great many offers for his Daughter. At laſt Mr. *Supple*, a young Gentleman of good Character and Fortune, was propoſed by his Uncle, who wanted to ſee him ſettled. He ſaw the Lady, made no Objections to her, and they were ſoon after married. I then thought my Friend might be happy if ſhe had but a Man who would give her her own Way; and waited impatiently, to pay my congratulatory Viſit, at her return to *London*. I happened unluckily to be extremely ill, when ſhe firſt ſaw Company, and went yeſterday to her, fully expecting to have found her the gayeſt Creature breathing, as I knew ſhe had always diſcovered an immoderate propenſity to be married, and had frequently fretted herſelf ſick, to ſee other Girls have Lovers when ſhe had none. But, to my infinite ſurprize, I found her ſitting in her Dreſſing-Room, at Seven in the Evening, not adorned with the neatneſs and elegance of a Bride, but in her Bed-Gown and Slippers, with her Cap half off, and her Hair about her Ears. She roſe to receive me with a melancholy Air, and cried, Ah, *Bell*, I am married! — I know you

are

are, my Dear, ſaid I, and am come to pay my compliments to you on the joyful occaſion. — I have no Joy, I can aſſure you, ſaid ſhe, I am the moſt unhappy of Women. — I am very ſorry to hear you ſay ſo, replied I; what can have made ſo diſagreeable a Change in your Situation? you ſeemed to like Mr. *Supple* very well when he made his Addreſſes to you. — Aye, ſaid ſhe, I knew but little of him then, and thought it would be a fine thing to be married; to have a vaſt quantity of fine Cloaths made in the neweſt Faſhion; to be covered with Jewels; to have a Houſe and a Coach of my own, and to go every where without having my Mamma tagging after me; — But it's all over — I have ſhewn myſelf to all my Acquaintance, nay to all the World; for I have been to all the public Diverſions twice over in different Dreſſes: and now I am weary of every *Thing* and every *Creature*. — Well, all this I expected, ſaid I, and ſhould have thought you very undeſerving of the Man you have married, if you had placed your whole happineſs in Equipage and Dreſs. — Mr. *Supple* added I, ought to be your only Delight, as I don't doubt but he merits the higheſt Eſteem. — Mr. *Supple* cried ſhe, (lifting up her Hands and Eyes) aye Child — one may ſee plainly you have never been married — you talk as if you knew nothing of the Matter. *He*, all my delight! O how groſly are you miſtaken. Why he is nothing — a meer Chip in Porridge:

he has not the leaſt notion of any thing, no taſte at all; and though I have been theſe ſix weeks beating it into him, I am never the nearer; will you believe me my Dear; I have had three different ſets of Furniture in this Dreſſing-Room already, and though they were all ſo ſweetly fancied, that I was half diſtracted about the choice of them, that ſtupid Soul looked at them with as much indifference, as if he had been ſtaring at a great ſtack of Hay in the Country. Nay, I dare ſwear, he would have thought that a much finer Sight.— Why, may be he would, ſaid I, but did you not know that he wanted Taſte before you married him — O, no, cried ſhe, the Man was always well dreſs'd, civil, and did as he was bid by my Papa and Mama; I did not mind him, and as he made a mighty fuſs about me, they approved of the Match: and as I longed to be my own Miſtreſs, I conſented. ——Well, and is his Affection for you abated do you think? ſaid I. — O no, cried ſhe, He is fulſome enough. —— Well then, ſaid I, have you diſcovered any diſagreeable qualities in him? — No Child, cried ſhe, I tell you I have diſcovered no qualities at all: I fancied there was a mighty deal of pleaſure in a married Life, but how wretchedly am I diſappointed? Yet I can't ſay the Man has any Faults neither — in ſhort, he is nothing at all.—— What, has he no Talent for Converſation? ſaid I. —Lard, no Child, ſaid ſhe, I don't know what you call converſation, but

but I will tell you how he ſpends his time, like a queer, regular Animal as he is. — He riſes and goes to bed exactly, becauſe it is ſo much a Clock. — He eats three good Meals a Day. — He walks, and rides juſt as many Miles a Day, becauſe it is wholeſome, and then pores over ſome muſty Book, to correct his Thoughts and improve his Mind, as he ſays. —— All this is very rational, ſaid I, and more Women would be extremely glad of ſuch a regular Huſband. — Aye, may be ſo, ſaid ſhe, he may be very rational for aught I know, but he ſpends his Time, in my Opinion, very ſtupidly. — Well, but while he is thus employed, ſaid I, you have Liberty to divert yourſelf with paying and receiving viſits among your Acquaintance. —Liberty? cried ſhe, Liberty, Child? Yes, indeed, with the Fortune I brought, Miſs *Tattle*, I think I *may* have Liberty to go where I pleaſe, and do what I will: but have I not told you that I have been every where, and ſeen every thing, that 'tis all over and over again, and that 'tis inſipid to the laſt degree: yet you would inſinuate that I have but juſt Liberty to do as I pleaſe; O! I ſhould be glad to ſee him dare to offer to hinder me. — I would ſoon let him ſee who would get the better. —— But my dear Mrs. *Supple*, ſaid I, ready to laugh in her face at the violent flurry ſhe put herſelf into, Why all this eagerneſs about nothing? You are your own Miſtreſs; you married to be your own Miſtreſs you know; I only congratulated you on having

having a Man of ſo eaſy a diſpoſition, who if he cannot give you much pleaſure, has no deſire to controul you.—Controul me? cried ſhe haughtily, *He* controul me? No, no—he had not beſt entertain the moſt diſtant thought of controuling me.—No, no, my dear *Bell*, I will take care to prevent that, and keep my Liberty, I warrant you.—I will take care to let him know, I am not to be made a Dupe of, a Slave, a Houſhold-Drudge, to come and go when and where he pleaſes.—Here, *Betty*, bring my Things to dreſs immediately—I will go out, and if your Maſter comes in, ſay you don't know where I am gone, nor when I ſhall come home, I'll try if he dares to controul *me*.—But my dear Child, ſaid I, why ſhould you imagine he has any ſuch intention? you quite miſtake what I have ſaid; why will you put yourſelf into this flutter for nothing?—O cried ſhe, you have rouzed me; I have not had ſo much ſpirit ſince I have been married—you have done me a vaſt deal of good; I thank you, my dear, *Bell*, pray call again the firſt opportunity, for I muſt go out now.——I ſtaid a little, and endeavor'd to reaſon with this unaccountable Woman, but to no purpoſe. The Idea which I had innocently put in her Head of her Huſband's offering to reſiſt her Will, had raiſed her Spirits as much too high as they were before too low, becauſe ſhe had no reliſh for the valuable tranquility ſhe might have enjoyed.—She

was

was determin'd to run headlong any where to to change the Scene. — I was therefore obliged to leave her, but intend to make another effort to bring her to Reaſon; though I am afraid I ſhall not meet with Succeſs; for if a Woman cannot be happy with a Man of *Mr. Sapph*'s Way of Thinking, ſhe will never receive any benefit from my Admonitions.

I thanked Miſs *Tattle* for entertaining me ſo agreeably, and told her I was afraid there were too many of her Sex, and my own too, who want they know not what, and complain they know not why.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, *Eſq.*

Silver-Street, Golden-Square.

SIR,

Papa bid me ſend the incloſed:—But you are certainly a very odd ſort of an old man, you rail ſo much againſt the young Girls, that poſitively there's no bearing it: Why in the name of goodneſs may we not wear our pretty Bell-hoops (which you vulgarly call Farthingals) as well as your little dapper Fellows their Bob-tails and Pig tails? Well, ſure there is no animal in the world more whimſical than an Old Batchelor: but if you'll take a young Girl's advice, (and I am not aſhamed to ſay a ſmart Girl too) treat the Ladies with more politeneſs, or you and all the

family

family of the *Babbles* will die a pack of fusty Old Batchelors. Farewel, and take a hint from

Your's,

Fanny Sweet.

Your Correspondent of the ninth instant appears to be in the same league against the makers of Optical Instruments, as the makers of Optical Instruments are in against the ingenious Mr. *Benjamin Martin*. Had he indeed made use of the Instruments he is pleased to decry, he might have discovered some uses which he has not mentioned, and might have seen some defects in his declamation he is not at present sensible of. 'Tis in defence of the whole Trade, or rather in defence of their Customers, that I now take pen in hand against your Correspondent: and hope that I shall, by the meer dint of argument, persuade him to honour his Nostrils with a pair of Spectacles, and arm his hand with an Opera Glass.

He who attentively considers the great benefits which mankind enjoy from their Sight, will certainly acknowledge that every attempt to increase and preserve it, ought to meet with the greatest encouragement. Those who are so sullen as not to own the greatness of this blessing, need only put out one of their eyes to be convinced of it. But, as I imagine there are few of this *perverse make*, I shall make use of no more arguments to convince them. The great benefits which mankind

kind have enjoyed ſince the introduction of Glaſſes, are too great to be deſcribed, too uſeful to be forgotten, and too conſiderable to be unnoticed. A good Sight is by means of theſe Inſtruments preſerved; a bad one corrected, and an indifferent one very much ſtrengthened: ſo that Glaſſes are not only ſerviceable to the ſhort-ſighted, but likewiſe to thoſe who can ſee at a diſtance, and are equally uſeful to the old and to the young. I muſt acknowledge with Mr. *Martin*, that Optical Inſtruments, or Viſual Glaſſes, have not arrived to their utmoſt perfection, nor have they been applied to ſuch uſeful purpoſes as they deſerve. With a very little alteration in their preſent Conſtruction they might be made of more extenſive ſervice, and beneficial to all ranks and conditions of mankind. Permit me in a curſory manner to hint a few *particular* Advantages ariſing from the uſe of three Glaſſes; the *Political*, *Ethical*, and the *Amorous*.

The political Glaſs is conſtructed on the principles of the modern Teleſcope, as improved by Mr. *Ayſcough*, and to be made uſe of both by ſea or land, by day or by night, in a calm or a ſtorm. The *French* miniſtry have been long in poſſeſſion of an Inſtrument of this kind; and the King of *Pruſſia* has either ſtolen it, or conſtructed one on the ſame principles with ſome farther improvements. 'Tis ſaid that it was owing to the uſe of this, that he diſcovered the treaty be-

tween the *Ruſſians* and *Auſtrians*; and was enabled to be provided againſt the ſtorm with which his Electoral Dominions and the Liberties of the *Germanic* Body were threatened by the Empreſs. The Politicians of our own Country have long been ſo very ſhort-ſighted, that I would adviſe them to make uſe of this Inſtrument: for no other can make them ſee clearly the true Intereſts of their Country.

The Ethical Perſpective is conſtructed on principles entirely new, and if it could once recommend itſelf to the Great, might tend to the honour and ſupport of this Nation. Viewed thro' this Glaſs, Knavery, Diſſimulation and Fraud appear in their true forms: Gold and Embroidery afford no Charms, Diamonds and Jewels emit no ray, the Crown and the Star loſe all their luſtre and pomp; but when the Perſpective is turned to Virtue, her charms immediately irradiate on the Mind, ſeize on the Soul with a pleaſing violence, and raiſe ſuch longings in the boſom as none, but the friends of Virtue, can know, none, but the friends of Virtue, can deſcribe.

The amorous Perſpective is conſtructed on the ſame Principles as the common Opera Glaſs, and is highly proper for grown-up perſons.

Eugenio, who thought his Lady was more beautiful than *Venus*, when he viewed her by his unaſſiſted Sight, was very much ſurprized when at the Play he looked at her through one of theſe Glaſſes.

The

The Vermillion, which he before thought the effect of virgin bloom and uncontaminated health, appeared the offspring of art, her eye-brows, which he look'd on as pencil'd by nature, then appear'd the ſpoils of the mole, and her ſnowy teeth the product of the elephant. All her charms appear'd to be borrow'd, and all her natural defects, tho' hid under the plaſterings of paint, ſhewed themſelves to the aſſiſted eye. The old batchelor, who has in vain ſighed his Douceurs to the fair one, and never been favoured with a Tete a Tete, by the aſſiſtance of his perſpective can bring her as near him as he pleaſes, and (as an alleviation of his misfortunes) ſee all her faults magnify'd: the kind Huſband, whoſe Wife, like his own ſelf, embitters the pleaſures of Life by being always *too near*, by a turn of the perſpective can behold her at a *pleaſing Diſtance*; and by a change of the Hand make his Miſtreſs approach whenever he wiſhes to behold her.

I am Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAMUEL SWEET.

Ad Cives.

DEFENSIO

MEDICORUM & ÆGROTANTIUM.

To the Public.

AN

ADDRESS

In Behalf of

PHYSICIANS and PATIENTS.

Quæ non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco.

THE Faculty of Phyſick have frequently, like their Betters, been the Cauſe or Subject of Wit in thoſe who did not ſhine upon any other. And this, at times, when the Prejudice

dice againſt them may ſeem to have had a leſs reaſonable Foundation than at preſent, when the Admiſſion of illiberal and illiterate Men into all its Branches can have done it no Service with the beſt Judges, and among thoſe, who do not diſtinguiſh, muſt have had a large Share in promoting the preſent Zeal for *Empiricism*. Yet, tho' the moderate Proportion (the collective Body of Reals and Nominals conſider'd) of Men of Science and Probity may appear, in ſome Degree, to favour the general Cenſure, aſſuredly, thoſe, who give Countenance and Encouragement to every bold Adventurer, have no reaſon to complain, when they fall into the Hands of the mercenary and ignorant.

This Zeal too might poſſibly be moderated, even upon the Principle which firſt excited it, if it was once underſtood, that NOSTRUMS in general are ſtolen from Phyſicians. Wrote indeed originally with a view to ſome particular Caſe, and variable perpetually as Caſes and Circumſtances vary. That no Phyſician who underſtands his Buſineſs ſticks to one *Form*, but by the Knowledge he has, or ſhould have, of the *Human Frame* in its natural and vitiated ſtates, making a Judgement of the Diſeaſe, ſelects, from a general Stock of Medical Materials, the moſt ſuitable to the Intention, and adapts his Preſcription to the occaſion. That, beſides (however unattainable an univerſal acquaintance with it may be) it is the conſtant

conſtant and early Care of every Phyſician of Character aſſiduouſly to enquire into the Nature and Properties of Medicine, and (previouſly to, as well as intermediately with his own) to ſtudy and compare the Practice of every Age and Country.

This is the honeſt and plain Proceeding in the fair and regular way. And to this Truth, many Men of the beſt Fortune and Erudition in the Kingdom can witneſs, whoſe words too may be taken, when a Profeſſor will be ſuſpected of Partiality. From this method, however, of application and enquiry, ariſes the Variety in common Preſcription; but this Variation is taken for a mark of *Fallibility*, and nothing leſs than *infallible* will go down.

The Thing therefore ſucceeds better in the Hands of thoſe whoſe *Ignorance* gives them the neceſſary *Confidence*, and, who, not knowing how to make Diſtinctions and Objections, adminiſter, in all Caſes, alike, without Diſtruſt or Remorſe; and, what is, indeed, unlucky, without a Remedy too, in Caſe of Failure.

Others, as little knowing as themſelves, ſwallow the *Drug* and the *Fraud* together, and, being aſhamed to own they are bit, conceal the Conſequences of Miſ-application. Thus, thro' falſe Modeſty, and falſe Pretences, is the World impoſed on, and a Set of Men, who have labour'd to make themſelves uſefull, robbed of the Reputation

tion they have endeavour'd to deſerve, and the Public, ſurely, of a ſenſible Advantage; as if ſtudy and obſervation were hindrances to the acquiſition of Medical Knowledge, or ſhould, as *Ralpho* ſays.

" Make Light unactive, dull and troubled,
" Like little *David* in *Saul*'s Doublet."

It is not, indeed, to be wonder'd at, if ſome of better Judgement ſhould in long and deſperate Caſes, thro' Impatience, Example or Perſuaſion, catch at a plauſible Advertiſement. Yet, here, an honeſt Phyſician would tell them what to expect. To ſuch, therefore, as capable of Conviction, the Rationale of the thing is offer'd; for to the ſenſible part of mankind we would refer our Cauſe: in itſelf we hope, a good one, whatever the Defence may be.

One Thing however, if it proceeds as it has begun, may chance to give a check to this Empirical Reign, which is the Application of the Ladies, to the Study of Medicine. Theſe fair Practitioners, (pardon the equivocal Term) have ſo ſhorten'd the introductory Methods, that, with the help of *Culpepper* and *Quincy*, a young Woman of eighteen, after the Toothing of her firſt Child, or an Old Maid, who has ſtudied the Theory, ſhall diſpute any Point in Phyſick or Midwifry, with the ableſt Profeſſor. How far they propoſe dipping into the Preliminary Sciences I know not, but am aſſured from ſome of them, they

they are all very eaſy. Yet, pity it were, conſidering the little Time they have to ſpare, that any Part of it, for want of neceſſary Directions, ſhould be waſted in unprofitable Reſearches. A ſhort Catalogue, therefore, of the proper Authors, would be no unuſeful Appendix to a Lady's Library, and I ſhould think a young Anatomiſt, with Talents and Leiſure, might, under ſuch Auſpices, find agreeable and advantageous Employment.

Till this Improvement ſhall have taken Place, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that the Practice of the Sex was originally confin'd to the modeſt Plea of doing no *Harm*. Nor was this Plea always juſt, if it be conſidered, that, (beſides their playing ſometimes with edged Tools) the trifling with a Caſe is doing hurt, by the Excluſion of a more rational and effectual method. And, indeed, there is no abſurdity of the moſt dark and ſuperſtitious age of People, which they will not recommend; but this is not all. They now ſtrike bolder Strokes, and diſpenſe with liberal Hands, the moſt powerful and dangerous Medicines in the Shops, *Mercury* and *Antimony*; but only, as they ſay, where the Phyſician cannot cure. I beg pardon, for remarking that it is now become almoſt the eſtabliſh'd Vogue to do the Thing, without conſulting any Phyſician, or rather to prevent his being conſulted at all.

Concerning

Concerning the uſe of both thoſe Minerals, and the real or pretended advantages of *noſtrums* of that Claſs, it is to be noted, that there are few, if any Preparations of either, unknown to thoſe, who are converſant with the Chemical Writers, and the Practice of the two laſt Centuries; in which, indeed, at Times, they had a prodigious Run, and, tho' the Experiments were, in Fact, made at the Expence of the public ſafety, it is to them we, in a great meaſure, owe our preſent Knowledge and Caution upon that Head. Yet have not there been wanting even to this Day, who in Defiance of all Experience and admonition, have made a comfortable Subſiſtence by the Exhibition of ſuch Medicines, as honeſt and underſtanding Men knew and avoided. I have heard, indeed, of one Poſſeſſor of a Secret, and but one, who has the leaſt Title to the invention of his own Remedy, and Honeſty and Judgment ſufficient (if his Friends ſay true) to make proper Exceptions. Whatever may be the Merit of the Diſcovery, it has been, now, long enough in the Hands of thoſe, whoſe management would deſtroy the Credit of any Medicine.

The *Mercurials*, prudently and ſkilfully adminiſtred, are found to have noble Effects, in many Diſorders, which will not give way to other Methods. Theſe Effects are, likewiſe, under proper Regimen, and Reſtrictions, brought about with ſufficient Eaſe and Safety to the Patient.

But what have they to answer for, who, without Knowledge of the nature of the Remedy, or how to prevent unhappy Consequences, will venture to give it, at all hazards?

The *Antimonials* are of a much more uncertain Operation; and after having been tried and examined, a thousand ways, by Chemical and Practical Experiments, have been, except a few of the milder Preparations, almost universally rejected, by those, who make a Conscience of risquing Men's Lives. Not, in general from their want of Efficacy, but because of their violent, and frequently uncontroulable Effects, wherever they take a wrong Turn. If these Considerations will have no Influence, upon the tender and humane Part of the Species, all Preaching, indeed, is vain. Nor will it be possible, by all that can be said, to prevent the rending weak Constitutions to pieces, by *antimonial Panacéas*, the giving *Mercurials* in shatter'd Lungs, or strangling Infants with *Soot Drops*.

As Things, indeed at present, are situated, no one has so little to do with the Sick Person, as the Physician, who, if he chance to be over-aw'd by Modesty, or bias's'd by Interest, does not, once in five times, direct the Thing he intended. The Consequence of this Compliance I leave to be consider'd, by those, to whom it is paid, as, what is Matter of Triumph to them, all the World must acquiesce in. Mean time, the Security

and

and Intrepidity, with which they prescribe to their Friends and Acquaintance may seem to demand some serious Reflection, the *Dissimilitude of Causes*, under similar *Appearances* being productive of mistakes, which may affect, if not themselves, their *Patients*.

NUMB. XXXIII. *Saturday, October* 23, 1756.

Filial Ingratitude! — Is't not as much
As if this Mouth should tear this Hand
For lifting Food to it? K. LEAR.

TO NICHOLAS BABBLE, Esq.

SIR,

YOU may remember, perhaps, that during the hot Press for Seamen in the Month of *March last*, a profligate Girl, the Daughter of a poor, but honest and industrious Man, affronted at some reprimand or correction she had received from him, informed a Press-Gang where he was concealed, who soon secured him for his Majesty's Service, and hurried him under the Hatches. This unnatural action struck me with horror, and led me to consider what could be the reason of the disobedience of Children to their Parents. — I laid down the *Gazetteer*, in which I read the shocking

Paragraph, with no ſmall emotion, went home, and committed a few reflections on it to paper.—To them I have now made a conſiderable addition, and wiſh they may be read with attention, and ſeriouſly regarded by all young People who have a propenſity to ſlight parental Admonitions, and diſobey parental Commands.

I know not well how to account for a Crime which is contrary to the order of Nature, and the expreſs command of GOD, and by which the Harmony of Society is very much diſturbed. I am inclined to believe, that too much or too little familiarity in the Parent, often is the cauſe of perverſeneſs and ingratitude in the Child:—that an unjuſtifiable partiality and affection for one Child more than another, and an incautious behaviour to them, occaſions thoſe rank weeds to ſpring up in their minds. But Parents are chiefly to be blamed for neglecting the religious part of the education of their Children, without which all other parts are vainly encouraged. To what purpoſe are they taught to underſtand thoroughly the Greek and Roman Languages, and to be verſed in abſtruſe Sciences, if they are not acquainted with the Duty they owe to GOD, their Parents, their Neighbours, and themſelves. On theſe four points, theſe very important points, the doctrines of Chriſtianity entirely depend; and if they were early and properly infuſed into the Minds of Children,

dren, filial ingratitude and filial diſobedience would be crimes rarely heard of.

There is, I confeſs, a Duty from a Parent to his Child, equally binding: but if the former acts not in character, the latter is not therefore to be juſtified for treating him with diſreſpect. — If a Parent ſhould be ſoured by ſickneſs or misfortunes, and behave with peeviſhneſs and auſterity to his Children, they ought not to give frown for frown, and blow for blow. The making uſe of ſarcaſtical expreſſions to a Parent by way of Repartee, with intent to give him pain, is ſtabbing him to the heart with a poniard; and the only difference between the weapons is, that the Poniard ſhortly puts an end to his torment, and the Tongue inflicts wounds which make him linger in pain, ſmarting all over with anguiſh inexpreſſible.

Our divine Legiſlator has commanded us to return good for Evil, even to thoſe unconnected with us by Conſanguinity or Friendſhip; even to our Enemies: how much more obſervant ought we to be of this ſacred injunction, in our behaviour to a Parent! —— But to whom am I moralizing? to whom am I preaching? — To thoſe, perhaps, who laugh at all Morality, and make a jeſt of all Religion? who ridicule public Worſhip, bluſh to be caught with a Prayer-Book in their Hands, or a Bible in their Pockets, and only enter into the Houſe of God, to criticize upon a

Sermon, to ſhow a fine ſuit of Cloaths, to diſplay a diamond Ring on a white hand, to hear a Voluntary, and to make an Aſſignation — an Aſſignation did I ſay? — I tremble to think, that a Place ſet apart for the performance of the moſt awful Rites, ſhould be frequented for the moſt infamous purpoſes.

If an untutor'd Indian was carried from a Play-houſe to a Church, he would probably, from attending only to the objects around him, and their behaviour, imagine there was no great difference between them. But if he was informed that one Place was dedicated to Pleaſure, and the other to Devotion, he would undoubtedly be ready to laugh with propriety in the firſt, and pray with fervor and ſincerity in the laſt.

If Parents would conſider attentively the importance of Religion to Youth, as it reſpects the good oeconomy of domeſtic and public affairs, they muſt own it would be for the intereſt and tranquility of themſelves, their Children, and their Servants, to be well inſtructed in its ſeveral duties. Many Parents there are, who have improved the Morals of their Children, cultivating in their young Minds the ſeeds of Piety and Virtue, and are now enjoying the fruits of their Labor, and behold their Offspring ſmiling round them full of Virtue and Goodneſs, Gratitude and Duty.

In order to encourage my juvenile Reader to behave well to thoſe to whom, under GOD, he

is

is indebted for his Exiſtence, I will mention a remarkable inſtance of Piety in a Son to his Father, which happened about twenty years ago. A Jew, named *Iſhmael*, was thrown into the Priſon of the Inquiſition at *Seville* in *Spain*, with his Father who was a *Rabbi*. They had been confined together four years, when *Iſhmael*, having made a hole, made ſhift to climb to the Battlements of the Tower; and, by means of ſome ropes he had provided, let himſelf down along the Wall with a great deal of hazard. When he arrived ſafe at the bottom, he could not but reproach himſelf for having abandon'd his Father, and without conſidering the riſque he had juſt ran, and without conſidering that his Father and He were to be tormented, with ſeveral others, in the ſevereſt manner at *Madrid*, generouſly, and with the utmoſt difficulty re-aſcended the Tower, enter'd once more the horrid Dungeon, and after having dragged his aged Father from it, conveyed him firſt ſecurely down, and then eſcaped himſelf.—I need not comment on this remarkable Story:—If a Jew could be capable of an Action ſo truly heroic, what are we to think of that Daughter who, though a *Briton* and a Chriſtian, baſely betrayed her Father to Slavery?

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

A. Z.

To NICHOLAS BABBLE, Esq.

SIR,

IF you can introduce the following Ode, I beg the favour of you to communicate it to the Public. — I flatter myself, that you will comply with my Request, because the Verses are on an *English* Lady, much celebrated for her musical Performances.

Yours, &c.

J. H.

To the Memory of Miss *TURNER*.

O Mem'ry from whose fountain flow
The pensive joy, the pensive woe,
How short were pleasure's gleam!
Didst thou not heav'n descended Maid,
With sweet remembrance' magick aid,
Prolong the soothing dream.

Thou too, affliction's keener pain,
Embitter'st in thy tyrant reign,
Thro' thee our sorrows grow;
While (life's bright sun with clouds o'ercast)
The envious sense of pleasures past,
Augments the present woe.

How dwells the fancy on each note!
That, trill'd from *Daphne*'s warbling throat,
Held mute th' attentive throng;

Whi

While tranſport ſeiz'd on ev'ry breaſt,
And ev'ry countenance confeſt
The power of raptur'd ſong.

Alaſs! in vain I ſeem to hear
The ſound ſtill vibrate in my ear,
Soft as the *Lydian* Lute!
That breath, ſo rich in Muſick's lore,
Shall modulate its tones no more,
That Voice for ever mute.

See, where the canker Death, hath prey'd!
See, how the native roſes fade,
That bluſh'd on *Daphne*'s face!
Encircled in his clay cold arms,
He blaſts the pride of beauty's charms,
And withers ev'ry grace.

Though the pale cheek, and languid eye,
Are proofs that Beauty's born to die,
The play-thing of an hour;
Know Death, thy darts are hurl'd in vain:
She ſmiles upon thy dreary reign,
And mocks thy pageant power.

The frail complexion of the face,
With ev'ry vain, exterior grace,
Which lures the wand'ring eyes,
The buſy, fleeting vapour breath,
Theſe be the ſpoils, thy trophies Death;
But Virtue never dies.

In thee, bleſt Maiden, was combin'd,
Each charm that elevates the mind,
Ev'n in the ſpring of Youth:
Fair Modeſty, whoſe bluſhing face
Reflects on Worth, a double grace,
With Piety, and Truth.

She heard the Flatt'rer ſooth in vain,
Untainted, 'midſt the dang'rous train
Of Folly, Vice, and Pride:
Hence, purer ſhall the Maiden riſe,
And ſeek with joy her kindred ſkies,
Her Virtue for her Guide.

NUMB. XXXIV. *Saturday, October* 30, 1756.

Hi narrata ferunt aliò: menſuraque ficti
Creſcit; & auditis aliquid novus adjicit Auctor.
OVID. Met. l. 12. v. 57.

A thorough-fare of news: where ſome deviſe
Things never heard; ſome mingle truth with lies.

TO NICHOLAS BABBLE, Eſq.

Dear Couſin BABBLE,

YOU will be ſurprized to receive a Letter from one who is a perfect Stranger to you: but I am deſcended from that Branch of your Family

mily which ſettled in *France*, where we acquired too much haughtineſs and ſelf-ſufficiency to think of troubling ourſelves about our Relations: nor ſhould I now have ſollicited my dear Coulin's acquaintance, but out of a ſincere deſire to warn him of the Rock on which I have ſplit, and of the danger he ſeems to be in, by venturing to prate in ſo public a manner. As example, however, is more forcible than precept, permit me to give you a ſhort account of my Adventures. My Father *Louis Hauton de Babillard* was born and educated in *France*, and brought up to be *un Marchand de Cheveux*, that is, what you in *England* vulgarly call a Barber: he underſtood the *accommodement* of a Gentleman's head better than any of his Countrymen, and no Lady was reckoned *bien coiffée*, unleſs ſhe had been under the fingers of Monſieur *Babillard*, who, fired with the praiſes he daily received from all parts for his dexterity, panted to extend his Fame ſtill farther, and knowing the prodigious paſſion the ENGLISH have for all Foreigners, came over with his Family, and ſettled in the politeſt quarter of this City, when I was not above ſix years old. I came into the world with an immoderate propenſity to chatter, which ſhewed itſelf very early, for I could talk fluently before I was a full twelvemonth old, and before I arrived to the age of four years, had been ſixteen times whipped by my Mother, for telling my Father what paſſed between her and her Viſitors, of

whom ſhe had a conſiderable number. When I was five years old, I narrowly eſcaped with life, for having diſcovered to my Mother an Amour which my Father had with a *Femme de Chambre*: they uſed to meet at a certain *Petit Maiſon* in the *Fauxbourgs*, where I ſlily followed him one day, and overhearing all their diſcourſe, flew with the intelligence to my Mother, who immediately fell upon my Father, and he upon me, and beat me in ſuch a manner that I could not ſtir for a week, though I was capable of talking all the time as faſt as ever. When we arrived in *England*, my Father determined to put me to School till I was fit to learn his buſineſs, and there I exerted my talking talents to ſo violent a degree, that I ſoon became the by-word of the School—I was nick-named *Blab*, and I deſerved it, for not a Boy could rob an Orchard, or take a Bird's Neſt, but the whole neighbourhood rung of it: nay, in ſhort, I was an univerſal Tell-tale, and ſo hated, that I was beat, kicked and thumped by every Boy in the School fifty times in a Day: yet I was ſtill incorrigible; for when my Father took me home, I not only made miſchief between him and my Mother and all the Neighbours, but betrayed the ſecrets of our own Family, telling all I could get to liſten to me, that my Mother was no better than ſhe ſhould be; and that my Father being a Cuckold had left five Baſtards behind him in *France*, and had three or four here: I told in what

what manner we lived, upon Soup made only with a few dead herbs which we picked from Dunghills, and now and then for Meat had a few Sheep's Trotters: I told how my Father and I went into the Fields on a *Sunday* to look for Muſhrooms, Dandelions, and Tragapogon for Sallads, and fiſhed with a thread and crooked pin for Frogs in a Ditch, overgrown with Duck-weed, which we brought home, and devoured greedily. At other times, I would boaſt of the ſplendor we lived in *France*, and tell People that my Father was the grand Monarch's chief Favourite, and that we only came here under the Notion of Dreſſers of Hair, but were really Spies and in the *French* King's Pay. But this Gaſconade had ſo fatal an effect, that on the breaking out of the War my Father and I were arreſted, and clapped into Priſon, and had not ſome Ladies of Diſtinction intereſted themſelves in our affairs, and releaſed us, we might have lain there to this hour: No ſooner, however, was my Father ſet at liberty than he died; not of any diſtemper, but of good living; for after the firſt three or four years he acquired ſo great a reliſh for roaſt and boiled Beef, ſtrong Beer, Ale, Punch, *&c. &c.* and became ſuch an immoderate devourer of all kinds of Pudding, that he fell a Martyr to his voracious appetite; and left me in poſſeſſion of his Buſineſs, that is, the care of the faireſt and wiſeſt Heads in the Kingdom, out of which I might have got a very

very handſome livelihood, had I not been unfortunately of a talkative diſpoſition, which at firſt recommended me vaſtly to the Ladies, as you will ſee by the following detail of one Day's buſineſs.

When I was moſt in vogue, I attended the Toilet of Lady *Betty Grizzle*, a young Lady about *fifty five*, at twelve o'Clock one Morning laſt Spring, and while I was clipping and criſping her venerable Locks, thus gave a vent to my garrulity —— "A propos, Madame, ant your La'ſhip ard dat Miſs *Bud*, de grand Beauté, who is but juſte ſixteen, be with Child by her Valet?" — O no, Monſieur, cried ſhe, no, tell me how it was, I beſeech you: well I am exceſſively glad of it: ſuch young Flirts are always making themſelves the jeſt of the Town: People ſay ſhe is pretty, but for *my* part, I can't find out where her prittineſs lies: her hair is as red as a Fox; I ſwear I can ſee it through all the Grey-powder; or if not, one may ſmell her a mile: but *you* muſt know, Monſieur, ſhe can't conceal theſe defects from *you*." —"No, Madam, cried I, no more can my Lady *Blink* her Glaſs-Eye, he, he, he." "O Gad, replied ſhe, has Lady *Blink* a Glaſs-Eye? — well, I always thought ſhe had a monſtrous odd look: dear Monſieur, be quick: I muſt ſtep out this Morning, to tell Miſs *Tittle-Tattle* your News, it's ſo diverting: indeed Monſieur, you are a pure entertaining Creature: but mind what you are about, you Thing you, and don't

don't forget you are to dreſs me to go without a Cap." —— From this Lady's I went to wait on Lord *Finiſt*, who cried, O Monſieur, you are monſtrous late to day: I ſhall not be dreſſed, and get to the Houſe time enough to vote for my Lord *Totherſide*'s Party, and I would not fail for the Univerſe, for he has promiſed me the ſweeteſt dreſſing boxes, right *French*, and the original receipt to make the true *Eau-de-luce!*" "Me vonder, mi Lor, cried I, dat you who be ſo var pretty Monſieur, ſhould trouble your ed about de buſineſs: leave dat to de clumſy and de ugly." — O Monſieur, you are quite miſtaken, if you think I mind their dirty affairs; no indeed not I: but it looks well to be ſeen in the Houſe, and one has ſome privileges that make it mighty pleaſant: but indeed, I never regard what they are about: I always ſeat myſelf in the moſt negligent, eaſy poſture, contrive to ſhew my Leg to advantage, to diſplay the Brilliant upon my Finger, and to diſcover the elegant pattern of my French Ruffles, but cannot poſſibly attend to their noiſy Debates: beſides I could never comprehend them, and they always give me ſuch violent Head-achs, that I could never ſupport it without my *Eau de luce* Bottle, which I hold conſtantly at my Noſe, to keep up my Spirits, and to ſhew my white Hand, and I wonder Men don't wear Bracelets, they would be extravagantly becoming, they might be ſeen to advantage if the Sleeves were only a little

ſhorter,

ſhorter, and I own I think a fine Hand and Arm as great a Beauty in a Man as in a Woman." "Sans doute, Monſieur, cried I, you have de Hand vite as de Snow; der be ver few who can ſhew ſuch a one *ma foy*; der be ma Lady *Fiſt* as de moſt red Hand you ever ſee, for all ſhe uſes de Almond Paſte and a Cream, and lies in de Gloves; but noting wil make dem look ſo wite as yours."—"I ſwear by all that's good, Monſieur, cried my Lord, that I don't uſe the leaſt bit of Art, but my Skin is naturally ſo ſoft and quite *tranſparient* I vow; Lady *Fiſt*, indeed, is a great coarſe thing, juſt like a Grenadier."—"Aye, begar, ſaid I, ſhe be forced to cover herſelf with pearl powder from de Head to de Toe, he, he, he."—"O fie Monſieur, ſaid my Lord, don't mention Toes, I entreat you, it makes me ſo ſick—do, run to my cloſet, and fetch me ſome hartſhorn and water; I faint at the thoughts of Toes—O gad."——From this moſt elegant Senator I went to Miſs *Bud*, who ſcreamed out, "O dear *Babillard*, you Creature you, where have you been all this Morning; I have fifty engagements on my hands, and can't ſtir becauſe my Hair is in ſuch diſorder. Come, be quick, Monſieur, and to fill the Time tell me ſome News. "Begar, Madam, ſaid I, me only know dat mi Lady *Betty Grizzle* is going to be married to her Foot-boy—dat be all."—"What can't the poor antiquated Soul get ſome thing more of a Man than

that

that little Brat who runs before her Chair, he he, he he —— ſure there is a great ſcarcity of Men indeed—Lard! what ſhall we do, Monſieur? Well, but you are a good Thing, your News is always true, and is really new; for, let me die, if I ever heard it before." — When I had done here, I hurried away to Lady *Blink*'s, whoſe firſt queſtion was, whether I did not curl the grey Locks of old Lady *Betty Grizzle*."— " O no Madam, cried I laughing, I attend my Lady ven ſhe be to go abroad, to make believe that ſhe ave de good hair; but begar ſhe ave none at all; her head be vat you call *Bald*."—" Sure Monſieur, cried Lady *Blink*, can you be ſerious: has ſhe no Hair at all: not a ſingle Hair — begar my Lady, ſaid I, not one." — Well, ſaid ſhe, that's charming and clever; I had heard ſo before indeed, but I hate to credit every idle ſtory: I love to wink at People's defects, but not to have a ſingle Hair is a ſad thing, a very ſad thing I proteſt.— Well, but I am glad you have told me, that all that load of Hair is falſe: I'll go as ſoon as I am dreſſed, and tell Mrs. *Laſboway* that ſhe is not grey, for ſhe would have lay'd a conſiderable Sum that ſhe was quite a Badger, when the poor Woman has not a ſingle Hair—Ha, ha, ha—"

All theſe Ladies and his Lordſhip fulfilled their Promiſes, and told in all Companies what I had repeated merely to gratify my intolerable itch of Prating, which at laſt raiſed ſuch a Clamour among

mong them, and discovered so many secrets, that several Ladies fell into Fits, and I lost all my Business. Every one now avoids me as if I should communicate the Plague; and I must actually starve, or return to *France*, which is almost the same thing, except you will take my Case into Consideration, and for his Warnings be generous enough to provide for

Your most sincerely devoted Cousin,

& tres humble Serviteur,

LEWIS HAUTON DE BABILLARD.

NUMB. XXXV. and last. *Saturday, Nov.* 6, 1756.

—— let Good-Nature o'er our Mirth preside,
Direct not check, without impelling guide.
Allur'd by this the gath'ring frown unbends,
The Laugh grows general, and ev'n Wits are Friends.
Touch'd with this trickling balm, fair Virtue wakes,
And generous Satire heals the Wound it makes.

W. WHITEHEAD.

I WAS last Night amusing myself with *Ariosto*'s Account of *Astolfo*'s Journey to the Moon; where he supposes every thing lost on Earth to be treasured up. This whimsical Account

count, which, however, I think is far the most entertaining part of the *Orlando Furioso*, made such an impression on my mind, that soon after I went to bed, I fell in the following Dream.

I was, methought, whirled up to the Moon, with a prodigious rapidity, and set on my feet before a stupendous Building, near which were assembled a great multitude of People of both Sexes, who had been usher'd in by a Porter, attending at the Gate of it. I advanced among the rest, and asked him to whom so vast an Edifice belonged. "This Edifice, said he, is a Public Repo-"sitory for every thing that is lost on Earth, "which immediately ascends, and is carefully "preserved in it. But the Collection of such "Commodities has been of late so very much "enlarged, that a Proclamation is going to be "issued, in order to invite the Owners of them "to make their appearance, who are to receive "what they have lost, provided they can lay a "good claim to it."—This Answer very much excited my Curiosity: and I intreated the communicative Porter to let me be present on so interesting an occasion; adding, that I had myself met with a great many losses in my time, which I might now perhaps, by good luck, recover.—Before I could receive a reply, the Doors of the Building were thrown open. A Herald appeared with a speaking Trumpet, and made through it the following Proclamation: "All you on Earth

"be-

" below, whose losses have ascended, and have " been treasured up in our Repository, hear and " attend. This Day is appointed for you to " come and demand them." After he had repeated this Speech three times very distinctly, a prodigious thick Vapour rose from the Ground, and I immediately heard a rattling noise, like the cackling of Geese, only fifty times louder, which, as it approached to my Ears, almost stunned them: this Noise proceeded from what I at first took for a Fog, but I soon found it came from the Inhabitants of the Earth flying up in flocks to recover their losses. When they arrived at the Door of the Repository, such crowds of them rushed in with so much eagerness, that I could not without the greatest difficulty make my way after them. At last, however, the Porter, seeing my perplexity, good-naturedly admitted me, thro' his own Lodge, into the *Great Room*, in which the Crowds I had observed without, were running up and down with a wildness in their looks, and demanding with impetuosity the things they came in quest of. As there was, for some minutes, no body to answer their interrogatories, they seemed to be in the utmost confusion. An inner Door, at length opened. A majestic Personage, in a flowing Robe, appeared: By the Ensigns she bore, I knew her to be JUSTICE. She was attended by two Figures; one of them I soon discovered to be TRUTH, and the other

IM-

IMPARTIALITY: the former was dreſſed in a ſnowy Veſtment, and waved a Mirror in her Hands; the latter ſtood with a compoſed air, and neither turned her Eyes to the right nor the left. I was told by the Porter, that it was the buſineſs of IMPARTIALITY to deliver things to the right Owners of them, after they had been ſhewn to JUSTICE by TRUTH. The Porter then ordered the Crowd to diſperſe, and IMPARTIALITY aſked the Perſon who happened to be neareſt to her, and who was a man about threeſcore, what his Name was, and what he had loſt?—What I have been ſearching for all my life, replied he, *a Place at Court*. I am called Sir *Vanity Idle*. *Impartiality* then turned to *Truth*, who gave her a caſket with this Gentleman's name, over which was written in capital letters TIME, which was all they could find with *his* Mark, and *Truth* declared, he never had any thing elſe to loſe. This provoked him ſo much, that he left the place in a paſſion. The next was a middle-aged Man, of ſome eminence in the Law, who came to recover a Cauſe he had loſt for his Client, by which his ſaid Client was to have got 500*l.* and his own Bill would have come to twice that ſum. *Juſtice* looked at him ſternly, and *Truth* delivered to him a ſmall pacquet marked HONESTY, which he rejected with the utmoſt contempt, ſaying, he had never been poſſeſs'd of it. A long lean figure, then ſqueezed through the

the Crowd in a thread-bare Suit of Black, tattered Linnen, and an old Tye-Wig, (with not a crooked Hair in it) which he ſhook off in attempting to reach *Impartiality*, demanded with ſome vehemence his Patron's favour, having, as he ſuppoſed, loſt it, as he did not ſupport his laſt Tragedy, but ſuffer'd it to be damn'd. *Impartiality* gave him a very ſmall Box, with REASON wrote upon it, and told him, he was miſtaken about his Patron, who was the firſt to cry down his performance; but that the Box contained what he had loſt many Years ago. The Bard ſeized it eagerly, but in going out, dropped it, and the crowd was ſo preſſing, he could not find it again: one of the Company, pitying his rueful figure, picked up his Wig, and toſſed it to him; and he marched off in a hurry with the hind part of it before, to the no ſmall diverſion of the Byſtanders. A great noiſe, occaſioned by a multitude of female Voices then alarmed me, each contending who ſhould ſpeak firſt, but as no one would give her Neighbour the preference, they all opened at once. *Juſtice* interrupted them, and ordered that only one ſhould ſpeak at a time. —Mrs. *Flurry*, with great vehemence, demanded her Temper, which was readily reſtored to her in a fine China Jar; but, as ſhe was carrying it off, ſhe was unfortunately joſtled, and letting it fall out of her Hands, loſt her Temper, for the Jar was broken.—Miſs *Never-bluſh* aſked for her Mo-

Modeſty, and other feminine qualities, but was laughed out of them before ſhe got down to the Earth.—Lady *Dye Lovebloom* came to look for her Beauty, and a charming figure ſhe made when it was reſtored to her, but ſhe thought herſelf ſo pale when compared with thoſe who were covered with *Rouge*, that ſhe ſoon loſt it again.—Miſs *Lofty* aſked for her *Humility*, which being deliver'd to her in a plain caſe without any ornament, the ſight of it ſo much diſguſted her, that ſhe flung it away.—Mrs. *Languiſh* deſired her *Health*, which was offered to her in a beautiful cryſtal Phial, with a Label, on which theſe Words TEMPERANCE and EXERCISE were written: ſhe bore it off, but was ſo exceſſively fatigued with the weight of it, that in all probability ſhe would ſoon let it drop.—Miſs *Lovejoy* demanded her *Reputation*, but was told that when a Woman had loſt her Reputation, it could never be reſtored.—When this crowd of importunate Ladies was diſmiſſed, a little weaſel-faced old Man, whom I thought I recollected, with much thruſting and many peeviſh ſhrugs, made his way to the Throne of JUSTICE.—My old Friend, who ſaid *Things were not ſo bad thirty years ago*.—TRUTH aſked him what he wanted? he anſwer'd haſtily, and in a fret, my *Quiet*; but IMPARTIALITY ſaid it was a miſtake, and that he had only loſt his *Good Humour*, which ſhe offer'd to him; but he made half a dozen Pſhaws;

and